Sept. 21, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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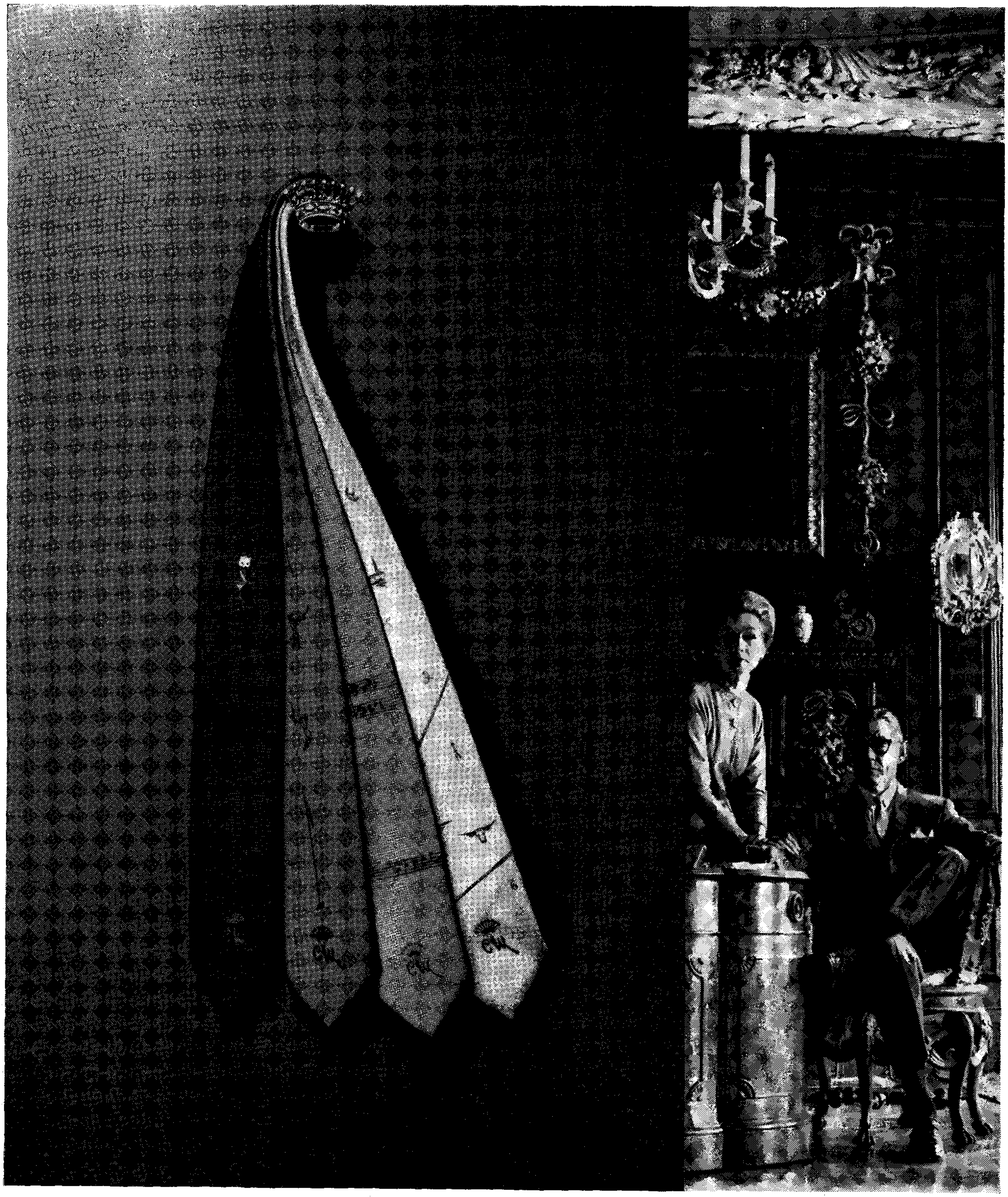

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25 YEARS OF CRAVAT FASHIONS Countess Mara

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. The producers are Roger L. Stevens and T. Edward Hambleton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:55. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Oct. 5.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** A diversion in which four English wits—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

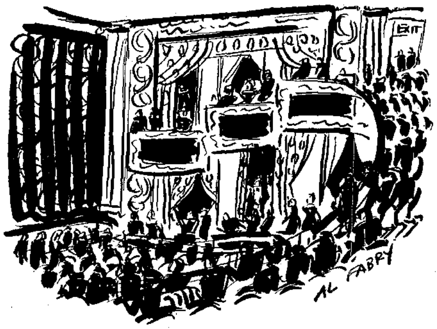
Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Irregular Verb to Love—A London comedy, by Hugh and Margaret Williams, that stars Claudette Colbert and Cyril Ritchard. Directed by Mr. Ritchard and presented by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 22.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Tovarich—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's comedy, imported from London, with Keith Michell, Coral Browne, and Alan Badel. Directed by Peter Coe and presented by David Merrick, in association with Tennent Productions, Ltd. Opens Monday, Sept. 23. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bicycle Ride to Nevada—Franchot Tone, Lois Smith, Richard Jordan, and Paul McGrath in a play by Robert Thom, taken from a novel by Barnaby Conrad. Produced by Roger L. Stevens and Herman Shumlin, who is also the director. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 24. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—An English play (based on the life of Martin Luther) by John Osborne, in which Albert Finney has the title role. A David Merrick production, directed by Tony Richardson. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 25. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

The Bald Soprano and **The Lesson**—Revivals of two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are generally appealing and sporadically talented. With Veronica Lake, Kay Cole, Edmund Gaynes, and Marcia Strassman. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a

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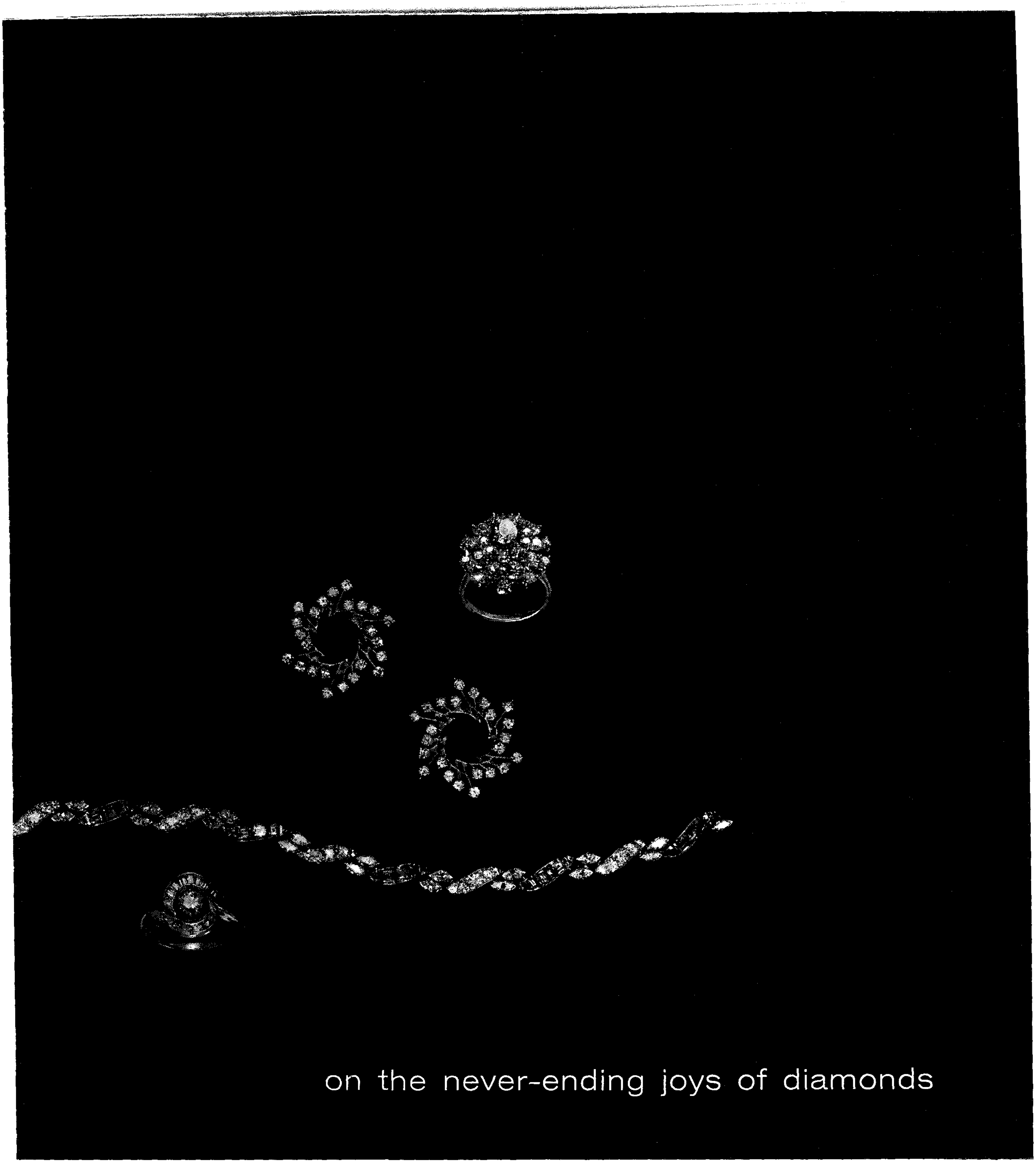

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Michael Lombard. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 19: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 20: "Scotch Symphony," "Episodes," "Interplay," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 21: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Interplay," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 21: "Donizetti Variations," "Apollo," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 22: "Raymonda Variations," "Agon," "The Chase," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 24: "Serenade," "Raymonda Variations," "The Chase," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 25: "Swan Lake," "Donizetti Variations," "Concerto Barocco," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 26: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 27: "Con Amore," "Bugaku," "Concerto Barocco," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 28: "Serenade," "The Chase," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 28: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Square Dance," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 29.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated big top, appearing here for the first time, with Popov the clown, a juggler on horseback, soccer-playing dogs, Cossack riders, and stilt jumpers and acrobats, to say nothing of motorcycle-riding bears. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 24, and will run through Tuesday, Oct. 8. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Fridays and Sundays at 2 and Saturdays at 11 and 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Dorsey Decade, when dance music was a Christmas tree dripping with sugarplums, is glowingly recollected in the Royal Box by the Tommy Dorsey band, full of good will and vocal choruses that bring back the Pied Pipers and Helen Forrest and that bring up Frank Sinatra, j. g., a personable and articulate balladeer. This is the dinner and supper item; there's dance music from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—What's left of the night shift reports here for orders at regular intervals. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play industriously for the entrance-makers. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is the home of Stanley Worth's minute band. On Mondays, another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The most important occupant of the Persian Room at dinner and supper is Abbe Lane, the hand-illuminated frontispiece of the Xavier Cugat band. The illumination becomes incandescent when she sings. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling orchestra and Mark Monte's small, bouncy one turn out the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Hillbillies may come and hillbillies may go, but one of them, Dorothy Shay, goes on not quite forever but at least for dinner and supper in the Grill, where Milt Shaw's orchestra executes the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, one of the stately homes of Manhattan, recommences on Thursday, Sept. 26, once again with the cascading band of Peter Duchin. Quintero's band will also be around this time, so there'll be no mischief for idle feet. The première is black tie. . . . ¶ In La Boite, small and circumspect, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

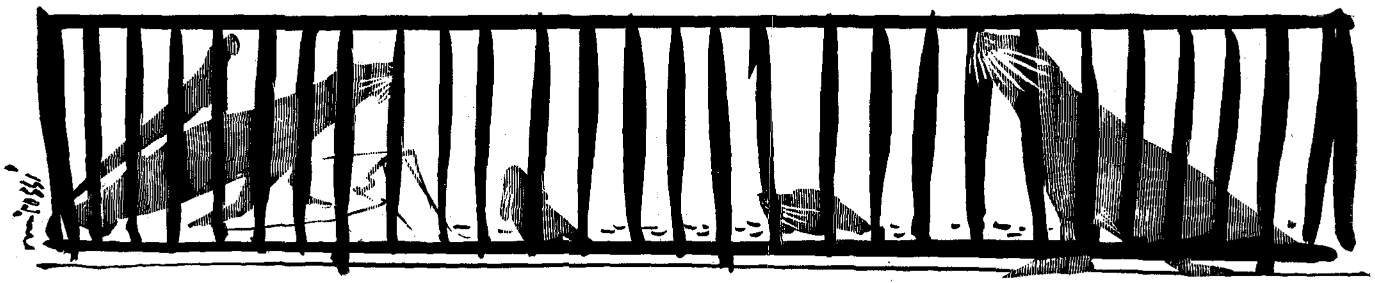
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea dance (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who know fifty ways to make corn (on or off the cob) delectable, will resume serving it in the Empire Room on Friday, Sept. 20. A Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz will do the exercise music. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins and his patented version of country-club life, which begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Mr. Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, *pasta* Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten from Thursday through Sunday. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his heart-and-soul violin. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **Ritz Bar**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, there's well-modulated piano between cocktails and one in



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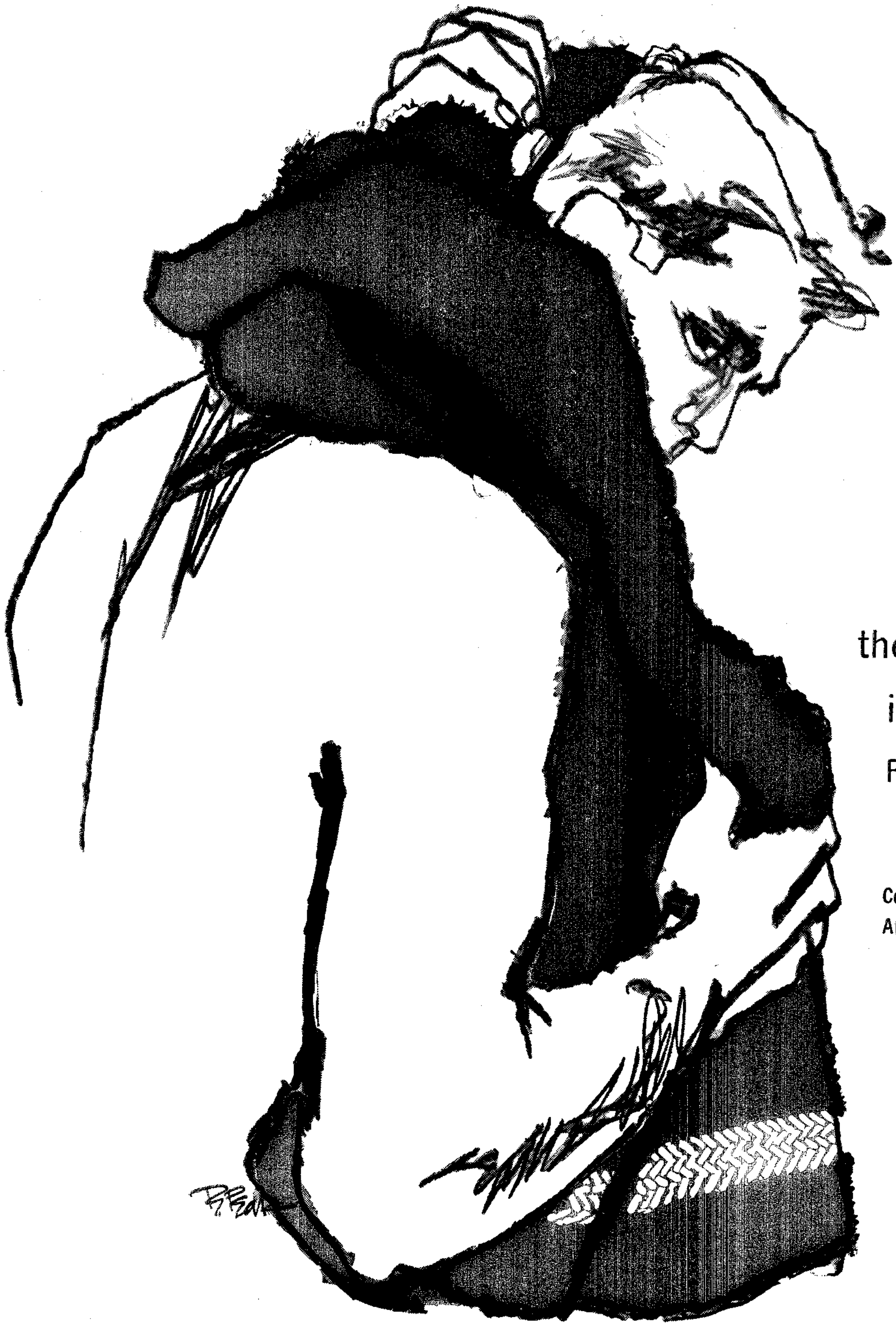

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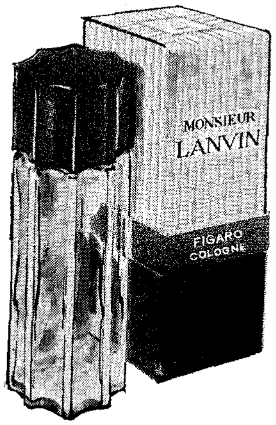
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the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists; a lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajolled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time. No music Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by Karl Inwald, whose piano is a gently flowing tributary of the Danube. Sundays are his holidays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion, all of it in favor of the good old days in Budapest, emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or kindred confections. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers. Budd Gregg strokes a piano from dinnertime through suppertime. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra.

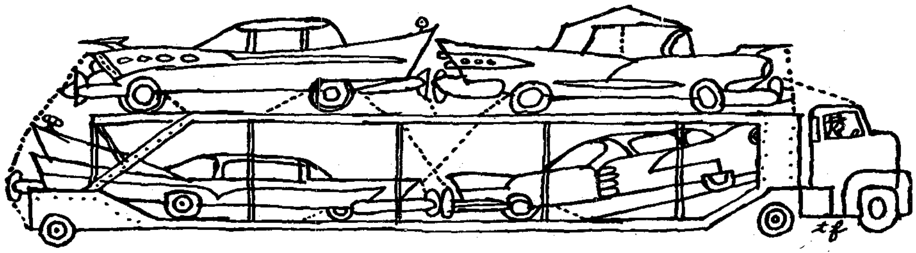
BIG AND BRASSY

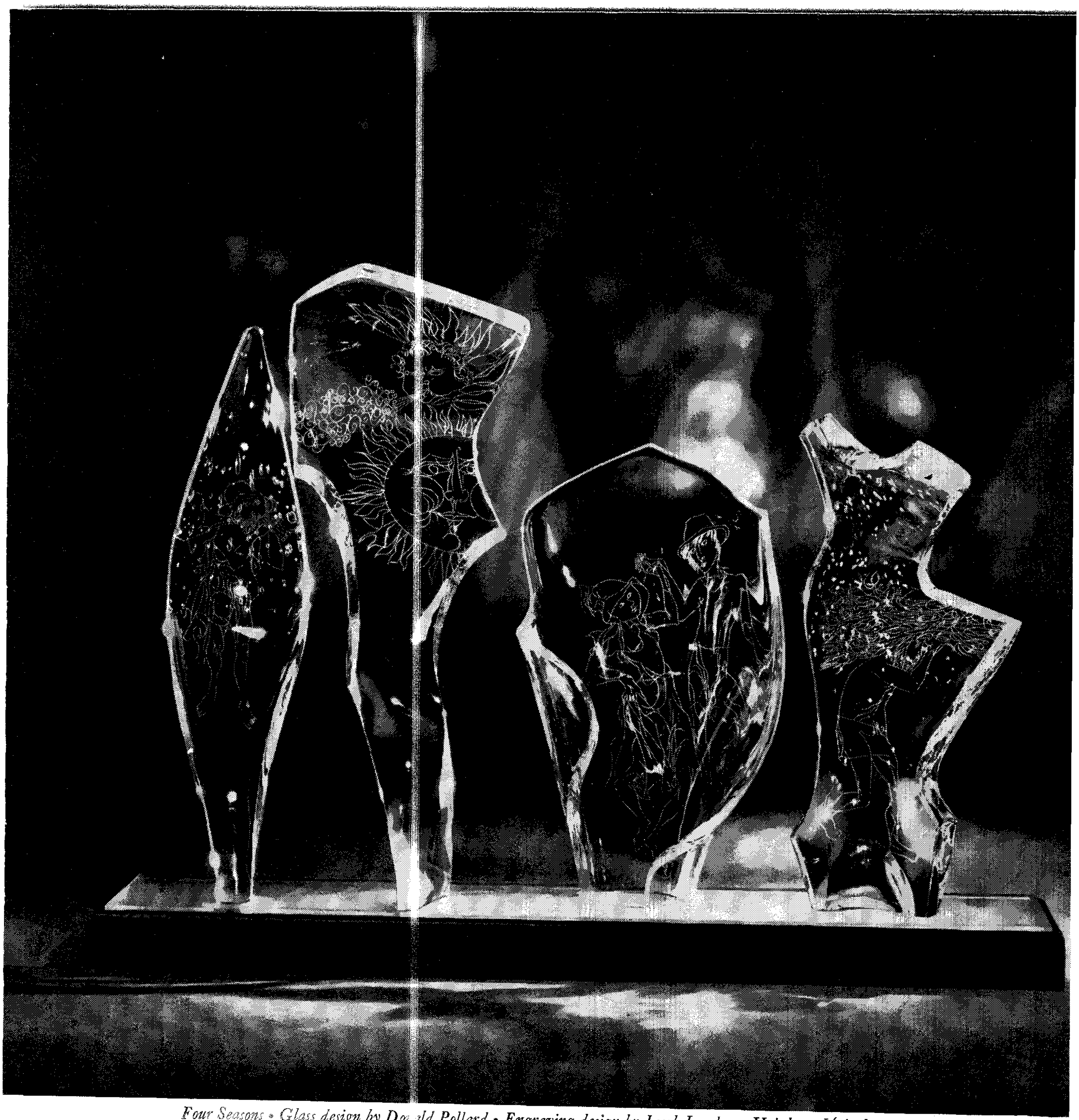
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. Dominique, a Raffles who can make a clean sweep of the pockets of anyone willing to join him onstage, and Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt, in whose little world of song the voice of the turtledove is abroad, remind us of more earthy things. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The situation here can be summed up in three words—Joe E. Lewis, who has lost a number of kingdoms for want of a race horse. Dancing, dancing girls, and din.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The A-for-effectiveness propounders of its findings are Gerry Matthews, Jane Connell, Gordon Connell, Carol Morley, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the orchestra is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, a mere slip of a lad given to many a sly slip of the tongue, is the soothsayer among the dinner and supper tables in the back room, where Max Morath, who dresses the part (as well as plays it) of an old-school ragtime musician, serves to remind us that today's popular music could be worse. On Monday, Sept. 23, Mr. Morath gives way to Danny Meehan, who transforms every ballad into a concise one-act play. The background music here is largely the work of the worthy Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The slogan of the nearly matchless revuers here—Barbara Harris, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon—is still "Be ungenerous to a fault," no matter where one is to be found in life as we live it. Thus their new extravaganza fulfills the promises of their earlier ones. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight), and on Sundays, when there's only an eight-thirty showing. Mondays, darkness prevails. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The crack of doom audible here every night but Monday is the fall of the British Empire, accomplished with neatness and dispatch by a mere handful of conspirators—John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, and Eleanor Bron—from London's The Establishment. They are assisted in the project by the point-blank songs of Carole Simpson and the lively jazz of Teddy Wilson's threesome. Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe," is apt to get his two-cents' worth in on the supper show. Yorkshire pudding and such nourish both the dinner and supper onlookers. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a pulsing musical comedy that casts new (and heaven-help-us-if-true) light on the American heroine, here presented as a girl whose favorite dish is the psyche of any intending mate. This dragon-fly is enacted by a luxurious creation called Barbara Quaney, and her supporting cast of thousands is enacted briskly and brightly by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George





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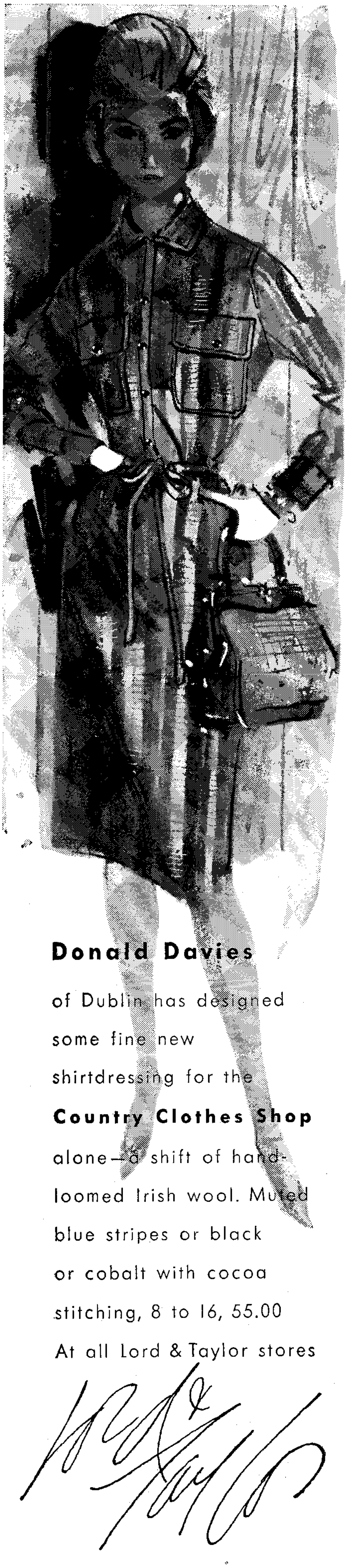

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Coe. The authors of this willful witticism are David Axelrod and Tom Whedon, the composer is Sam Pottle, the director is Ronny Graham. Twice a night is the rule; no work Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, assisted in their marchpasts and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, are doing not only drillwork but dance music in the back room twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at nine-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly after ten. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): This laissez-faire theatre café is dedicated to a comprehensive in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful parodist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly-in-earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, whose every ballad is a Marseillaise call to arms, loving or otherwise, is the dominant figure in the landscape. Likewise present: Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* who explains with precision that life hasn't given her a ghost of a chance; the music of Tiger Haynes and his manic-panic Three Flames; and the unmemorable words of a conversationalist named Morty Storm. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, deeply engrossed in practically subliminal chord structures, plays piano for a trio that demands the closest attention; Sonny Stitt's quartet has another version of the current idiom. The Stitts' closing night is Sunday, Sept. 22. There's always an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Teri Thornton, a baby oriole plainly ready to leave the nest, is the caroller; the musicians are Woody Herman's Ninety-ninth Herd, a group of die-hard buffaloes, plus a trio led by Oscar Peterson, a pianist who has forsworn the risk of experimentation. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): What really matters is Odetta, a girl whose folk song comes close to being a communal experience. For the rest, there is Herbie Mann's pulsating band, not to mention the guitar of Jorge Morel, which never ventures off the four-lane highways. Mondays are outsiders' nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else. The sounds, which are predominantly folk, are made by (among others) the Tarriers, who are partly in earnest and partly in jest, and another of those jug bands. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; later, Gene Krupa's quartet sounds off. On Friday, Sept. 20, Lionel Hampton's band will replace the Krupas. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams' stalwart voice is crying the blues, while Cannonball Adderley's sextet beats its way to one punch after another and Junior Mance's threesome makes two thousand notes grow where only two grew before. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Ben Webster, blowing what is perhaps a requiem for the sort of music he has loved and served so well, runs a quartet that evokes the great American past. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is almost certain to be on the job with a handful of acolytes. Mondays are for visiting artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan, who can pound any piano into submission, is proving her might and main at the head of a trio in which the Mephistophelian Jo Jones has just succeeded J. C. Heard. They take Sundays off. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who contributes quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano for the threesome inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The old beer-parlor weekend sessions have begun again. On Saturday, Sept. 21, the following roll should be called: Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, George Wettling, Buster Bailey, and Louis Metcalf's band. Ancient history is, naturally, their aim in life. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Thursdays through Saturdays Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as Mr. Jackson's running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY**, 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Accidental amateur nights can happen here, but not when Anita Sheer is bending over her puissant flamenco guitar. Her final night is Sunday, Sept. 22.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Madeleine Gekiere—Drawings; through Oct. 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ivan Mosca—Paintings by an Italian artist; through Oct. 5. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mel Silverman—Collages; through Oct. 5. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by forty-two League instructors, including Theodoros Stamos, Seong Moy, and José de Creeft; through Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Antonio Frasconi, Robert Gwathmey, William King, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Visual Art by Performing Artists," comprising paintings and sculptures by Beatrice Lillie, Mary Martin, Henry Fonda, Steve Allen, and other leading figures in the theatre, the cinema, and television; through Saturday, Sept. 21. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Brackman, and Mario Korbel; through Oct. 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Leland Bell, Nell Blaine, Robert De Niro, Louisa Matthiasdottir, and Hyde Solomon; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Nathan Hale are among the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through Oct. 5. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Sept. 30. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by, among others, Ida Kohlmeyer, Audrey Skaling, and Andre Racz; through Saturday, Sept. 21.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the

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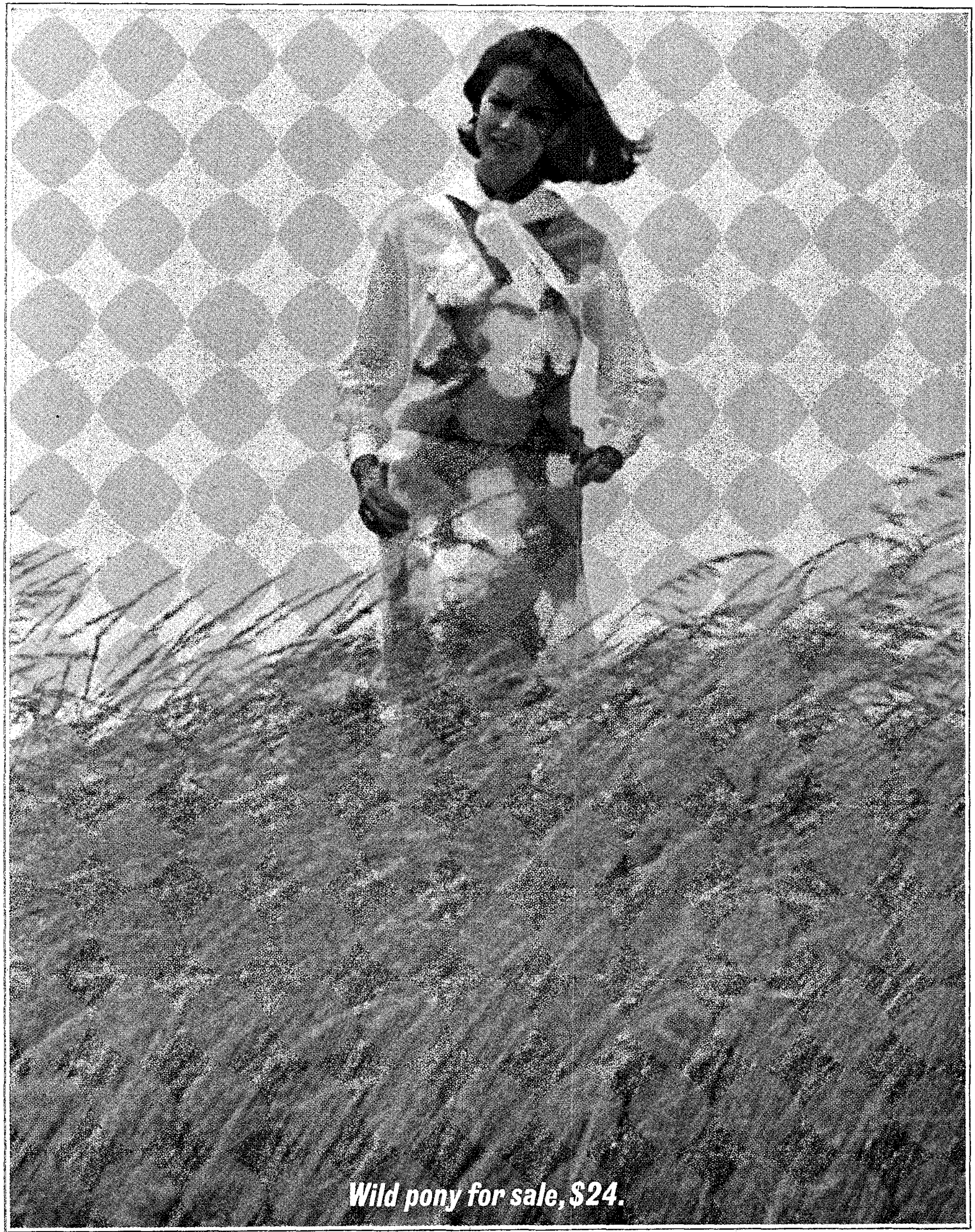
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such artists as Marcia Marcus, Oliver Andrews, and Antoine-Louis Barye; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '63-'64" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery members, including José de Rivera, Sidney Gordin, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, Gianfranco Baruchello, and Isamu Noguchi (to name a few); through Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by Leon Golub, Jules Pascin, Lovis Corinth, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . **KOOTZ,** 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Painters and sculptors on exhibit include Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Ibram Lassaw; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEWISON,** 50 E. 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Alberto Pisa, Preston Dickinson, Louis Eilshemius and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Sept. 21. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and the late Bernard Reder; through Saturday, Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS,** 41 E. 65th St.: Paintings by the school of late-nineteenth-century Tuscan artists known as I Macchiaoli, including examples by Giuseppe Abbati, Giovanni Fattori, and Telemaco Signorini; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **FINDLAY,** 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists—Brianchon, Mühl, Bernard, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 21. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to an exhibition of paintings are Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB,** 12 E. 57th St.: Such painters and sculptors as André Lanskoy, Paolo Vallorz, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Oct. 12.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from 2 until dark; through Sunday, Sept. 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints by Willi Baumeister, Fritz Winter, Gerhard Marcks, and other artists working in Germany since 1950; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ A benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by, among others, Larry Rivers, Harry Jackson, and Richard Avedon; through Sunday, Sept. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, sup-

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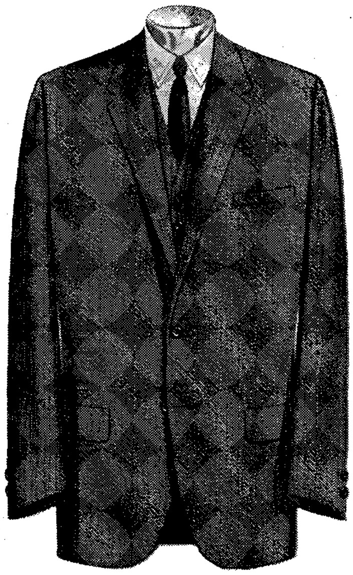

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

plemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Oct. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Notable Acquisitions of the Past Two Years" (manuscripts, drawings, printed books, and bookbindings); through Saturday, Sept. 28.... ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job;" through Nov. 23....¶ "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"*Creative Casting*," *an exhibition of* new work in metal by American artists and craftsmen; starting Friday, Sept. 20. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture of Primitive Peoples: Recent Acquisitions 1963" (from Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and the Americas); through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"American Cities," a showing of mid-nineteenth-century views of San Francisco, Albany, Providence, and so on. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures turned out by a group of thirteen artists of various international backgrounds attending a seminar at Fairleigh Dickinson University, in Madison, New Jersey. Among the artists are José Bartoli, Sarah Grilo, and Jannis Spyropoulos. Through Sept. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Sixty Years of American Art," a selection of paintings and sculptures (by John Sloan, Philip Guston, Franz Kline, and others) from the Museum's permanent collection; through Oct. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, *Leonard Bernstein conducting* the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 17—Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Phyllis Curtin and Judith Raskin, sopranos, and Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano). Performances of Mahler's Second Symphony on Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 27, at 2:15; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3 (all with Lee Venora, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; and the Collegiate Chorale).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Viennese music in the opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

PETER, PAUL & MARY—Folk singers, or maybe parodists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:40.)

BLACK WATCH—The Regimental Band, the Massed Pipers, and the Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 20, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21-22, at 2....¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 2....¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 21:** Army vs. Boston University, at West Point, at 2.... **SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:** Army vs. Cincinnati, at West Point, at 2....¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 2....¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2....¶ Navy vs. William and

PORTRAIT OF THE LADY IN MINK

First, prepare the canvas.
Because before the first stroke of fur is brushed on, your custom-made *mink* is delineated in canvas. Your proportions are sketched and the design created that best brings out your own special qualities.
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Soon you'll come to dark ranch mink.
See how its near-black radiance brings out a bright echoing glow in your complexion, whatever your coloring.
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Your furrier will affirm your choice, and tell you that the very finest natural dark ranch mink is signed with the GLMA label. With GLMA mink as his medium, he'll create a coat of breathtaking elegance.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ *Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown*, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the Polo Grounds—Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2:05: Jets vs. Houston Oilers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8: Jets vs. Oakland Raiders.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 25-27.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 28. The Beldame, Thursday, Sept. 19; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 21; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Sept. 23; and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Tuesday, Sept. 24, through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

PLAY—Hilltop Productions presenting "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

PUPPET SHOW—Pickwick Puppets presenting "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. and Sundays at 2.)

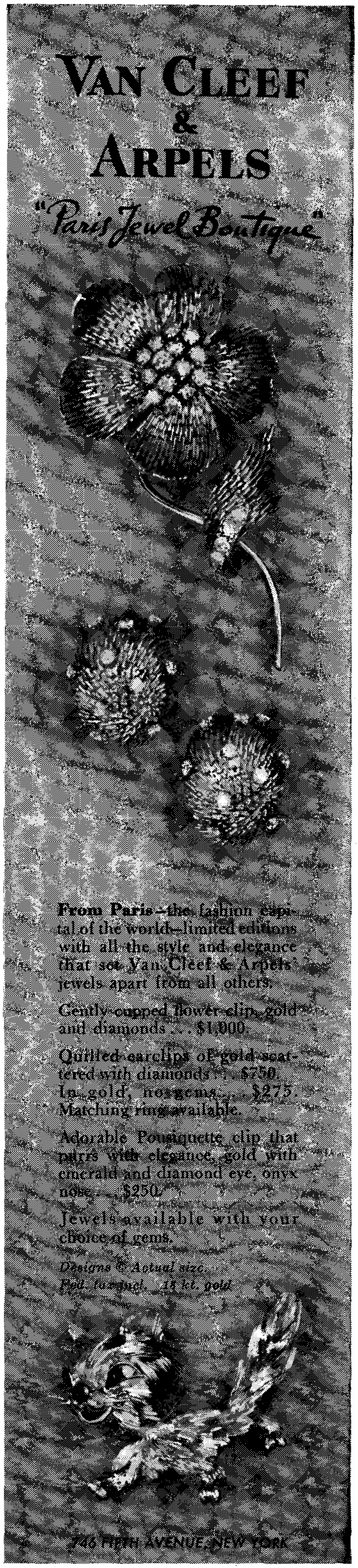
JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Realm of the Galaxies." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2:30, 4, and 8:30.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 21, at 1:45: English and other furniture and decorations, silver, porcelains, glass, paintings, and rugs; from the estate of Leo H. Hirsch and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 1:45: American and other historical and literary manuscripts and letters; from several collectors, among them the late Forest H. Sweet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 1:45: French and other furniture, decorative objects, paintings and drawings, tapestries, and rugs; the property of the late Edithe A. Stralem and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 21.



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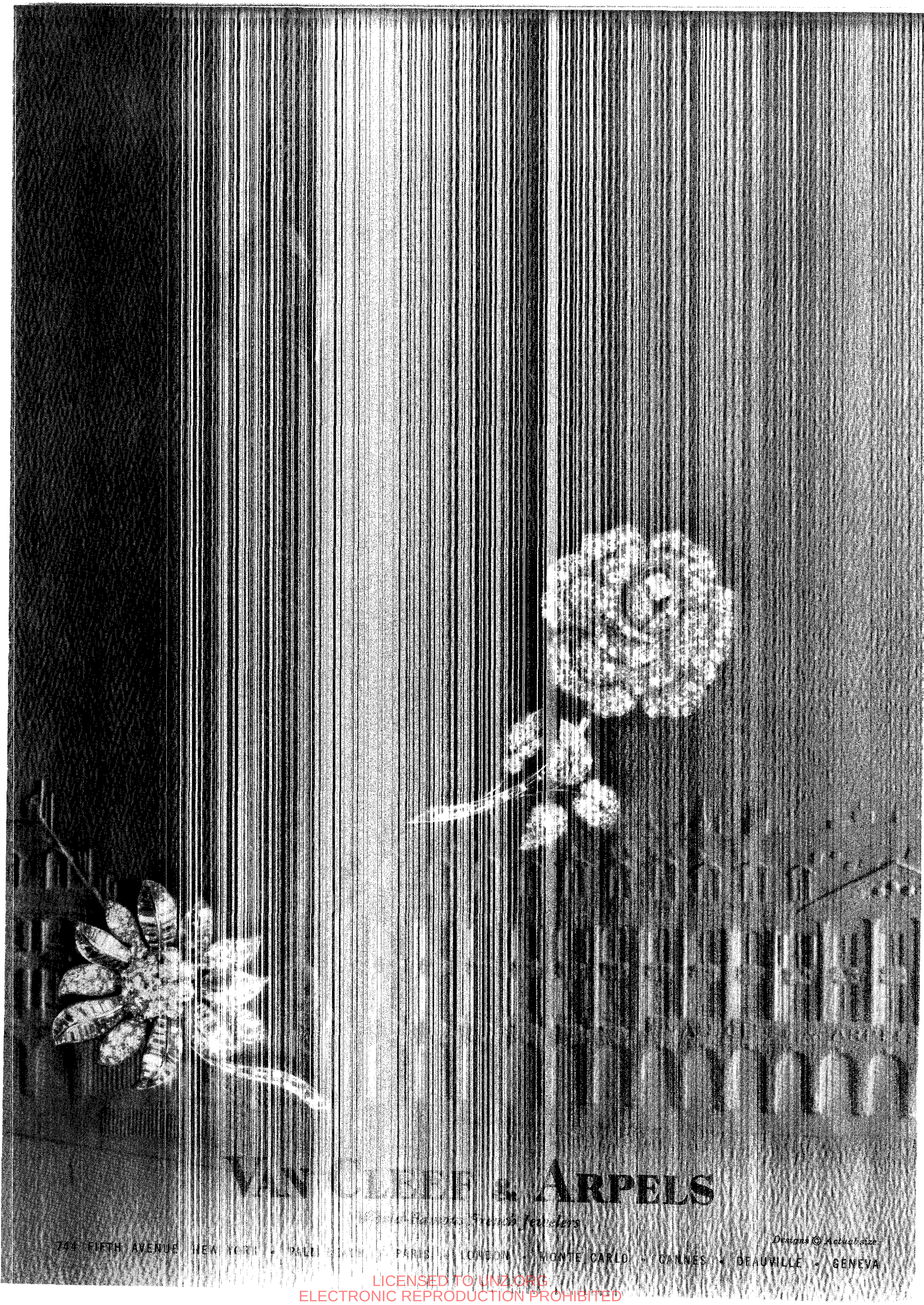

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film, starring Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady and directed by Marco Ferreri. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Sept. 22.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—A vivid re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy, and the cast consists mostly of unnamed Neapolitans. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 25.)

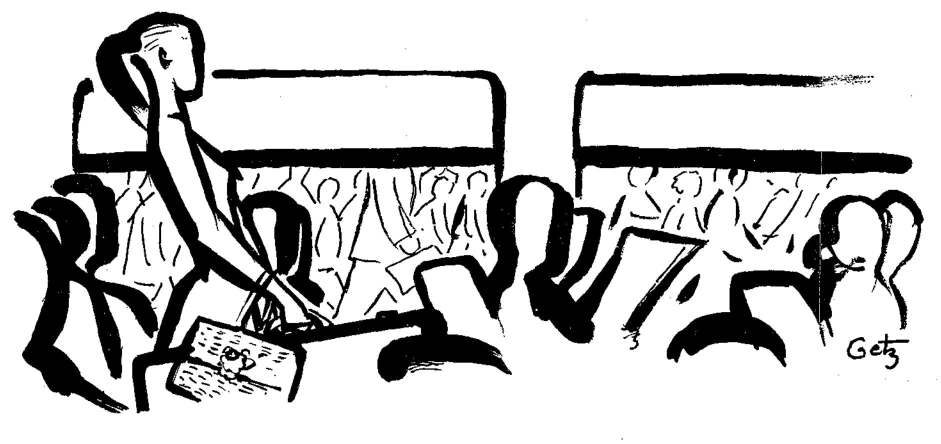
Heavens Above!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 25.)

Hud—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 24.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The List of Adrian Messenger—A rip-roaring old-fashioned mystery, amusingly directed by John Huston and acted to the hilt by, among others, George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, and Dana Wynter. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 25.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing skill and a fine ear for English public-school chat. A magnificent performance from Hugh Edwards as the pragmatic Piggy—a diminutive C. P. Snow. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)



Marilyn—A collection of clips from fifteen Twentieth Century-Fox pictures. Miss Monroe's attributes were rarely in complete harmony, but they certainly are in the two brief glimpses from the unfinished "Something's Got to Give." (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 25.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Sept. 25.)

Sanjuro—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 24.)

7 Capital Sins—A large assortment of French writers, directors, and actors have created seven separate vignettes inside a single frame. At least three of the vignettes are very funny, and the rest are full of funny bits. Sin has much to be said for it, and the French are always saying it. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 21.)

The Suitor—A lineal descendant of the good old days of silent American comedy, directed by and starring a bright young Frenchman named Pierre Etaix. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is fine, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Trial—Orson Welles has perversely brought his best gifts to bear on the worst possible material. Kafka's eerie novel is deliberately non-pictorial, and Welles' fancy camera work falsifies it at every turn. The cast includes Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Elsa Martinelli, and the Master himself. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 24.)

The Ugly American—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrongheaded United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 24.)

Winter Light—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak little tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With the usual marvellous Bergman repertory group. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 24.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 22-24.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 25, evening performances only.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 19.)

Electra (1962)—Irene Papas is Electra in Michael Cacoyannis's version of the Euripides tragedy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 25.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 25, evening performances only.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 19.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 24, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Night (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 22-24.)

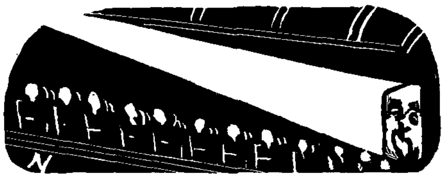
The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 24.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Sept. 19, showings at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Lola Montès" (France-Germany, 1955), the final program in the New York Film Festival. . . . ¶ Sept. 19, at 8 P.M.: "Musicals of the Thirties," a program made up of excerpts from various movies, including "Rio Rita" (1929), "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), and "In Caliente" (1935). . . . ¶ Sept. 20-25, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"My Son, the Hero," Pedro Armendariz.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19-20, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Sept. 24: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Sept. 25: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The V.I.P.s," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 24: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers.
From Sept. 25: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Walleyed Nippon" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
WINTER LIGHT (in Swedish).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Sept. 24: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "Private Property," revival, Kate Manx.
From Sept. 25: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 24: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.
From Sept. 25: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 24: **HUD**; and **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**
From Sept. 25: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 24 (tentative): "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Sept. 25 (tentative): "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
"My Son, the Hero," Pedro Armendariz.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Shock Corridor," Constance Towers.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 22: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.
From Sept. 23: "Gone Are the Days!," Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 24: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.
From Sept. 25: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through Sept. 24: "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.
From Sept. 25: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE SUITOR (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 24 (tentative): "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From Sept. 25 (tentative): "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 24: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.
From Sept. 25: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 24: "Flipper," Chuck Connors; and "Tarzan's Three Challenges," Jock Mahoney.
From Sept. 25: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 19: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier.
From Sept. 20: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 21: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French); and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 22-24: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival.
From Sept. 25: **ELECTRA** (in Greek), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 24: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Sept. 25: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Sept. 19: **HEAVEN'S ABOVE!**
From Sept. 20: "The French Game" (in French), Françoise Brion.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 24: "Flipper," Chuck Connors; and "Tarzan's Three Challenges," Jock Mahoney.
From Sept. 25: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 24: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and "Les Nymphettes," Christian Pezey.
From Sept. 25: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 24: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.
From Sept. 25: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"La Poupée" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Sept. 19: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival.
From Sept. 20: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 25 (tentative): "The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Sept. 22: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).
From Sept. 23: "My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 24: "Flipper," Chuck Connors; and "Tarzan's Three Challenges," Jock Mahoney.
From Sept. 25: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 19: "Enemy from Space," revival, Brian Donlevy; and "House of Usher," revival, Vincent Price.
Sept. 20: "The Raven," revival, Boris Karloff, Vincent Price; and "I Walked with a Zombie," revival, Frances Dee.
Sept. 21: A program of excerpts from various serials, including Bela Lugosi in "The Phantom Creeps."
Sept. 22: "The Mummy," revival, Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing; and "I Was a Teenage Werewolf," revival, Michael Landon.
Sept. 23: "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli; and "The Innocents," revival, Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From Sept. 24: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**, revival; and "Fires on the Plain" (in Japanese), Eiji Funakoshi.

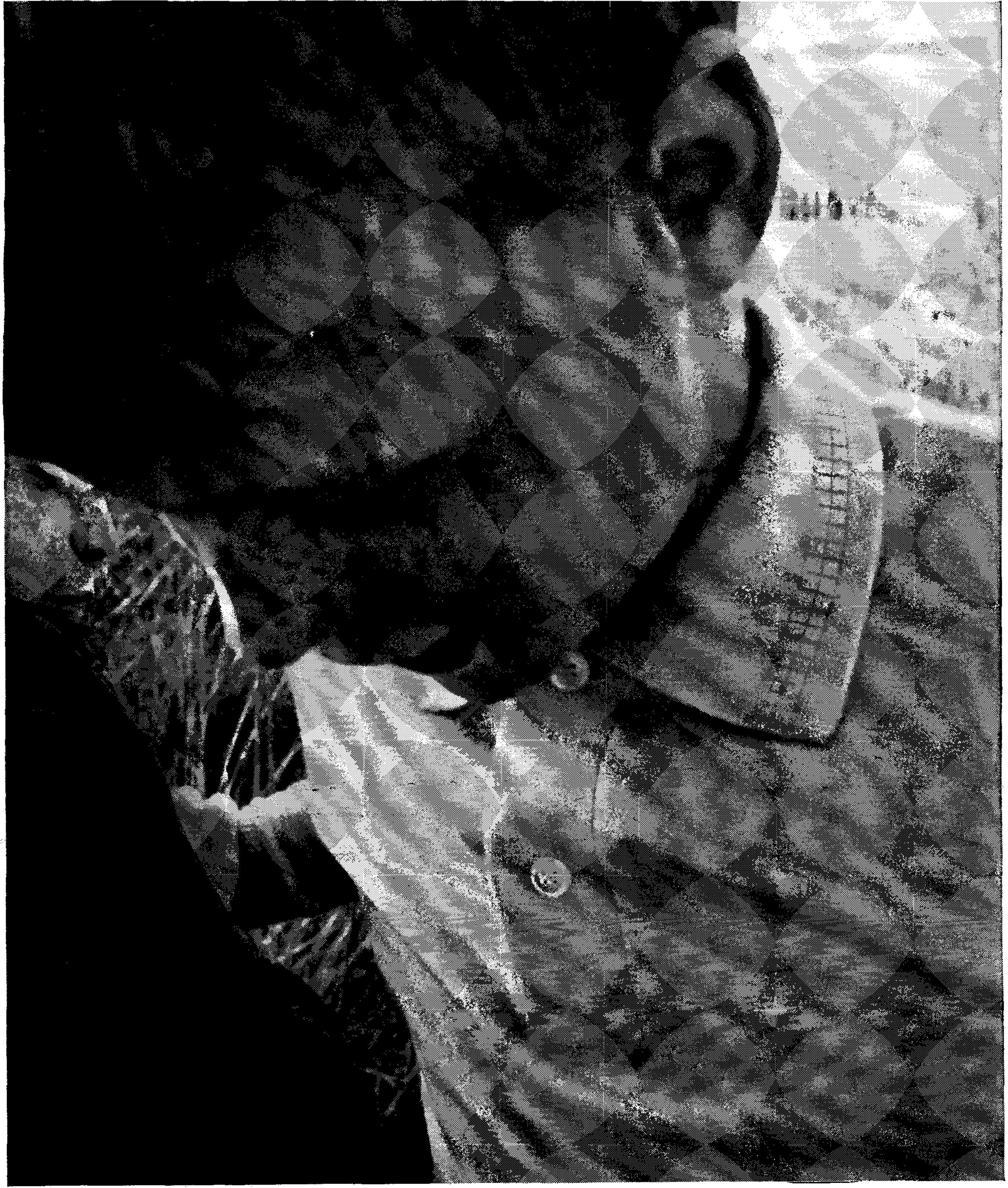
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 24: **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER**; and **THE TRIAL.**
From Sept. 25: **MARILYN**; and "Of Love and Desire," Merle Oberon, Steve Cochran.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 19: **THE LIFE OF ÉMILE ZOLA**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.
Sept. 20: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "The Wrong Man," revival, Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.
Sept. 21: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
Sept. 22: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
Sept. 23: "Snows of Aorangi," "Gentleman in Room 6," and two other George K. Arthur films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 24: "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "The Eternal Return" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Sept. 25: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Faust" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 24: "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Assignment: Outer Space," Archie Savage.
From Sept. 25: "Shock Corridor," Constance Towers; and "Hercules and the Captive Women," Fay Spain.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 24: **SANJURO** (in Japanese); and "Les Nymphettes," Christian Pezey.
From Sept. 25: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**

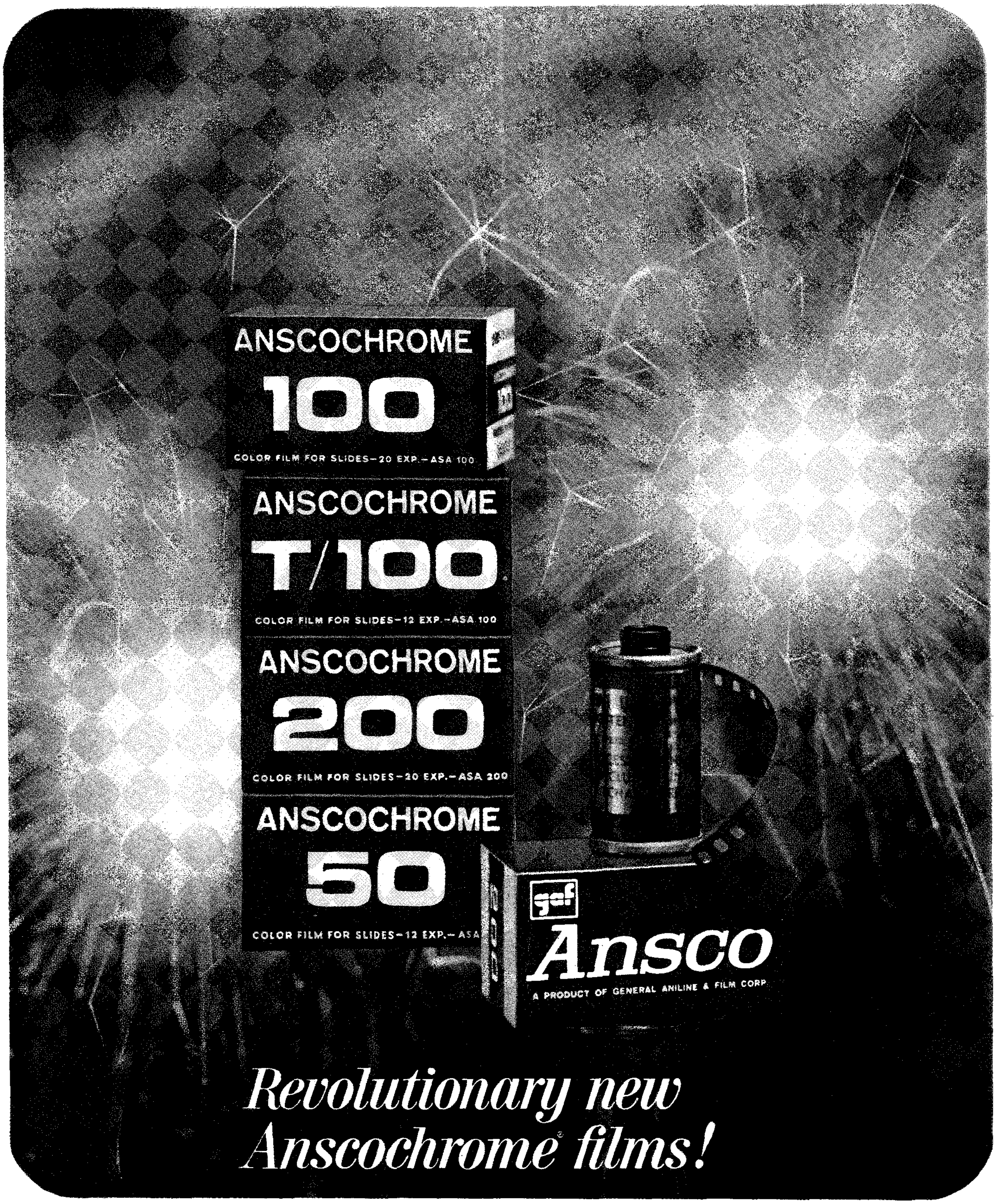
DONMOOR-ISAACSON, INC., 34 WEST 33RD STREET, NEW YORK 1



Can you see the Orlon® in this Donmoor Shirt?

Probably not. Unless your vision is 80/20 (80% Orlon* acrylic, 20% wool).
*DuPont's registered Trademark for its Acrylic fiber
Nor can you see the extraordinary wear-and-washability built into it. You'll just have to take the word of every mother who has dressed her sons in this Donmoor classic. It has the simple good taste and careful tailoring that make fashion timeless.

Donmoor* is a trademark for knit shirts that make boys look good and feel great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COLOR FILM FOR SLIDES—20 EXP.—ASA 200
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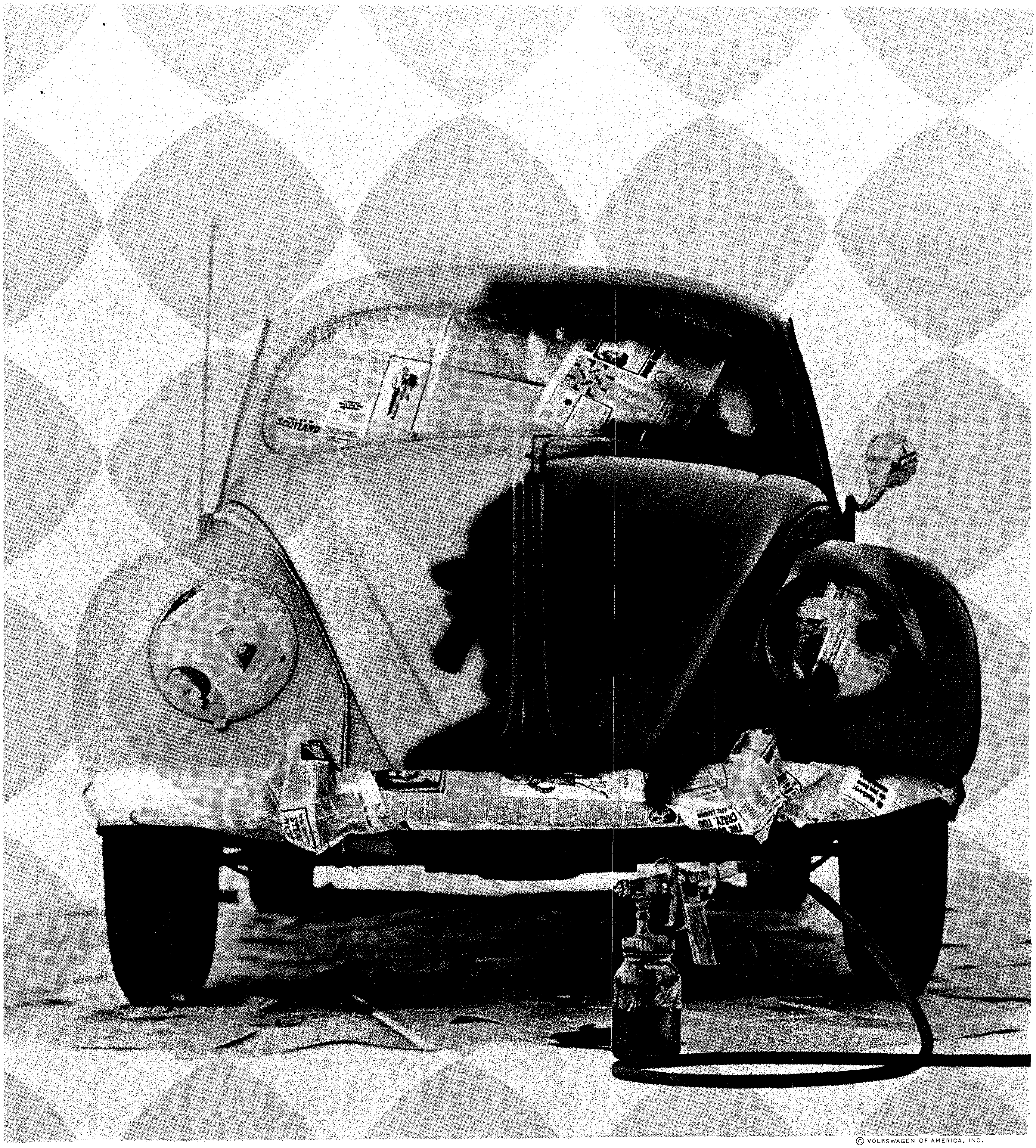


© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

How to make a '54 look like a '64.

Paint it.

See? It looks like next year's model.

And next year's model looks like last year's model. And so it goes.

VWs *always* look the same because we change the car only to make it work better, never to make it look different.

So the people who bought '63 VWs aren't nervous about what the '64s will look like. And neither are we.

We've made over 5 million Volkswagens, and we're still making changes.

Not enough to make you run out and buy a new one every year.

But enough to notice the differences when you do. (14 changes for '64 alone.)

In the meantime, no matter what year VW you own, you can always get parts easily; many of them are interchangeable from one year to the next.

So if you like, you can keep your old VW running forever. Just spray it every few years. Old paint rides again.

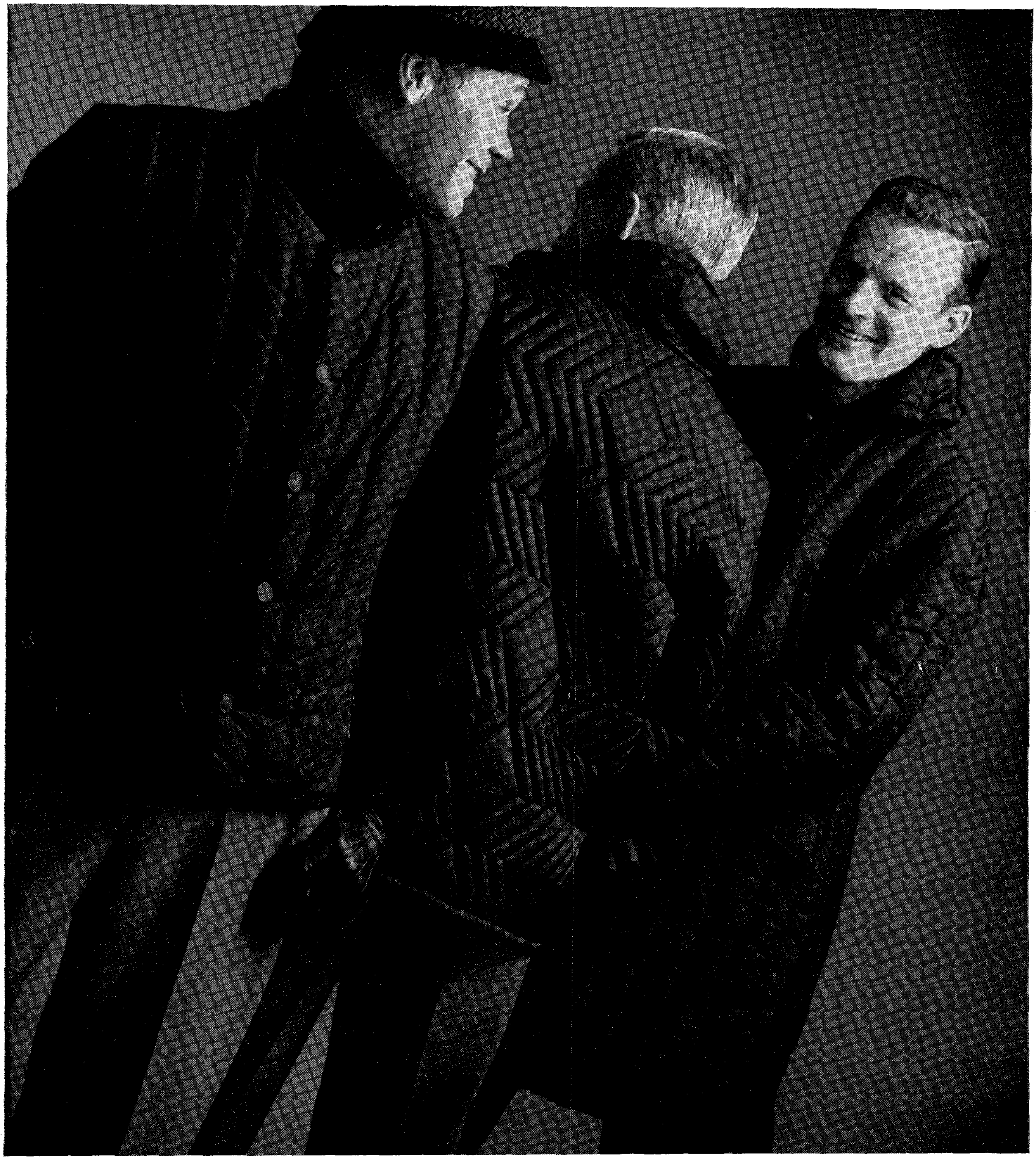
KENT
CIGARETTES
NEW
EXCLUSIVE MICRONITE FILTER
KING SIZE
KING SIZE
KENT
Real smoking pleasure
Kent with the MICRONITE filter gives you the best combination of filter-action and satisfying taste

© 1963 P. Lorillard Co.

You get more real smoking pleasure from Kent than any other filter cigarette. Puff after puff...you get the good taste of Kent's premium quality tobaccos filtered through the famous "Micronite" filter.

FOR THE BEST COMBINATION
OF FILTER AND GOOD TASTE

KENT satisfies best

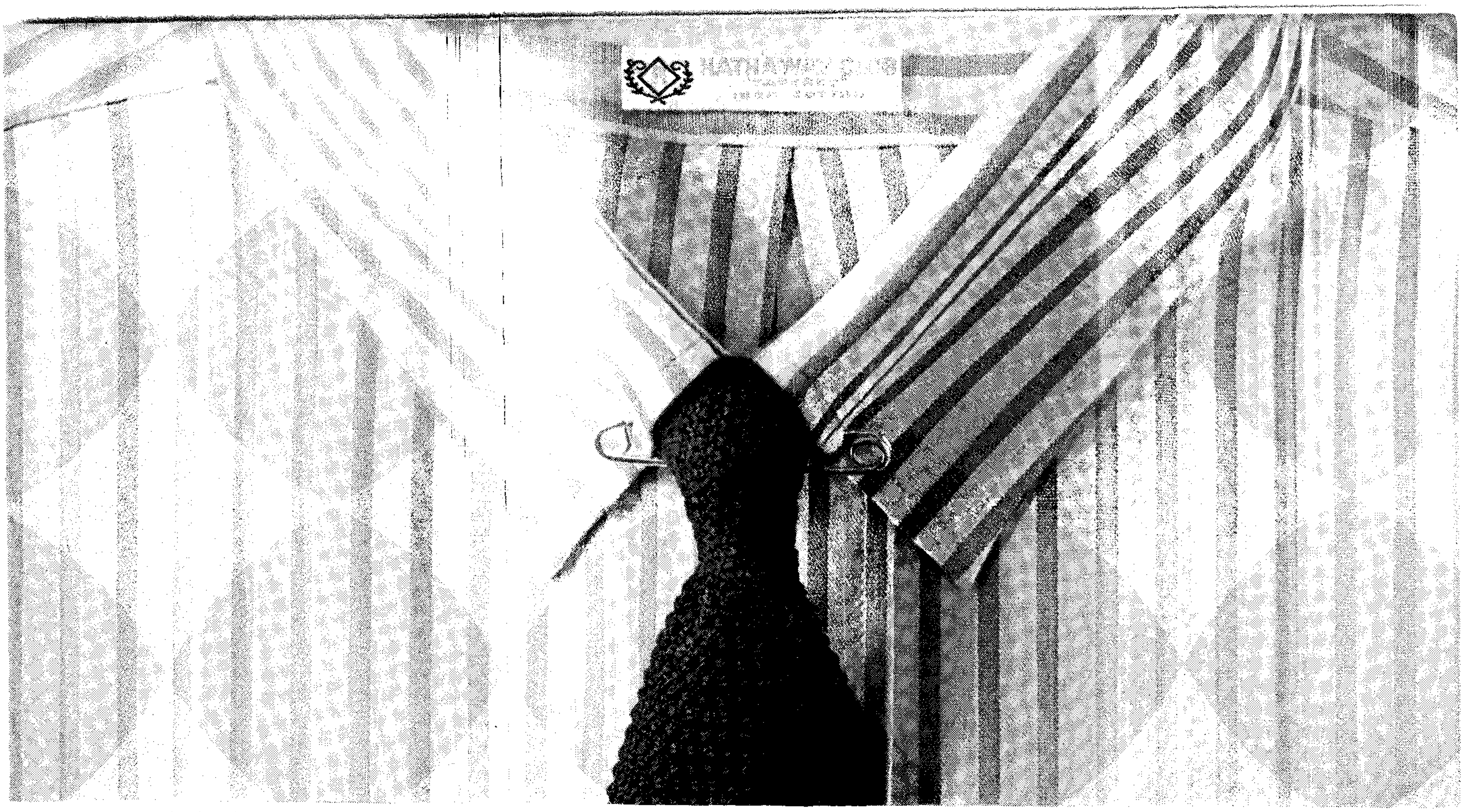


Crazy Quilts Like Grandma Never Made

Land's sakes! What'll these young 'uns come up with next, said grandma, rolling off her rocker. She was in stitches when she saw this wonderfully wild weatherwear (our words, not hers). The young 'un at left wears jacket with knit turtle neck and knit sleeves; in black, $25.95. Next is a slightly longer jacket (grandma's favorite) quilted in a unique and exclusive diamond pattern, with hidden hood. In black, burgundy or bram, $25.95. The tow coat at right has a hidden hood and lots of pockets; in black or bram, $29.95. All three are made of 100% DuPont nylon with Dacron 88* fill—and when grandma heard that, she darn near dropped her ear trumpet! **DuPont's TM for its polyester fiber*

Robert Lewis WeatherWear

384 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.



YOU CAN GET HATHAWAY'S MADRAS-WEAVE CLUB SHIRT IN A FASHIONABLY HIGHER PIN COLLAR AND LIVELY STRIPES OF RED, BLUE, AND BLACK. $7.95

Why Hathaway's new Club shirts feel more comfortable and look a good bit tidier than any ordinary, mass-produced shirt

RUN YOUR eye over the shirt above. Then skim the facts below. They explain exactly what makes a Hathaway Club shirt *feel* better and *look* better than an ordinary shirt.

1. The collar feels soft around your neck—and never has to be tugged at to look straight. That's because eagle-eyed seamstresses turn each collar by hand. And if the points are off even *one-sixteenth* of an inch, out it goes.

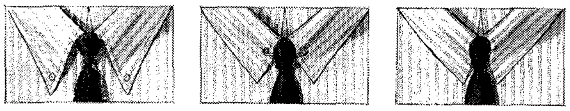
2. The body is tapered from chest to tails for a smooth fit. No uncomfortable wrinkling under your jacket. No ballooning above your belt.

3. A big pleat runs straight down the back—to give your shoulders plenty of room to move around in.

4. Every seam is sewed in a single row of tiny stitches. This is the neatest way to sew a seam. Also the strongest. Countless launderings cannot tear Hathaway seams asunder.

5. Even the buttons Hathaway uses are a far cry from the usual. They refuse to splinter, peel, or turn yellow. You can trust them to stay anchored to your shirt, because they have *three* holes—which actually make a more secure catch than four. A paradox, but a fact.

Hathaway tailors Club shirts in close to a dozen different fabrics—Oxford cloth, broadcloth, gingham, and madras included. All look more lustrous than run-of-the-mill shirtings, and wear considerably longer.



3 classic collar styles

Above, you see three of Hathaway's most popular Club collars. Notice 1) the button-down has an extra-soft roll; 2) the pinned collar stands uncommonly high—to make you look taller; and 3) the tab collar has been given those short, trim points that are all the rage in London this Fall.

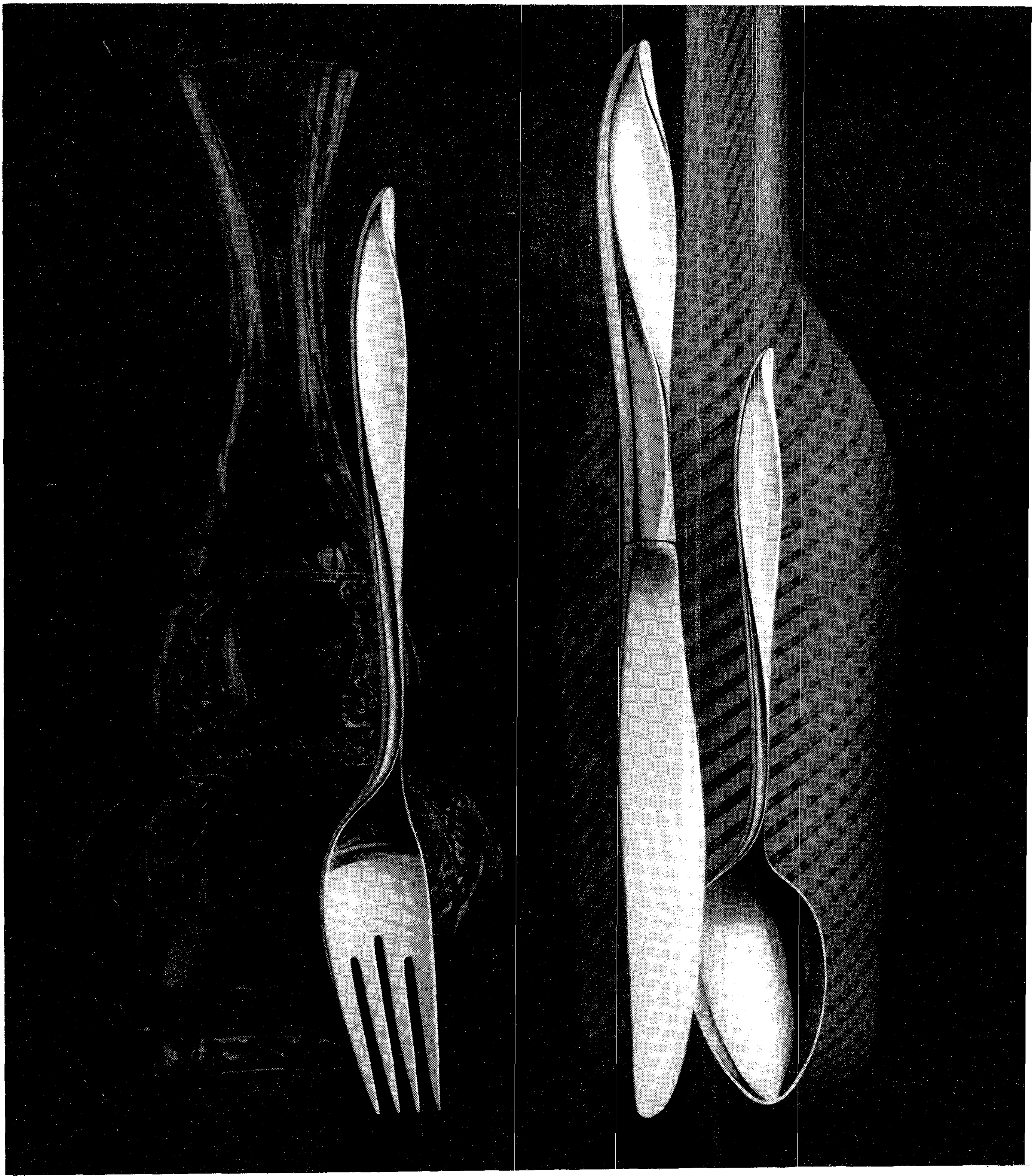
"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!"

"White shirts look like a uniform in the morning—and like murder by midafternoon," says Hathaway's chairman, Ellerton M. Jetté. "And furthermore, they are a pitiful abdication of individuality."

Many executives take precisely the same view. A few emphatically do not.

If you're a white-shirt addict, we suggest that you have a look at some of Hathaway's new stripes and checks and solid shades. They give you a better chance to express yourself—yet they are well within the safety zone of good taste.

For the names of stores, write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or call OXford 7-5566 in New York.



"I say Victorian, he says Venetian
. . . but we both say Heirloom Sterling!"

How easy it is to agree on Heirloom® Sterling. You'll love it, cherish it. So will he. Few of your precious possessions will serve you so lastingly, so handsomely. A wise investment, a wonderful gift. And there's a pattern that fits delightfully into every decorating scheme. This one is called "Vivant." Swirling and sumptuous. The touch is satin-cool. The luster, deep and rich. The balance and weight, quite perfect. A five-piece "Informal" place setting (two teaspoons, place knife, place fork and salad fork) costs only $36.25. A complete six-piece "Formal" place setting is just $45.00. Both prices include Federal Tax. For the name of the store nearest you, and a brochure on all Heirloom Sterling patterns, write Oneida Silversmiths, Dept. C-3, Oneida, New York.

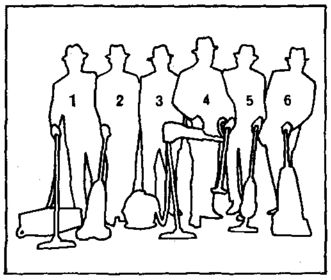
HEIRLOOM STERLING BY ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS

Howell/Canon CINE CANONET 8

Every lady should carry an automatic.

This one. It runs electrically, hides in a purse and makes great movies. We took all the essentials of fine automatic 8mm movie cameras and put them on a diet! Result is a beautiful new, battery operated camera, slim enough to go anywhere. Long as you have a purse, a beachbag, a flightbag, the 45C will fit in neatly. (Fits in *his* briefcase or pocket, too!) Then, when the time comes, get clear, sharp, wonderful movies for you . . . automatically. This trim little camera has all the features of bigger automatics: lens is set by electric eye; a smooth zoom's at your fingertips. And you *know* the Bell & Howell/Canon name means quality. Here's the movie camera to share the life you lead. See the sleek new Canonet® 45C at your Bell & Howell/Canon dealer. Prices start under $150.

Bell & Howell brings out the expert in you (automatically!)



How to clean up on Wall Street

1. Hoover Portable—New Hoover "Glamour" issue. Handsome, full-powered, all-job cleaner complete in its own carrying case.

2. Hoover Shampoo-Polisher—Last word in efficient floor care, a Hoover exclusive. Shampoos *carpets, polishes and scrubs all* type floors. Buy! Buy! Buy! Solid ground-floor investment.

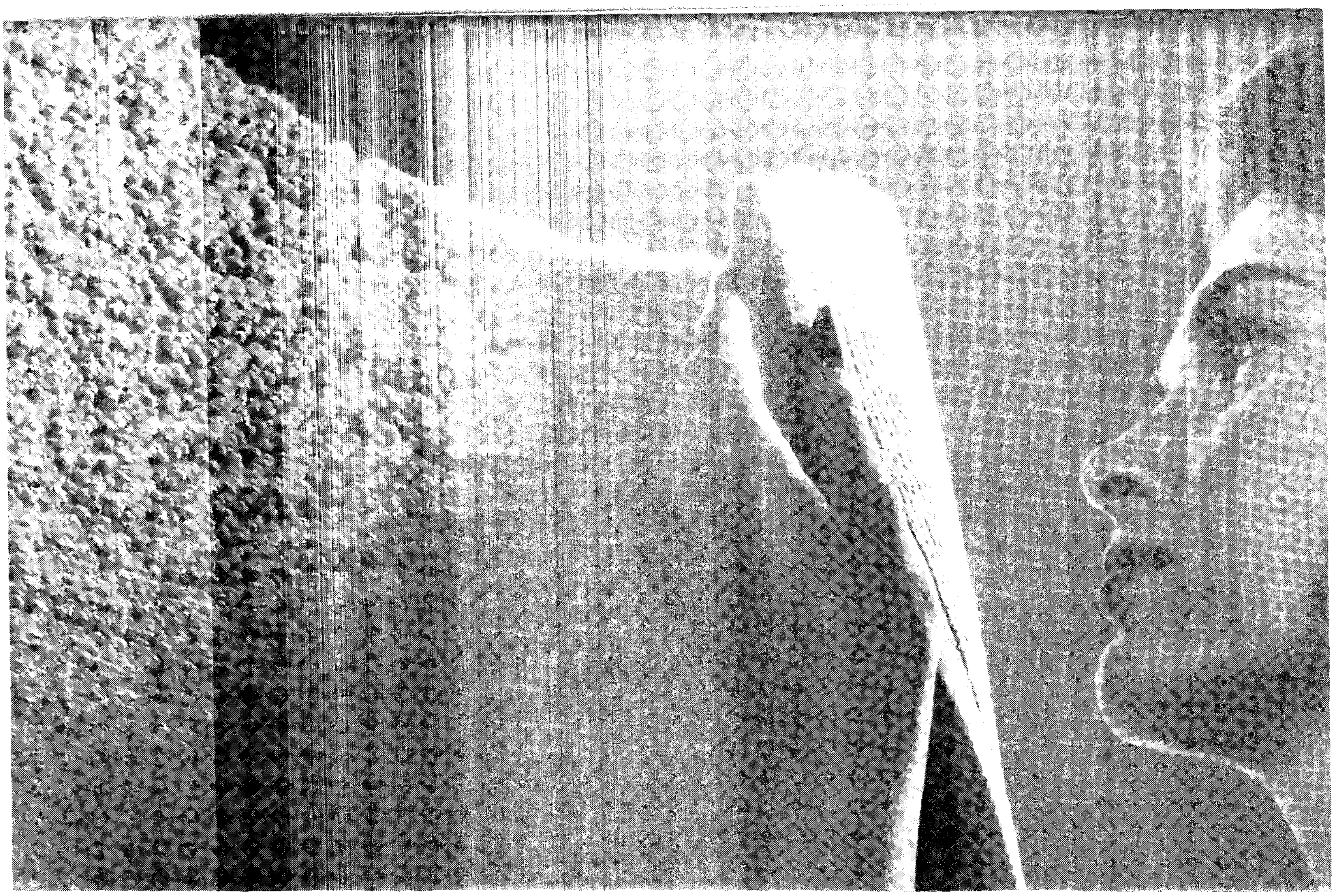
3. Hoover Constellation—Walks on air. Powerful suction and *versatile* attachments for every cleaning job. Another Hoover "Blue Chip."

4. Hoover Pixie—Slips over your shoulder for dust-ups, pick-ups. Goes anywhere dirt goes, pays dividends daily.

5. Hoover Lark—Light and lively cleaner-upper. Weighs only seven pounds, stores like a broom. Great for cleaning up on utilities.

6. Hoover Dial-A-Matic—Guaranteed to split 2-for-1. (It's both an upright and a canister.) You *dial* needed power for both rug cleaning and above-floor jobs.

Hoover®
THE HOOVER CO., NORTH CANTON, OHIO



Look at the back of a carpet? What for?

Even though the back doesn't show, don't think it doesn't count.

Without it, all you've got is a big, beautiful piece of fabric. Not a carpet.

For a carpet to serve as a carpet, to get walked on, pounded, moved on, danced on, just plain lived on, it takes a good strong back.

It keeps a carpet from wrinkling, wiggling around, stretching after it's down, wearing unevenly. It holds the pattern in line. Keeps a carpet firm and resilient through the years.

What do you look for? A tough, straight back. Usually a second fabric (woven of tough, flexible jute) bonded so intimately to the carpet, it's practically grown onto it.

And the bonding? A flexible adhesive like latex. Not a skimpy, hit-or-miss spraying, but an even, all-over application that locks the face in securely, gives it longer life.

You can't see all this.

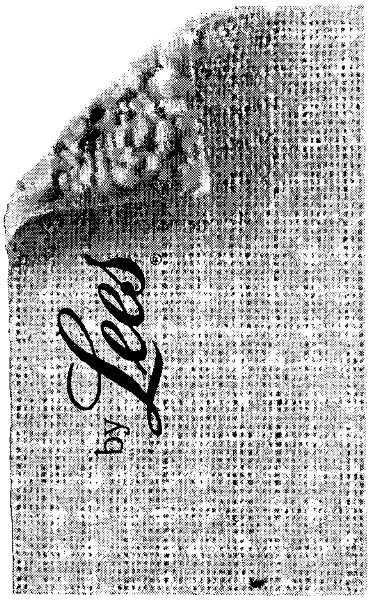
So the best thing to look for is the name Lees. We even designed a special back-stretching machine to keep our carpets straight. And we only put our name on a carpet when we're sure it's first-quality front and back.

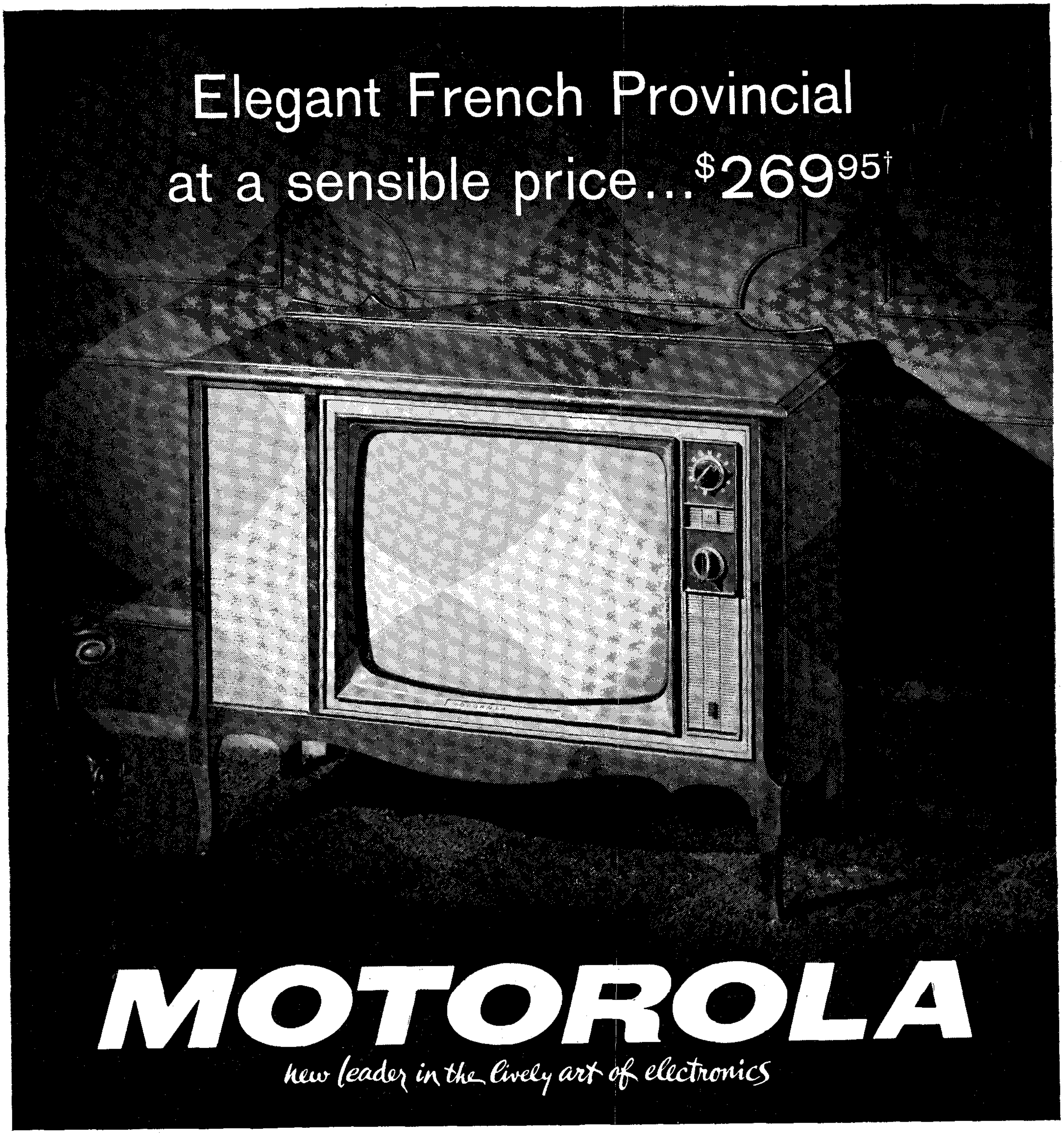
Then we print it, bold and clear, along with a number, right on the back.

It tells you we stand firmly behind it. For a lot of good, down-to-earth reasons, "those heavenly carpets by Lees."

Write us. We'll tell you where to find them.

©JAMES LEES & SONS CO., BRIDGEPORT, PA., A DIV. OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES




Elegant French Provincial
at a sensible price...$269.95†
MOTOROLA
new leader in the lively art of electronics

This 1964 console TV gives you beautiful style, a beautiful picture... and a full year guarantee*

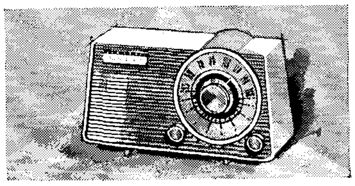
Want to save money and feel good about it every time you watch TV? Here's a fine television set with the look of fine furniture.

It performs as well as it looks, too. The chassis—Motorola's finest—is hand-wired, precision crafted with modern hand and dip soldering for circuit connections of high reliability. Golden M® premium rated tubes are used throughout. It's backed by Motorola's *full year guarantee. It covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use (arranged through selling dealer, labor extra).

The †manufacturer's suggested list price is $269.95, optional with dealers, slightly higher in some areas. The model shown is 23K124CW. (Overall diag. tube meas.: 283 sq. in. picture viewing area.)

See it soon at your Motorola dealer's.

While you're there, look over the 1964 Motorola Table Radios. The Distan-tenna model is specially engineered for fringe areas.

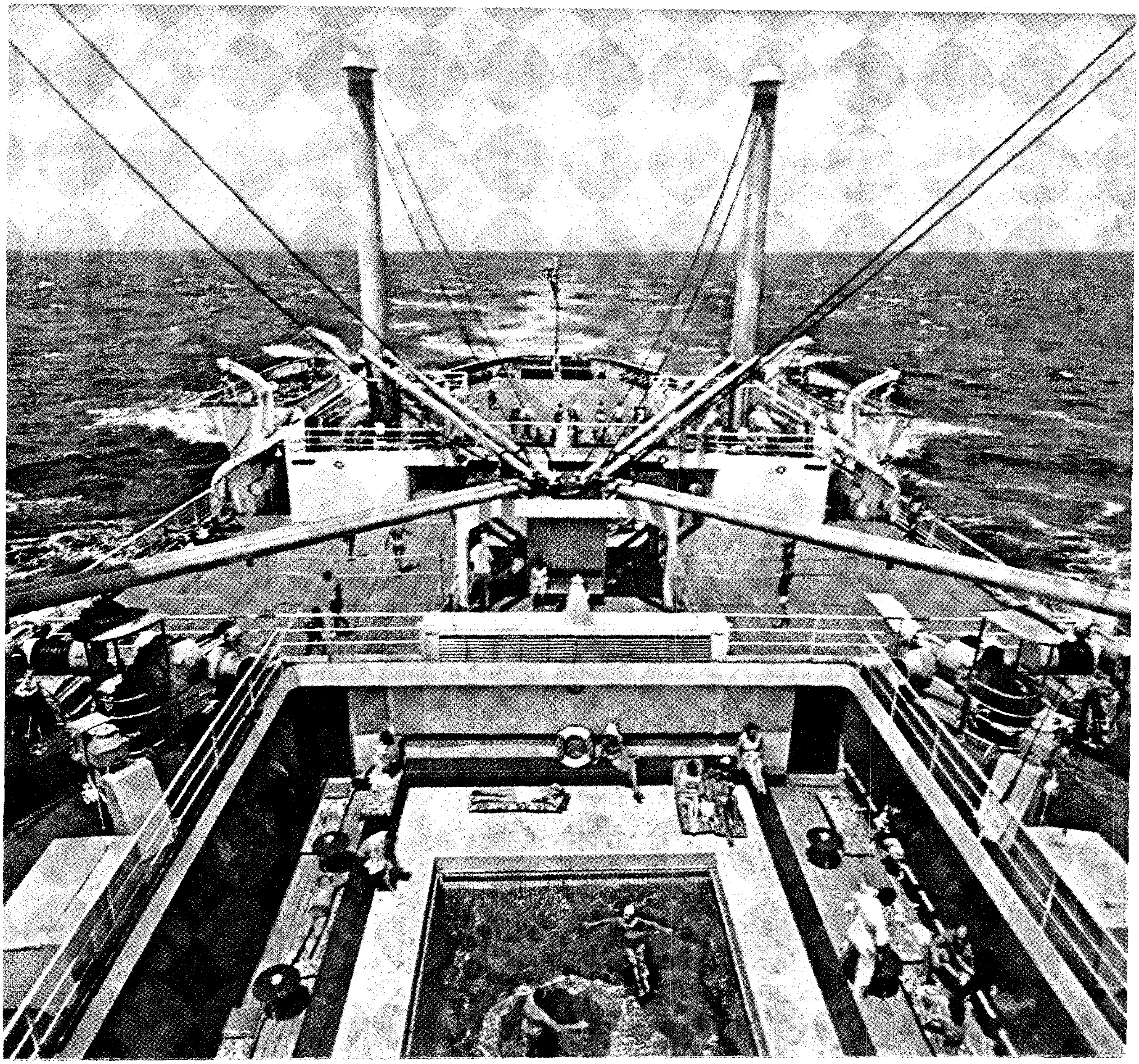


MOTOROLA

Price and specifications subject to change without notice. TV is all-channel UHF adaptable.

is it me...or Jack Winter!

his is the look—the inseparable one. This Jack Winter Art of Total Dash; methodically composed in color, texture nd flair. Stretch pants, about $18. Mohair poncho, about $23. Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; . Magnin, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. **Jack Winter, 1410 Broadway, New York City.**



P&O-Orient's Orsova sails for the South Pacific from San Francisco November 25. You return from Australia on Arcadia. Round trip: 54 days.

"The biggest bloomin' ships sailing the seven seas" fly the flag of P&O-Orient. One leaves for the South Pacific November 25.

This winter, six majestic P&O-Orient liners sail to *summertime* in Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, and Australia. They're the largest and fastest ocean liners sailing round the world.

The *smallest* P&O-Orient liner is longer than two football fields. The biggest is taller than a 15-story building, and carries more passengers than any other ship afloat.

All P&O-Orient liners have literally acres of sun-drenched open deck—far more than other ships. You can play volley ball on a full-sized court. Have parties in your air-conditioned cabin. Swim in an outdoor pool next to a sea-going sidewalk café. Or just be as lazy as you please.

The British service is quietly spectacular. It *has* to be—to satisfy the international travelers who sail regularly on P&O-Orient liners.

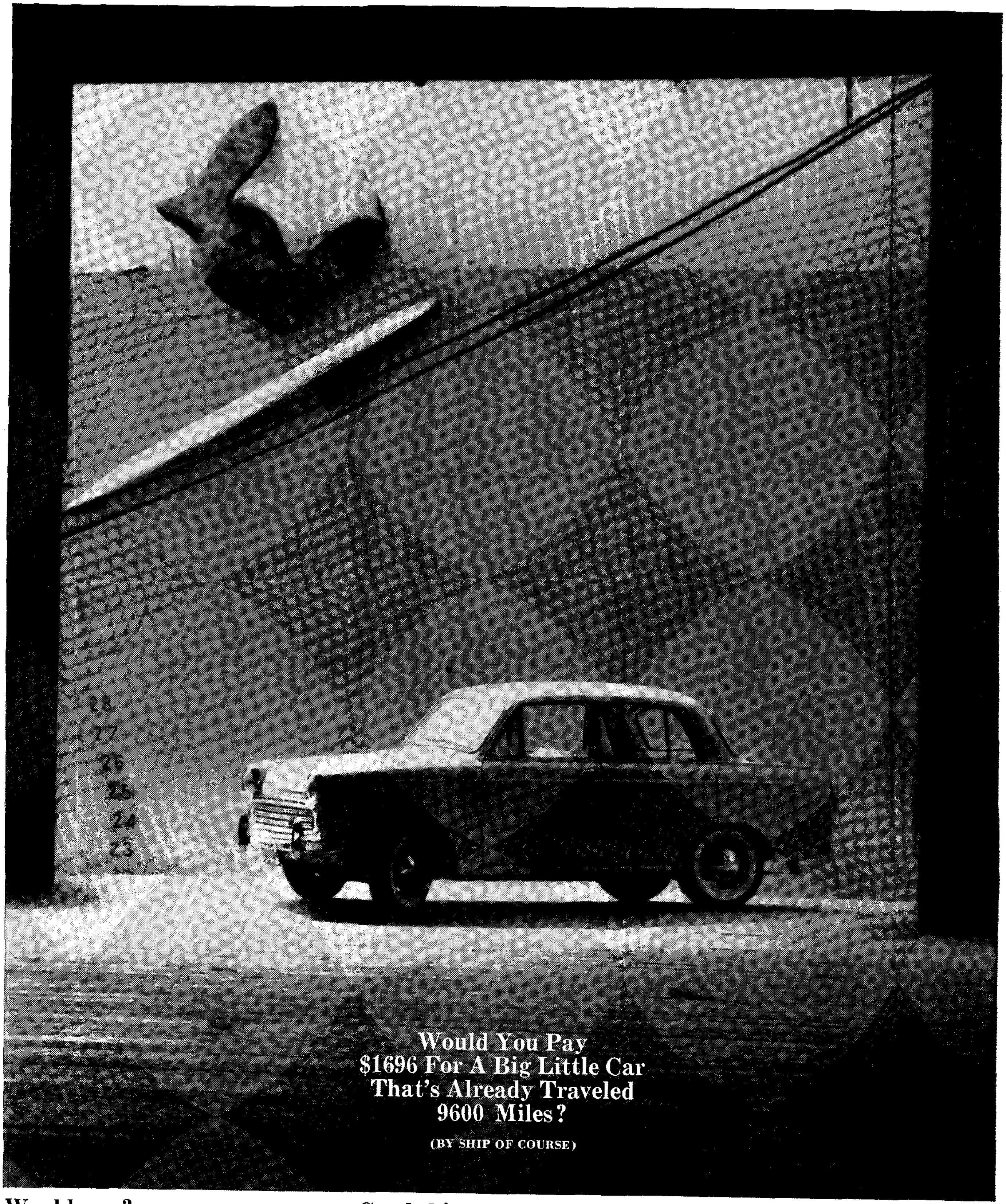
You don't have to spend a fortune, either. *Round trips* to the South Pacific and Australia start at just $948 in first class, $776 in comfortable tourist.

You can also sail on to Europe, to the Orient, circle the entire Pacific, see Panama and the Caribbean, or sail *round the world* in either direction on a giant P&O-Orient liner.

For free color brochures on Vacation Voyages, write Dept. G-6, P&O-Orient, 155 Post St., San Francisco 8, Calif.

Then see your travel agent—and run away to sea.

P&O-Orient Lines: San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu • Vancouver • Elsewhere in North America: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.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Would You Pay
$1696 For A Big Little Car
That's Already Traveled
9600 Miles?
(BY SHIP OF COURSE)

Would you?
Certainly.
Your camera traveled
9,600 miles.
So did your transistor radio.
And your cultured pearls.

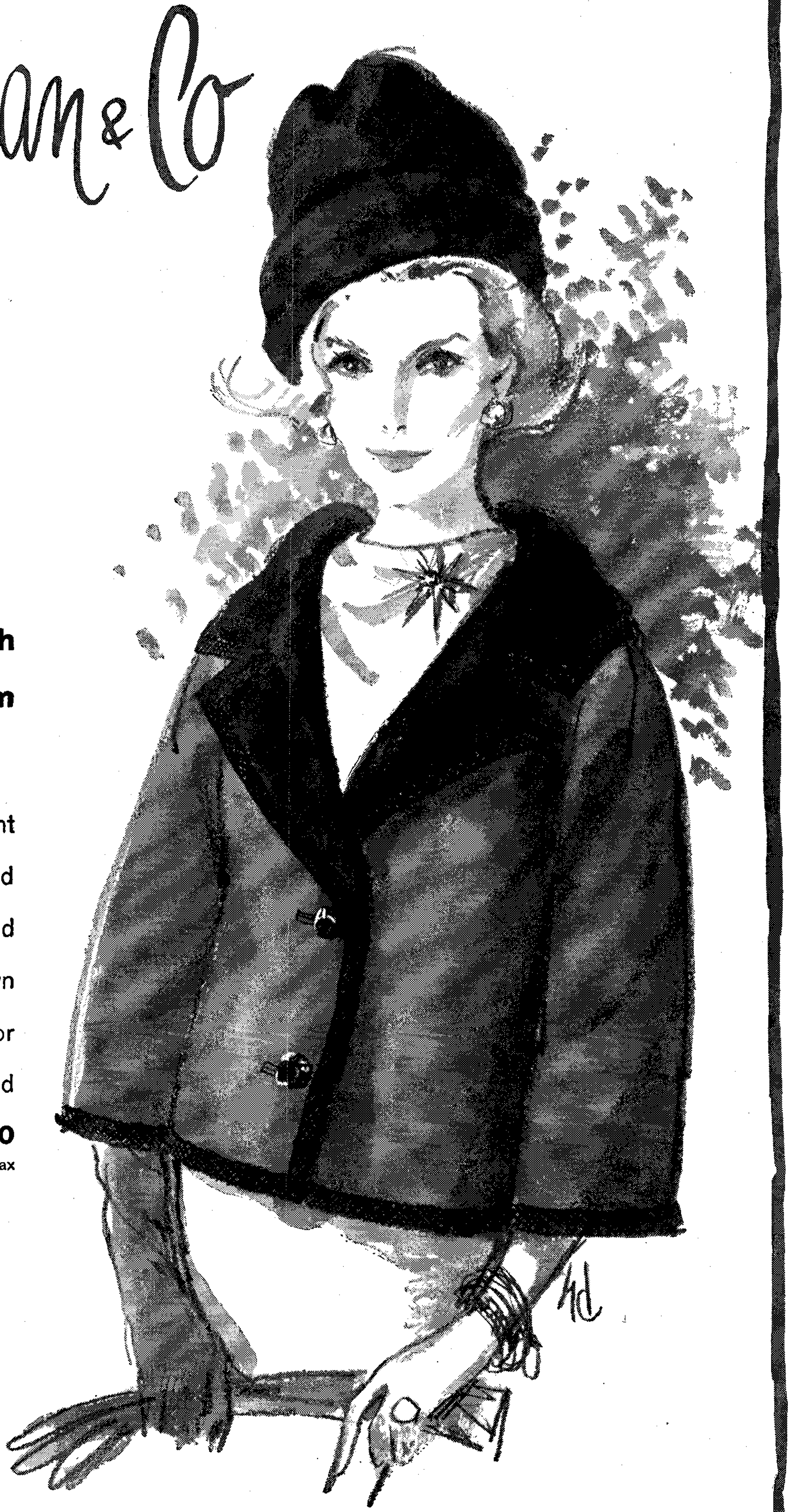
Good things travel
in good company.
Datsun gives you 60 HP
instead of 40.
Room for 5 instead of 4.
Extraordinary quality
instead of funny advertising.

Drop in
and look at the Datsun.
No obligation.
Ask a lot of questions
and get all the answers
in plain English.
And in dollars and cents.
Sayonara?

See your nearest dealer or write:

DATSUN
221 FRELINGHUYSEN AVENUE, NEWARK 14, N. J.

B Altman & Co



Our newsy Spanish blazer reverses from fur to suede!

One of Winter's most important fashions, this jaunty braid-bound jacket. Brown dyed processed lamb reverses to mocha brown suede . . . 6 to 14. Third floor Studio Three, Fifth Avenue and also at White Plains. **130.00**
plus 10% Federal tax

Fur products labeled to show country of origin of imported furs.

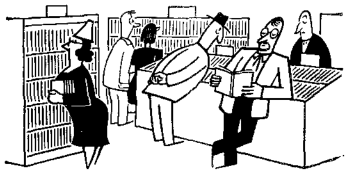
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

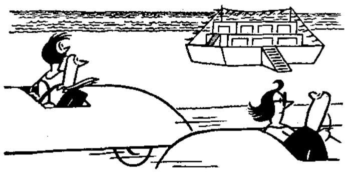
WE have just received a letter from our friend the long-winded lady. We quote:

“There is a bookshop on Forty-eighth Street, not far from Sixth Avenue, where they sell mostly paperbacks and marked-down copies—publishers’ remainders. I was in there the other day looking around. It was Saturday and the weather was cool. The shop door was open to the street. It was about lunchtime, and what business there was was casual. The afternoon was a slow one, and the city was amiable and groggy—no complaints that I could hear. Such a siesta mood is remarkable in New York City, and, in the very middle of the city, strange. It was a mysterious occasion, and a lighthearted one, as though all the citizens had just been given their seasonal allotment of time and had found that they had enough and to spare—plenty of time, more than they would ever have imagined. In the bookshop, all was calm. You might have been far away, in some much older city, browsing alongside the antiquarians. The pace was intent and unhurried as the customers meandered among the works of Henry James and Rex Stout and Françoise Mallet-Joris and Ivan Turgenev and Agatha Christie and the rest, more and more names turning up in front of my eyes as I stood looking. I had already collected all I intended to buy—five books under my arm—and I was looking through another book, one I cannot remember the name of, and I was reading a description of Balzac’s favorite food. What he liked best was plain bread covered with sardines that he had mashed into a paste and mixed with something. What was it Balzac mixed into his sardine paste? I was just looking back to find out, reading it all again and thinking how delicious it sounded, when my ears were insulted by hard voices screeching right outside the door—people making remarks about the books in the window. ‘Hey, Marilyn Monroe has been reduced!’ a man’s voice shouted. ‘Five seventy-five to one ninety-two!’ There were squawks of laughter, and then a woman’s voice said (it was a harridan speaking), ‘Wait till she goes down to a dollar.’ ‘Too much! Too much! A dollar is too much!’ the man shouted, and then these horrors were trooping into the shop, and I took off my glasses to get a look at them. Cruelty and Stupidity and Bad Noise—there were three of them, a man and a woman and another, but I did not see the third, who was hidden behind the tall spindle bookcase they were all looking at and making merry over. They called out names and titles, and made a lot of feeble puns, ruining the place for everybody, and I paid for the books I had under my arm, and left. I went to the French restaurant, very close by, that I had jotted down for lunch, and I asked for sardines and plain bread, but when I began to mash the sardines, I couldn’t remember what it was that Balzac used to mix them with. It didn’t matter. Sardines with plain bread are very good. I said to myself that there was no use thinking about the hyenas in the bookshop. Their capacity for arousing violence will arouse somebody who *is* violent one of these days. (That is what I told myself.) They will trip over their own shoelaces. Time will tell on them. They will never know anything except the miserable appetite of envy. They will learn, like the boy who cried wolf, that people who mock the Last Laugh are incinerated by it when it finally sounds. I don’t care. That little bookshop stays open late, and I am going there this evening to find that book I was looking at that has the description in it of how Balzac made his sardine paste. Before the evening is finished, I will know exactly what the Master’s favorite food was, and I will also know how it tastes today.”



Art Barge

A MAN we sent to Suffolk County in August to investigate holiday conditions there has just submitted a report on the Summer Art Center of the Institute of Modern Art, which is an affiliate of the Museum of Modern Art and has housed its Center picturesquely in a double-decked, beflagged, gleaming-white converted Navy barge that stands high and dry on an otherwise deserted stretch of beach at Napeague Harbor, Amagansett, providing the traffic on the Montauk Highway with a unique and commanding sight. Having ascertained that this cynosure’s curriculum terminated a week before Labor Day, we accused our man of tardiness. He admitted that his notes had been left in a pocket of a pair of white ducks that only recently came back (along with the notes) from the laundry, but insisted that they were seasonable, since now is the time for one and all to sign up (through the Museum of Modern Art) for next summer’s courses. These begin in July and include Creative Painting, Landscape Painting (apparently not considered creative), Sculpture Workshop, and Drawing and Figure Study; some call for ten three-hour sessions a week (five under instruction, five of independent work), and others require less time. “We started the Center three years ago,” Victor D’Amico, its director, told our representative after receiving him on the port



side of the sunny upper deck of the barge, looking out on Gardiners Bay and looking *in* on a studio in which a score or more people, mostly women, were busily painting. "This summer, we've had a hundred students—all we can handle—most of whom signed up for periods of two to four weeks," he went on. "Many are clerks, secretaries, or stenographers from offices in New York, New Jersey, or Connecticut, but we also get businessmen, doctors, dentists, dress designers, and quite a few teachers, some of whom have come from as far afield as Wisconsin and Georgia. About a quarter of the students are housewives who are summer residents here; the rest take rooms anywhere from Montauk to East Hampton. The students bring their lunch, which they prepare in our galley and eat on one of three terraces astern of the barge—or, in bad weather, in a mess hall below decks—and they swim off the beach here at high tide."

Mr. D'Amico, an intense man with a shock of black hair, is a teacher himself; he started the Museum's Department of Education and children's art classes, both of which he still runs, in 1937, and he conducts a course in Creative Painting for Advanced Students and Professional Artists (two weeks for $115, four weeks for $180) on the barge. He has a summer staff of half a dozen instructors, one of whom teaches Creative Painting for Beginners, Amateurs, and Advanced Students (two weeks for $100, four weeks for $150). The advanced student thus has an interesting financial, instructional, and classroom-neighbor choice. The director led our man to the starboard side of the deck and pointed out the Atlantic Ocean. "My wife comes from Greenport, and we've had a summer home at Lazy Point, near here, for fifteen years," he said. "We thought it would be a good idea to combine people's vacations with painting. We wanted a place where you could see the water, and in 1960, with the Museum's blessing, I began looking around for a big barge. I wrote the Navy and, after turning down several offers of battleships, located this boat—her only identification was 'No. 248 U.S. Navy'—in Jersey City. She was a seagoing barge that had been used for carrying dry materials—cement, plaster, and foodstuffs—and had been sold to a private shipping company. She's a hundred and ten feet six inches long and thirty feet wide. The Museum bought her for forty-five hundred dollars, and we've spent sixty thousand on her. We had to tow her through Long Island Sound, which was easy, and then get her up on the beach, which was not. She weighs two hundred and seventy-five tons. We put her on skids and employed five winch trucks, but the cables snapped like strings. We finally buried the winch trucks in the ground, put all the cables at one end, used two bulldozers, and, after two days, got her in place. We've put in plumbing, windows, doors, two studios, inside and outside staircases, this deck and the one below, and an office, which Miss Elinor Weis, my administrative assistant, runs. We christened the barge Kearsarge. Wait."

Mr. D'Amico called to Miss Weis, below, for a memorandum he had written on the nautical Center, and gave it to our agent, who has conscientiously turned it over to us.

> This structure which houses our Art Center was brought up on the shore of Napeague three summers ago [it reads, in part]. She then consisted of a plain black hull with a drab, houselike structure painted a battleship gray. The structure was a windowless, empty shell. The hull below could be entered only by manholes on the outer decks and down a steel ladder. Inside was dark and so crisscrossed with beams that one had to twist his way by crawling in and out of them. She was a Cinderella among her superior sister craft that sailed the waters.
>
> Today our Cinderella has become an elegant lady. She wears a white garment and bands of shining windows flood her interiors with light. An upper deck has been added with a rakish roof line at the bow lifting her head with pride. From her upper deck one commands breathtaking views toward every point of the compass.... Inside are many mansions. On the main deck is the master studio with its forest of easels where painters enjoy hours of mixed agony and ecstasy. On the upper deck are a glassed-in lounge and a modern art studio. Below decks are spacious areas for the students' gear, the Mess Hall and the Captain's Quarters....
>
> From the very beginning there was a feeling that this magnificent structure should have a name befitting her character and station. Until recently none could be found that suited us all.... Recently one of our group had an inspiration and proposed the name of *Kearsarge*. The *Kearsarge* is a renowned name in the annals of the United States Navy. During the Civil War, the *Kearsarge* defeated the Confederate raider, the *Alabama*, in a battle off Cherbourg in the English Channel. Only a few months back, the *U.S.S. Kearsarge*, an aircraft carrier, recovered the astronaut, Major Gordon Cooper, from the icy waters of the Pacific after his historic flight into outer space. But neither of these famous feats is responsible for choosing this name for our Art Center.
>
> *Kearsarge* is an Indian word meaning "heaven" and this is the reason for choosing it.... Heaven for each of us is the land of our heart's desire, and all of us who enjoy pursuing the arts in this good ship call it our heaven on earth.

Judith Shahn

"Except for landscape painting, most of the work done here is expressionistic—abstract or semi-abstract," Cinderella's captain said. "I've been devoted to this part of the Island ever since I spent my honeymoon here, eighteen years ago. I'm contented here. My only problem is that I don't have a vacation any more."

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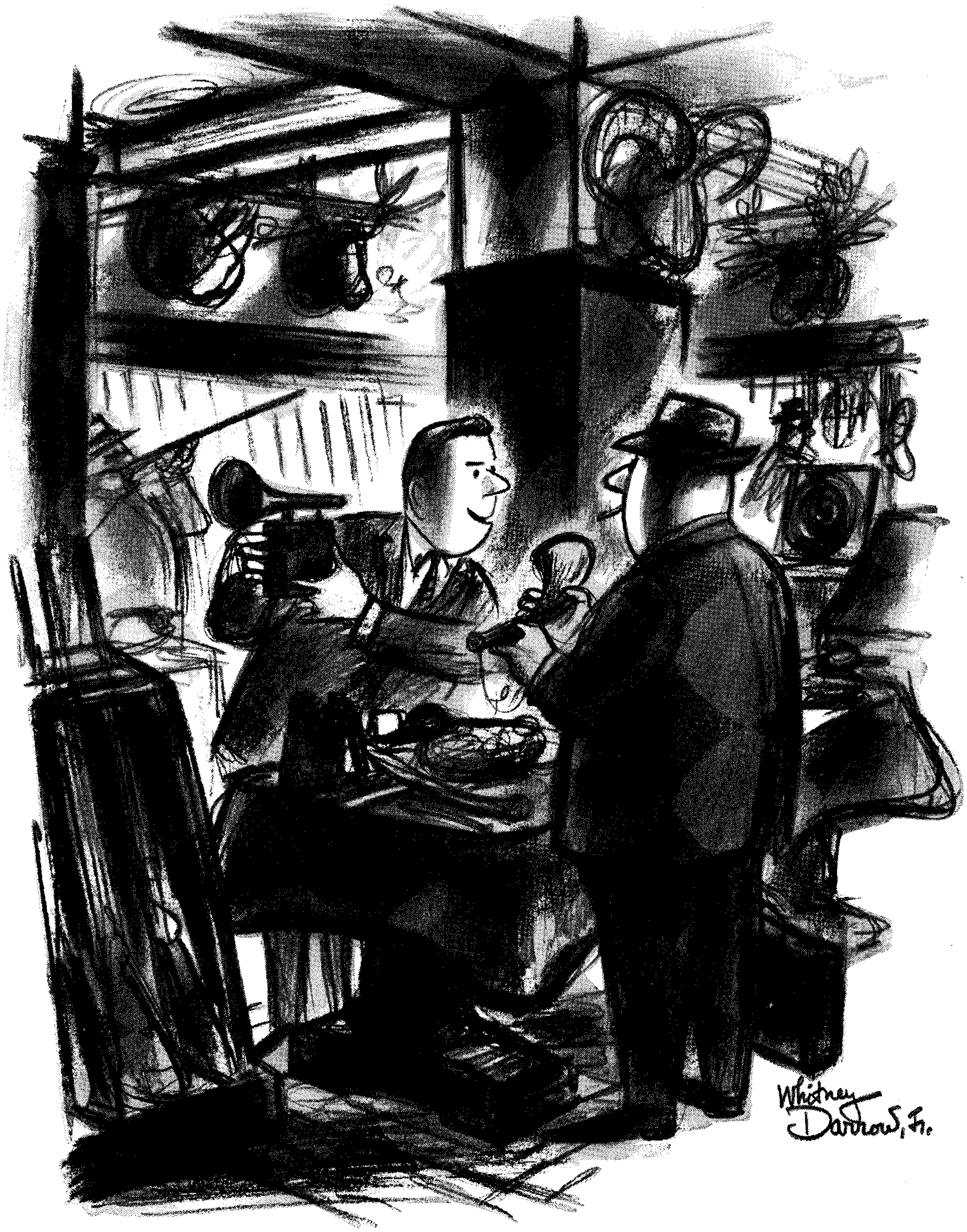
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Certain matchbooks skidding out of certain cigarette machines bear the legend:

ENJOY LIVING
AUTOMATICALLY

PATRONIZE
VENDING
MACHINES

Gardener

IF, on passing St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, on Park Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first, you have taken pleasure, as we have, in watching the transformation of the church's garden from a scraggly mass of tired-looking ivy and overgrown privet into an orderly, varied, prospering, handsome layout, you might like to know that the moving spirit behind this contribution to civic splendor is an energetic, blue-eyed, gray-haired parishioner of St. Bartholomew's named Ruth Woodhull Smith, who has just turned eighty and is brimming with high spirits. To gather a few more details about Miss Smith and her horticultural doings on Park Avenue, we made an appointment to meet her late one morning last week at the new garden, and, upon arriving there, found her—a tall, slender woman wearing a yellow silk dress, small pearl earrings, a pearl necklace, and sensible shoes—vigorously weeding a bed of petunias. Rising and giving us a firm handshake, she said that the garden looked a bit neglected, because she had been away for a few days at her summer residence, a seven-acre place in Mastic, Long Island, where she goes



"Now, this one is a little more expensive, but it attracts a higher-type moose."

• •

in for gardening on a large scale. "I built a house out there on my ancestral acres thirty-four years ago," she told us. "It's still as lovely as ever. I sat on my terrace last night, looking at my flowers, watching the birds, and having a cocktail all by myself, and thinking, Oh dear, isn't this heaven? It wasn't really a cocktail—just bourbon with ice." She laughed.

As for St. Bartholomew's garden, Miss Smith said that she began trying to make something of it about twelve years ago. "It was a mess, a horrible mess," she recalled. "Nothing but that old privet and ivy, and the whole thing infested with pigeons. I was full of enthusiasm, however, and I brought a lot of bulbs from Mastic and planted them, but as soon as they came up, the pigeons ate them. We tried pachysandra, but the birds ate that up, too. To make matters worse, people would come by and throw crumbs to the pigeons. I used to say to them, 'Do you like gardens?' 'Yes,' they would say, 'I like a garden.' 'Well,' I would say, 'these birds just spoil our garden. Won't you go over to St. Patrick's and throw your crumbs?' " Miss Smith laughed again. "That wasn't exactly interfaith, was it?" she said. "Well, I saw that nothing could be done with the garden as long as it was overrun with pigeons, so I just had to give it up for a while." By the spring of last year, the pigeons had been routed from the area by a method about which Miss Smith was purposely vague, but we gathered that the operation was conducted jointly by St. Bartholomew's and neighboring structures, with the cooperation of the city and the A.S.P.C.A. Once her little feathered foes were out of the way, Miss Smith lost no time in reactivating the garden project, and, to raise money for it, put on a flower show, with the help of other ladies in the church. The show netted more than three hundred dollars, and with a portion of these funds she bought six bales of peat moss and a hundred and fifty pounds of fertilizer, which were spaded into the garden by a troop of Boy Scouts and their Scoutmaster, who devoted part of Memorial Day last year to this good deed. Since then, Miss Smith, who is chairman of St. Bartholomew's Garden Committee, has been kept busy supervising the planning and planting of the garden, on which about fifteen hundred dollars has been spent so far. "It's wonderful what the women have done," Miss Smith said. "This spring, they helped run a garden tour, which made eight hundred dollars. Oh, the support has been just tremendous. There has also been great interest on the part of people passing by. They hang over the fence and watch us work. They ask questions. They give advice."

Having supplied this background, Miss Smith suggested that a tour would be in order, and pointed out, to begin with, that there are really two gardens—one on each side of a flight of steps and a walk leading into the church. The larger plot, which is on the uptown side and is formal in style, is dominated by sizable beds of flowers planted in the shape of the cross on the church dome. On the day of our visit, the garden cross was made up mainly of petunias; at other seasons, it has been planted with double pink tulips, Easter lilies, and geraniums. "Our difficulty is sun," Miss Smith said. "We get no morning sun to speak of, and, with all these tall buildings around, just a smidgen of afternoon sun." The smaller garden, Miss Smith explained as she led the way to it, was inspired by the tapestry window behind the altar in St. Bartholomew's chapel. "As I sat there, or knelt there, not saying my prayers but studying that tapestry," she said, "I would say to myself, 'There's a daffodil, and there's a violet, and there's a pansy.' And then one day I said, 'Why, let's copy that tapestry on the corner plot.' That's what we've done, and we call it the Tapestry Garden."

The tour completed, Miss Smith graciously invited us to have a cold drink at her apartment, which is a block and a half from the church, and which she shares with a friend from girlhood—Dr. Connie M. Guion, a noted medical pioneer, who is eighty-one, and who served until a few years ago as attending physician at the New York Hospital (where a new building has recently been named in her honor) and as a professor of clinical medicine at Cornell University Medical College. A specialist in internal medicine, she now carries on a large private practice, and, as a professor emeritus, she teaches seniors at Cornell Medical. "Dr. Guion says she has practiced so long that all her patients are getting old," Miss Smith remarked as we arrived at the apartment, the décor of which is Oriental. "My father went out to Japan in 1869," she went on, pouring us a glass of ginger ale. "He was employed as a freight clerk by the first steamship line to set up regular service across the Pacific—the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He was so enthralled by Japan that he asked to be stationed there. My mother went out as a bride in '78, and I lived there from the time I was fourteen until I was eighteen. In 1901, I came over here and enrolled at the Northfield School, where I met Dr. Guion. Having decided to make physical education my field, I went on to the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, and soon after graduating from there I was hired as head of the Physical Education Department of the Montclair Normal School, in New Jersey. I had only one person under me, but still I was head of a department. After a while, I said, 'Goodbye. I'm through with you. I'm going to New York if I have to sell peanuts on the corner.' So I came over here and got into high-school work, first at Washington Irving. Then I took time out to do some graduate work at Wellesley, and to go over and do some canteening for the Y in the First World War. When I came back, I went as head of the Physical Education Department to Bay Ridge High School, where I stayed fifteen years, and then I went over to John Adams, in Queens, and stayed there for fifteen years. In 1945, after thirty-five years of teaching, I kissed it all goodbye. I had a whale of a good time in my jobs. I just loved them."

From all indications, Miss Smith is still having a whale of a good time. Despite her gardening and many other interests, she finds time to drive Dr. Guion on her daily professional rounds. "We start out every morning, except when I go out to Mastic—Dr. Guion uses a taxi then—at about eight-thirty," Miss Smith said. "Dr. Guion has a 1963 Rambler, and I drive her about as she makes her house calls."

We asked Miss Smith how long she had been driving a car.

"I took my driver's-license test in 1910, when I was living in New Jersey," she replied. "We had to pass not only a road test but a written examination on the working of a four-cycle engine. The first car I ever drove was a Packard. It was part of a legacy, and I used it to travel to work. This is the way you started that car on a winter morning. First, you opened the petcocks—that is, the tops of your cylinders—and you primed the engine with gasoline. Then you went into the kitchen and brought out a kettle of boiling water and a cloth. You put the cloth on the manifold and poured the boiling water over it. Next, you advanced your spark. Then you went to the front and took a firm hold on the crank. You didn't just turn it over; you *spun* it. When it caught, you ran for the steering wheel, but by the time you got there, the engine had died. So you did it again, and again. After about twenty-five minutes, you had the engine going, and you got in, trembling, and drove away."

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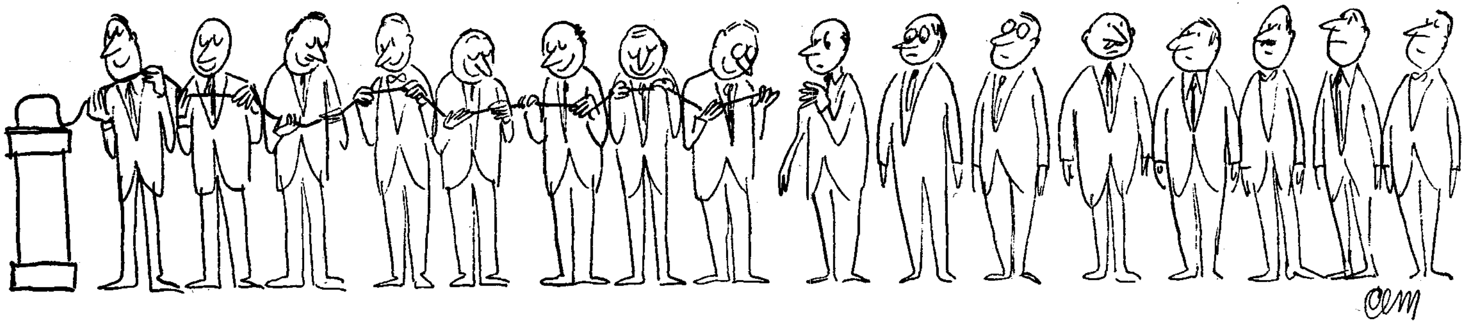
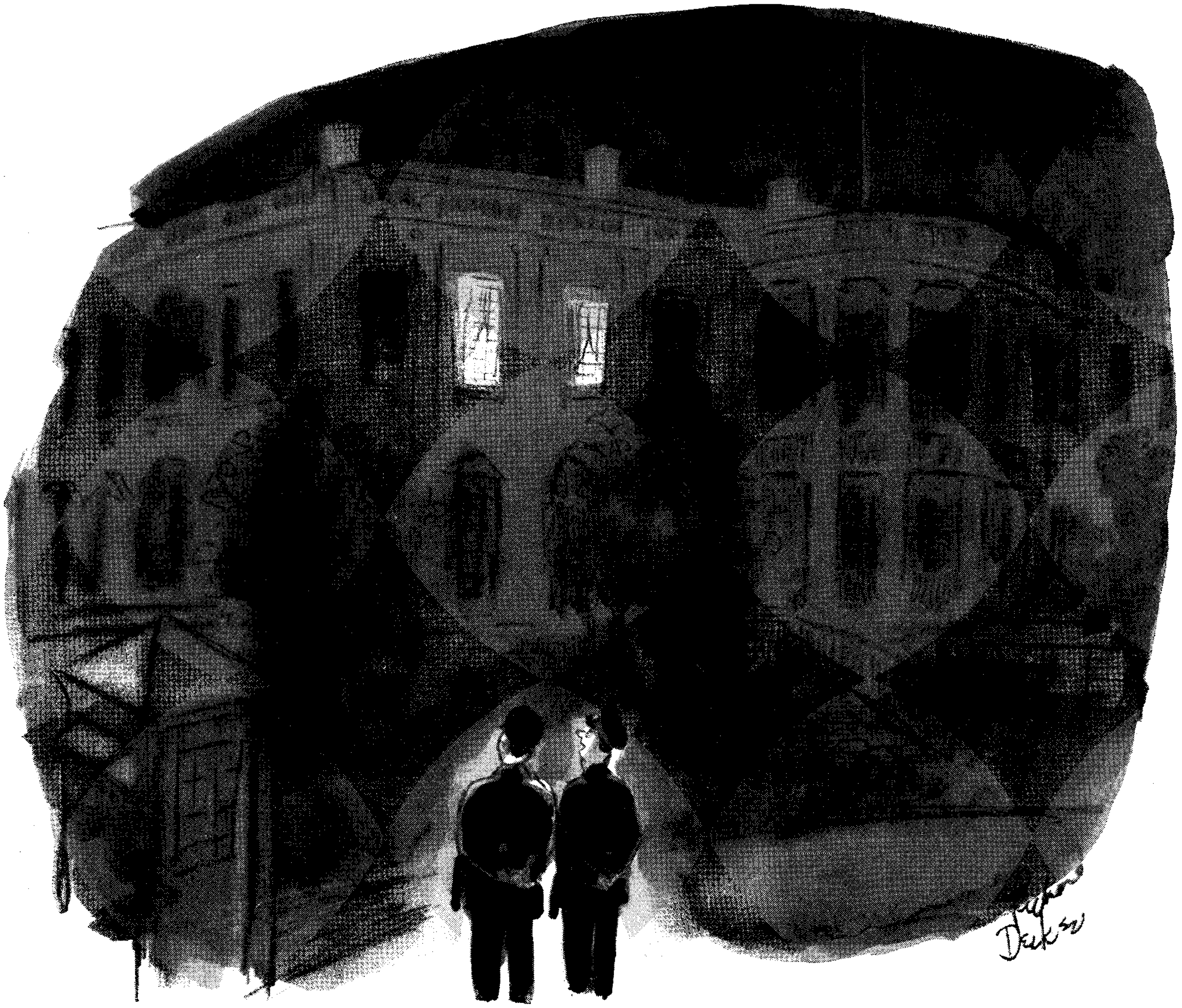
OVERHEARD during a performance in Boston of the national touring company of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?": "There will have to be a lot of changes in this before it gets to New York."

Premiums

LAST week—and there may be sluggabeds who are not aware of this fact—was proclaimed New York Premium Week by Mayor Robert F. Wagner. The Mayor, never one to scrimp with the citizenry's time, was induced to make his proclamation by the circumstance that assorted merchants were assembled at the New York Coliseum to show off the assorted prizes a customer might get by saving box tops, green, pink, or blue stamps, or various kinds of coupons. Years ago, a friend of ours tried to smoke his way to a living-room set being offered for coupons by the Raleigh cigarette people, but he could do no better than an end table in the course of several months. We were therefore a bit skeptical when we repaired to the Coliseum to see what the premium creators had to offer.





"Then again, it may merely be the new Ian Fleming."

• •

Right off, we encountered a busty little character wearing a leotard and fishnet stockings. "Who are you?" we inquired.

"You in the trade?" she asked.

We told her we were not.

"Well," she said, "I represent the Spirit of Leeds Travelwear."

We wandered nervously past the Krak-All Ice Cube Cracker display, picked up a copy of Nellie Nifty's Waiting Room Reader on the fly, found ourself gazing in wonderment at a combination automatic electric can opener, knife, and pencil sharpener, and then slid by a Cannon Mills exhibit of Carefree Bedspreads. There were clocks, toasters, barometers, telescopes, hi-fis, marine first-aid kits, and almost anything else a stamp hoarder might desire. Unexpectedly, while surveying all these desiderata, we were confronted by a pretty blonde in a flaring skirt, who said that her name was Miss Trading Stamp of 1963 and that if we could guess how many stamps were imprinted on her skirt we would receive a prize—possibly, we thought, a trip to the moon on gossamer wings.

"How did you become Miss Trading Stamp of 1963?" we asked.

"Through an agency. What else?" replied Miss Trading Stamp.

We went our way and presently came upon a man sewing a mink stole. Over his head was a sign reading, "Furtilize—An Annis Emba Mink Is Your Insurance to a Successful Sales Program." We asked him if he was happy at his work.

"So who's happy?" he said. "I'm Al Udelson, from Wantagh, and I was fifteen years with Bergdorf Goodman. If you want to see mink put together, every skin a treasure, look me up. I can't afford to buy my own work, that's how good I am."

We thanked Mr. Udelson and drifted along past layouts involving sea shells, portraits of the President, umbrellas, and the like. In passing, we met Miss Interfloral 1963, who tried to pin an orchid on us, and Miss Gita Larsson, lately come from Göteborg, who was dressed up like a nurse and proposed that we let her put a dressing on us, just for the hell of it. Miss Larsson was tall, and she told us she had trouble meeting men of her stature in this country. We apologized to her for the size of our men and fled.

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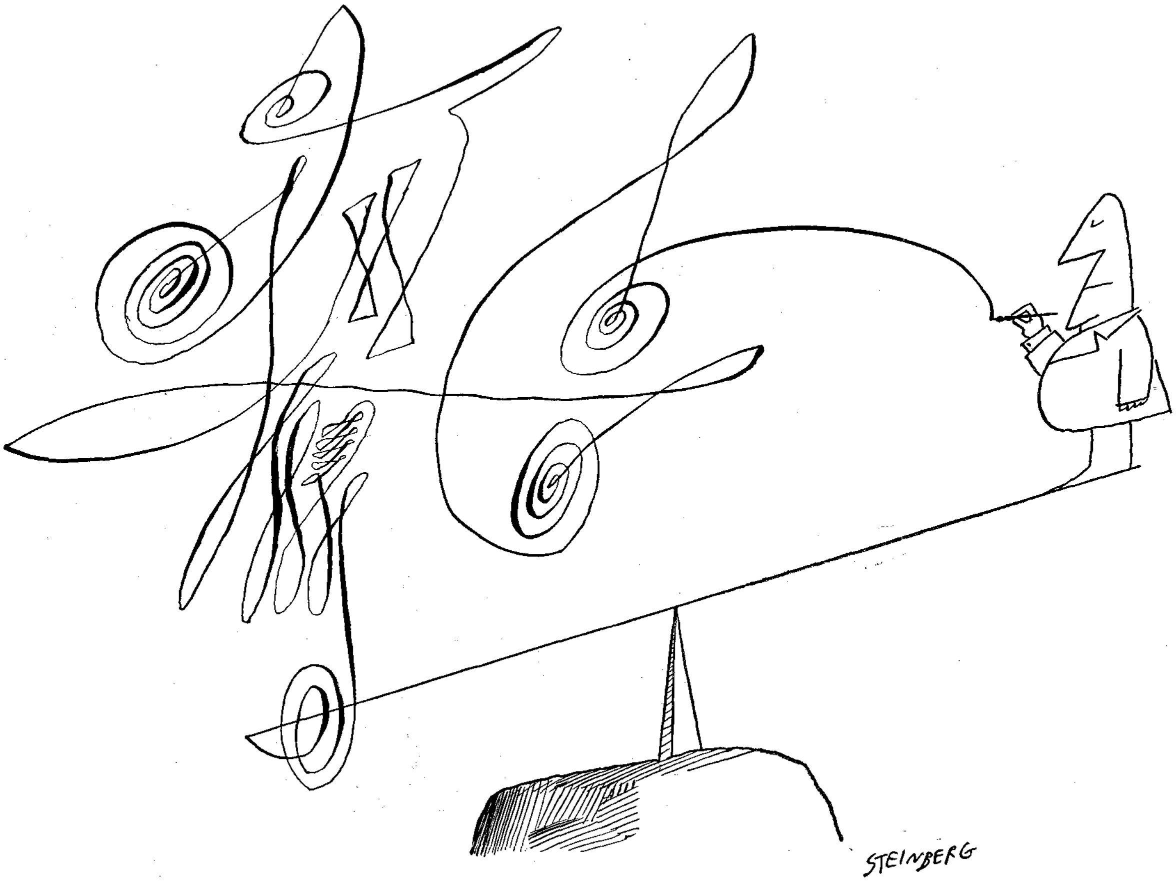
A WOMAN of our acquaintance who teaches a sixth-grade class in a Philadelphia Main Line school district reports that one of her more individualistic charges recently brought his lunch in a brown paper bag. The taunts of the other children faded to murmurs when the boy drew from the bag half a broiled Maine lobster in the shell.

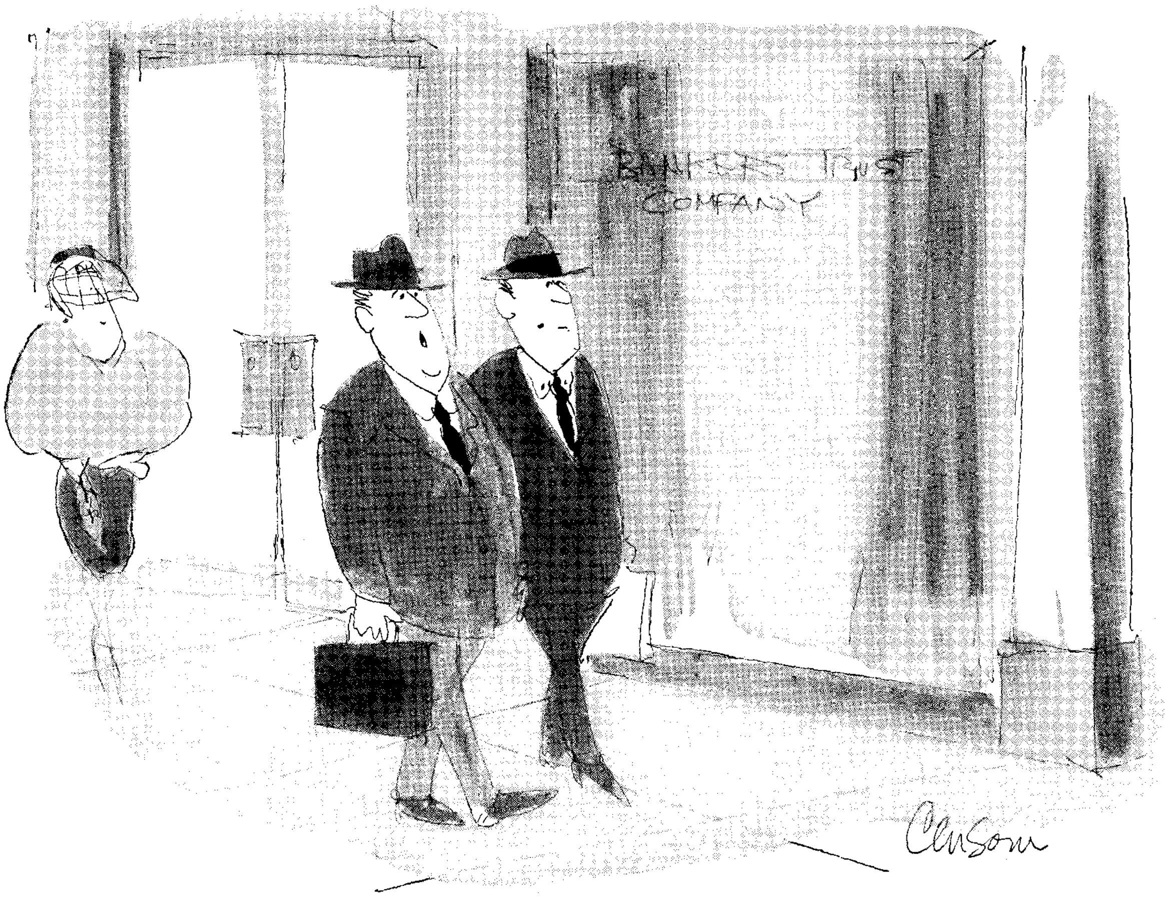
END OF A SEASON

As Joy Hedges (Mrs. Robert W.) opened the kitchen door, which led to the garage, she turned and briefly scanned the house and the hour. A casserole—chicken and peppers, called Chicken Cha-Cha—was in a slow oven, where it would simmer while she drove to the New Haven railroad station to meet her husband's train; his car was garaged for minor repairs. She thought of running upstairs to comb her hair and possibly tuck in a few stray strands, and then decided that it would be pointless, because she was going to be driving a convertible with the top down. The cats had been fed; the dog would be fed later by the children—after dinner, that is, as it preferred table scraps to canned goods. In the big yard across the road, the neighborhood boys were having a ball game, and as she went out she called to her younger son, "I'm going to get Pop!" and he waved to let her know he had heard. "Don't *eat* anything before dinner," she called again, and he threw his hands in the air and then turned back to the game. She glanced down at her navy shorts and white blouse to be sure she wasn't spotted, and suddenly she shivered, as if a cold breeze had sprung up and lingered over her like a veil. Yet the late sunlight was still warm, even if it was September, and she decided against going in for a sweater. There was no doubt, though, that summer was over. The children had already started back to school. She looked up at the pinkening sky and saw a frail, transparent moon. It would be a lovely evening. As she backed the convertible out of the garage and turned around, she thought with pleasure of seeing Mr. Hedges again, although he had only been gone since morning, and in a sudden, unexplained exhilaration she touched the gas pedal gently, then pressed harder, though evenly, and screeched up the long driveway in a spate of gravel. As she neared the top of the driveway, she looked both ways, up and down the road, and did not pause, because, owing to some tall foliage that the town had neglected to remove, she did not see the car that came too fast over the crest of the road. This was a car driven by a Mr. Henry Roos, retired, of New York City. Beside him sat Mrs. Roos, whose given name was Gladys. And what were they doing in the country on this beautiful day? Mr. Roos was fit to be tied. Gladys had thought it would be nice to drive out to the country to see the foliage. Henry had *said* wasn't it too early for foliage, but his wife had said well, what with the long summer drought, she understood that the leaves would turn early this year. So they had *driven* to the country, and it was still green; the only fall color they saw at all was one Virginia creeper reddening darkly along the trunk of a condemned elm. The day was too much for Mr. Roos, and in a rage he stepped down on the accelerator as he went up the hill. His car hit Mrs. Hedges' car almost at a right angle to the front door, and went off into the ditch. Mr. and Mrs. Roos were hardly hurt at all. Mrs. Hedges, on the other hand, shot out of her seat into the air and soared straight up. She heard her younger boy shout, "Hey, look at Mom!" and was slightly annoyed that he hadn't anything else to say about what was clearly going to be a tragedy, and then she began to think exclusively about herself.

Although Mrs. Hedges knew she was going to die, she was neither surprised nor frightened. She had seen family and friends die, and had come to understand that she was not immortal or unique. She supposed it would be something like that new anesthetic, and she remembered the green-clad young doctor the time she had the lump removed. (It had turned out to be a harmless cyst—"one of those unnecessary operations which are necessary," the surgeon explained later with a little laugh as he wrote out a prescription for afterpains.) But she remembered most vividly the masked young man, his glasses glittering in the intense light of the operating room, who had reached for her hand and politely introduced himself by name and specialty. "I am Dr. Conway, Mrs. Hedges, your anesthetist," he said. "I am going to put this needle in your arm"—someone began to strap her arm to a board—"and when I do you will not remember anything until you wake up in the recovery room." And he had been absolutely right. Fat chance I have of waking up in the recovery room *this* time, she thought, and was shocked to realize that, of all moments in her life, she should borrow one of the children's expressions now. But now I am facing truth, she thought, and tipped her chin up and stared into space. This is truth, and it may not be beautiful at all.

She wondered how Mr. Hedges would get home from the station. He would of course





"I'm worried. I dropped a nickel the other day and didn't bother to pick it up."

telephone to see why someone wasn't there to meet him, and then he would call a cab or even get a ride home with some other commuter, provided that they hadn't all left by the time he completed his phone call. What goes up must come down, she thought, but she was still going up, although she seemed to be losing air speed, so she pressed her arms close to her sides and flattened her palms against her thighs. Mr. Hedges was not in the station yet, she realized, because this wasn't taking as long as it seemed. Perhaps it was something like drowning, when your whole life is reputed to pass through your mind in a flash. At least it was like diving—or, rather, diving in reverse; something like those old movies in which the narrator says, "Oh, take a look at that dive. What a beaut! But what's this? Our boy must think the water is too cold, so he dives right back out!" and the picture is run backward and the diver lands back on the diving board and the splash is gathered back into the water. She had never liked to swim, not really seeing the point of so much agitation in another medium when there was quite enough in her own. She had sat on the beach year after year when the children were all small, and friends had said, "Why don't you go in and at least cool off?," but she had never thought much of the idea of cooling off in that particular part of Long Island Sound. Those were the days before the children could swim, and she did not like to take her eyes off them as they played in the water. "Yellow, red, blue, green," she would note absently, identifying the children's bathing suits as they mingled with the crowd. Those were the days when she browned only in front, because she was watching the children and could not lie down or turn over. Her legs and forehead and shoulders didn't look too bad, considering that she didn't tan at all well, but her back and the backs of her legs were still white. "It's a fashionable new color called winter white," she had told the children, and the older ones had immediately said, "White isn't a *color*, it's *all* colors."

No, Mr. Hedges was not in the station yet, and she wondered if he might be having a kind of telepathic warning as the train rounded the last curve before the stop. She began to think of the station then, and of her own twenty years on duty there, even though in the last five years they had had two cars and she had not had to meet her husband when both cars were functioning properly. In all that time it hadn't changed much. The women meeting their husbands were the same, although they were not always the same women. There was usually the wife in the Mercedes who parked far in the back of the parking lot and the instant the train pulled in picked up a small crystal cocktail shaker, agitated it briefly, and was able to hand her husband a cold and very dry Martini as he opened the car door. There were the women in beat-up two-toned sedans with several small children tangled in the back, the car sagging over the rear wheels because the back springs were gone. They had come right from the beach and the children's brown flesh was solid and slippery and glittering with mica, and they would *never* get the sand and the shell collections out of the car. There were the women showered and fresh in summer cottons and earrings. And then, of course, there were the women who had to be first. If there were ten free stalls in the parking lot, these women would drive in, turn around, and take first position. Often there would be four of them side by side, blocking the entrance to the parking lot and making it impossible for anyone to leave until they did, but it never occurred to them that anyone else was there. Sometimes they knew each other and would discuss their golf or tennis scores of the day. And then the train pulled in, puffing and shooting sparks, and there was general confusion when fathers responded to cries of "Daddy!" from the wrong children. But it didn't take long to clear the lot, and the babes in the wood would have found it easy to trail these cars; the roads were littered with the small crushed bodies of squirrels, an occasional grinning cat, and even, here and there, a chipmunk. But generally the people got home on time.

Here Mrs. Hedges found her direction was changing; she tilted headfirst in the air and began to travel rapidly down. I suppose I'm plummeting, she thought, and doing rather a neat job. She did not reach out for support, which of course was not there, but still kept her arms at her sides. The perfect plummet, she thought; perhaps the children will always remember how well I did it. Perhaps this is the only perfect thing I ever did. And then she began to feel panic, and she thought, But I haven't finished my life yet—and the nice young anesthetist, his glasses glittering, put the needle in her arm.

Mr. Hedges had asked that the coffin be closed and kept closed. He wasn't thinking or feeling anything much. Here he was in his own house, surrounded by people all drinking coffee or whiskey and trying to get his mind off the accident. Someone had said, "It was a beautiful way to go. So quick. She didn't feel a thing." He wondered how people always knew that. Well, maybe she hadn't. When he got home, in a police car that had picked him up at the station, Mrs. Hedges was still on the lawn where she had landed, waiting for the medical examiner. Someone had suggested that it would be better if he didn't look at her (she was covered by a blanket from the local ambulance, which had routinely been summoned), but he wanted to. He didn't kneel down, which he felt might be expected of him, but simply stood there looking at her, awkward and untidy on the smooth grass, which was geometrically patterned with the soft September evening light and shadow.

He was thinking, There will be tomorrow and the funeral, and then it will all be over. He would have liked to go out for a steak someplace, but of course he couldn't. People kept coming and bringing ham and spaghetti and chicken, and even though the children were staying with friends he had to remain at home. He thought of a baked potato with sour cream and chives, and of his wife tucking the sour cream into her potato and saying, "Oh, well, I'll just have soup for lunch tomorrow and no breakfast." Mr. Hedges sighed and thought, We live and die and the world goes on, and he was on the verge of being impressed by his profundity when he realized that it had been said before, that all anyone can say about living and dying is contained in a cluster of clichés. He remembered his wife lying on the front lawn and rejected a ghostly vision of her in which, ephemeral and possibly ectoplasmic, she came back emitting saintliness, slightly to one side of a halo. He was not ready to forget and glorify her. If he had told her once he had told her a thousand times to be careful of that driveway, and he was quite cross with her for her final mistake. He tried to think of her sterling qualities and then decided that he would leave that to the minister. But the minister hadn't known her very well. Although Mr. and Mrs. Hedges had not gone to church, they had sent all the children to Sunday school; it had been a struggle to get them dressed up and out on Sunday morning, but the second cup of coffee in a quiet house, or simply going back to bed for a while, made it seem worth the effort. He tried now to think of his wife objectively, as someone he would be expected to evaluate eventually, but as long as she seemed to be upstairs sorting the laundry, or at a P.-T.A. meeting, it wasn't easy. She had been a vague housekeeper, weeks behind her friends, as she was the first to complain, in digging out the closets, getting the summer clothes put away, or having the winter things cleaned. An ambitious cook, she had been proud that when other children were being given hamburgers and put to bed or in their rooms before their father and mother settled down to dinner, her own sat at the table with their mother and father and said, "Oh, boy, zucchini with garlic butter," or "What do we have to do to get you to make a *crème brûlée* over the weekend?" She was up to daily things, but she had no vision. She liked cocktails with him before dinner, not a polite drink or two but enough to get her a little woozy. She loved her flower garden, but she always planted tall things in front, which hid the small things in back. She had seemed to live on the crest of a wave of inaccuracy. And she had died on that same wave. He got up and went over to the window and looked out at the garden, where a row of sturdy pink snapdragons towered over and obscured what he knew from memory was a mass of scarlet petunias.

ESP

Some things there are I learned by rote
Or at my mother's knee,
And other things my masters smote
Into the hide of me,
But everything that is of note
I learned by ESP.

By this it was I learned to feel
The subtle pulse of time,
To tell the tinsel from the steel,
The stale from the sublime,
To sense the rock below the keel,
The gold beneath the grime.

By this it was I learned to hear
The note that no one sang,
To dry the nonexistent tear
Before the primal pang,
To find the road to Wigan Pier
And dodge the boomerang.

By this it was I learned to guess
The way the wind would blow,
To sift the unintended Yes
From the putative No,
To turn the lumbering Unless
Into the swift Although.

And I would swim across the sea
Or stumble through the sand
And scale the sky-devouring tree
Upon the topmost land
To catch the bird of ESP
And hold it in my hand.

—R. P. Lister

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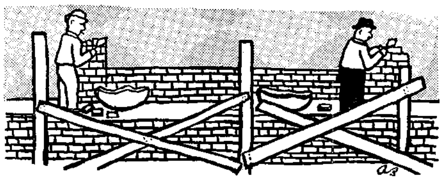


The next day, Johnny Danvers, the delivery boy for Prescott's Grocery, knocked at the back door of the Hedges house. The cleaning woman, Rose, who had said she would come in every day for a while instead of the usual once a week, opened the door and received from Johnny a great warm package.

"It's a cooked turkey," Johnny, who was seventeen and needed a haircut, said. "Mr. Prescott just heard about Mrs. Hedges, and he sent this and says to say he's sorry."

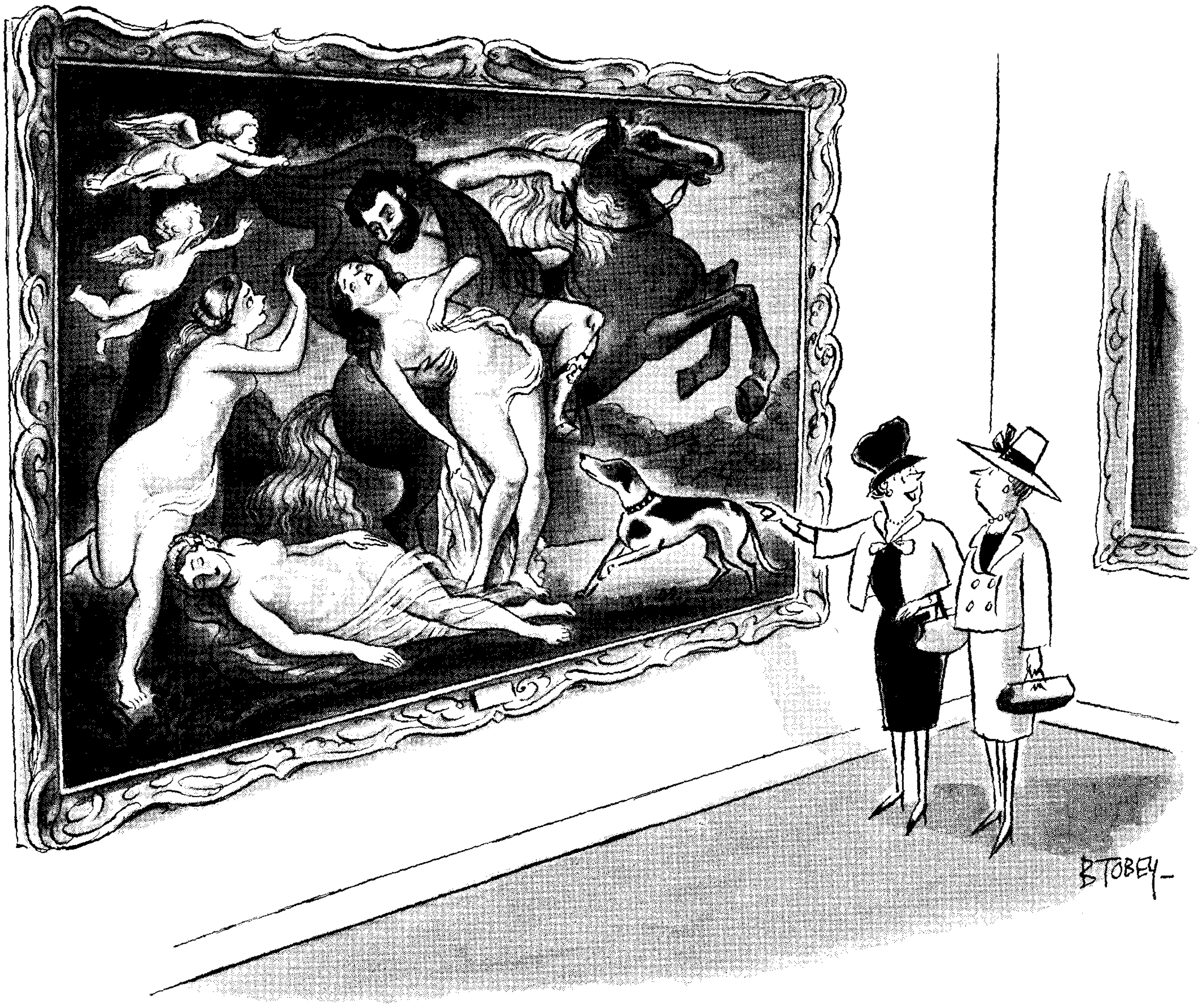
"I'm sorry, too," Rose said. "I suppose he did this on one of them roastisseries, like they all do now. Too bad he didn't send the drippings along. There'll be leftovers, and you can't make turkey hash without drippings."

Johnny turned and looked at the empty driveway. "Nobody home?" he asked.

"They all gone to the funeral," Rose said.

"I've never been to a funeral," Johnny said. "They take long?"

"Some do and some don't," Rose



"... *except ours had a shorter tail and slightly longer ears.*"

• •

told him. "I expect this one will be short and sweet. Now run along. I got to get this place straightened up before everyone gets back." Rose wore a white Ben Casey blouse and a green wraparound skirt, which reminded Johnny of the TV show and of all the gruesome things that happen to people. Against his will he began to feel depressed, and he hated to be depressed on a nice day. He turned and walked out to the red delivery truck and got in, and then he thought, Boy, that really must have been something! He stared up through the windshield as if he might even now see Mrs. Hedges in flight, and then it occurred to him that he would never see her any more, and he wondered who would order the groceries here from now on. Outside of distant relatives, Johnny had never before known anyone who died, not personally. He did not believe that he would die. He was a natural-born coward and was afraid of being drafted, because he might get hurt. He shivered when he went past cemeteries in the rain, and he often thought that the country could be bombed and he would be the only person left alive. He didn't like to think about being alone in the world, and he had given some thought to getting married next year, after he finished high school. He had been saving his summer money, and he could either get married or buy a second-hand motorcycle with California bars. He thought of the girls he had lain with in the illegal midnights at the beach that year. How could you *know* that you could marry one of them and keep on liking her year after year? He thought of them all, and he realized that if any one of them died he wouldn't be terribly sorry. He certainly wasn't in love with any of them. There was a word that made him uneasy—"love." Everybody talks about it, but nobody can ever tell you what it is. You can probably be fifty years old and still not know. What makes people want somebody else around—not just anybody but a certain person, say? Maybe it was something he didn't want to get mixed up in, after all. Whatever it was, he didn't want to have to spend a lot of time finding out. He started the truck, got to the top of the driveway, and paused. Johnny wasn't taking any chances. He looked carefully both ways, and then he went carefully out onto the road. But in a moment of panic he turned to the left instead of the right, which was the quick way to the market, and he had a longer ride back than he had had all summer.

—KATINKA LOESER

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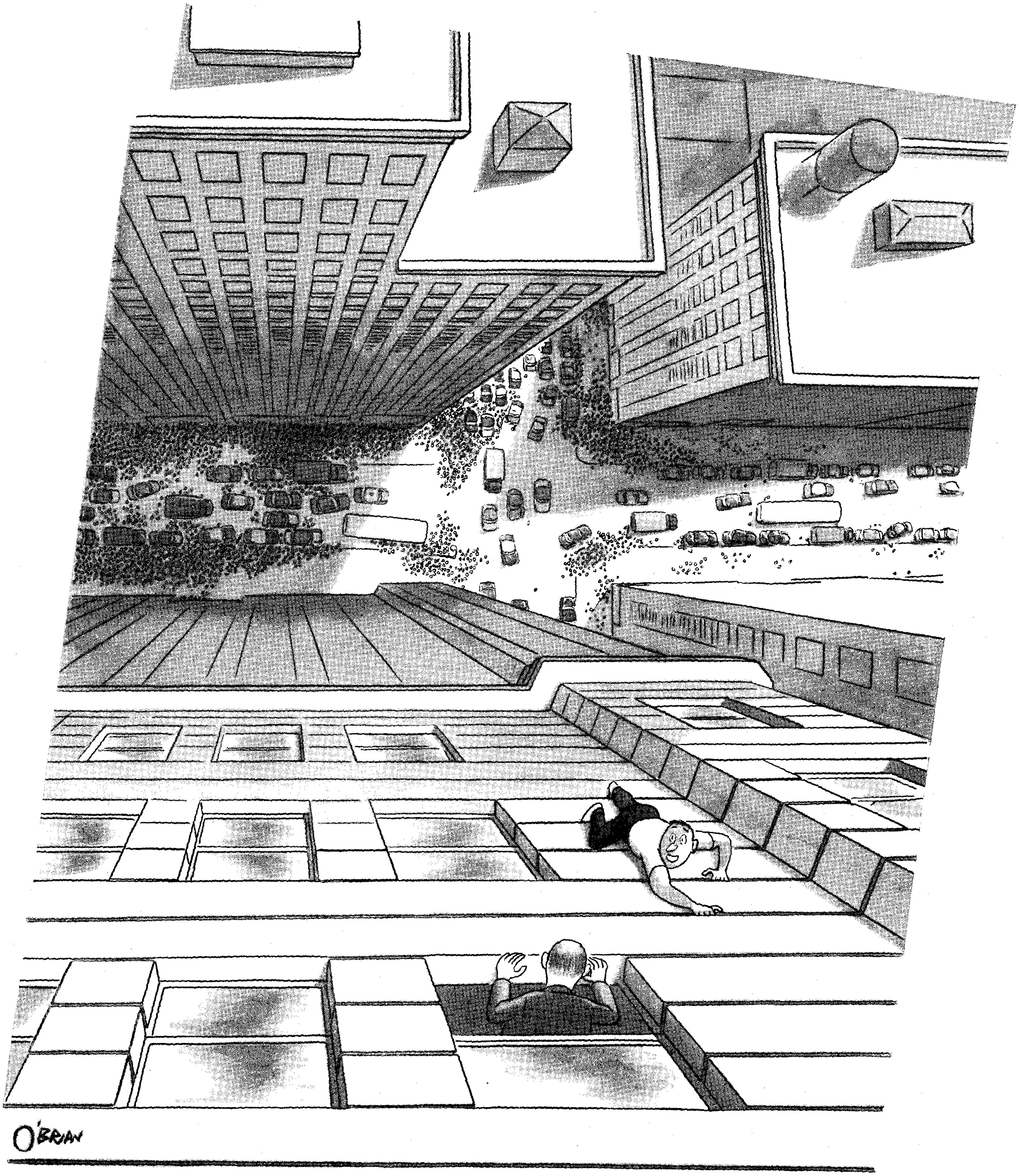
ACTRESS'S MINK, perfect; offers welcomed, mink only.—Write Box A, 1142.
—*Adv. in the London Times.*

You girls stay out of this.



"Because it's here, that's why."

SUMMER AT STRANDHILL

A TENNIS ball went hop-catch-hop under the boy's hand on the sidewalk in front of Park's Guest House, its hopping slowing to the rhythm of the conversation that droned from one of two green benches standing before a flower bed of roses, gillyflowers, and red-belled fuchsia bushes that bordered the front porch of the house. The earth in the flower bed was speckled with sea shells.

The boy had seen the morning darken. The rain must surely come, he thought as he let the ball hop and hop under his hand. The conversation droned on from the benches. He'd have to do something or go crazy indoors listening to them all the wet afternoon on its way.

"There was great stuff in those baby Fords and Austins. The cars going nowadays are only tin compared," said McVittie, who had a shop in Longford and wore a heavy gold watch chain across his waistcoat.

"Only they weren't so fast as now," said O'Connor, a clerk in the Foxford woollen mills, who had tagged on to McVittie all the week, in the way lost dogs in the deserted streets of cities late at night will stick to any pair of heels that seems to be going home.

"Oh, speed's the ruination of the world these days," McVittie affirmed.

"Before the war, before I got married, I used to have one of the old Citroëns, and it could go forever, only it was very hard on petrol," Ryan said quietly while he followed the hopping of his son's tennis ball up and down on the sidewalk.

The boy wasn't listening any more. These conversations seemed always to him the same, mornings, evenings, even when the men strolled up and down the street amid the red glows and tobacco smells of their cigarettes and pipes last thing at night—always information, information about things or events or themselves or people they had met or heard of or read about, sometimes put into the form of a story, but without magic. And this endless talk seemed to go on and on in deadness, as did their lives here in this cheap guesthouse a mile from the strand.

The sky was filling, threatening darkly over Sligo Bay and the hotels and golf links along the strand. Behind the guesthouse, a little blue was still left between the other houses and the slopes of Knocknarea, and when that last blue space would fill, it must rain, the boy thought, and then, after lunch, they'd all have the whole long wet afternoon to face together indoors. They'd been afraid of the sky since breakfast time or they'd have gone to the strand, but a mile was too long to have to trudge back past the expensive hotels in the rain.

The boy held the tennis ball idle in his hand now. Why couldn't his parents have money or stay at home, he was thinking. Since he'd grown up, and he was thirteen now, he had never wanted to come to this sea, though every summer, regular as swallows, they came, he and his parents and his brother and two sisters. Even when there was no threat of rain and the family got to the strand—strand of Strandhill, long and level for miles, with the cannon on its rotting wooden stand pointed impotently toward the Atlantic, as if on guard over the two ice-cream parlors between it and the sea, with the cries of women and children as they linked hands to stride against the last rush of a wave—all he could do was try to play, and be ashamed and jealous. For him the colored beach balls had always to be in the shopwindows or under the striped umbrellas on the beach. At the sea, you needed money before anything else, he thought, even fine weather. At home, there'd be at least apples to eat and fishing this summer, Jeffery Farnol and Zane Grey out of the library, and if you could get money to buy one comic you'd be able to swap it for all the others: "Hotspur" and "Rover" and "Champion" and "Wizard"—lives of his life. At the sea, there was no one to swap anything with—his brother and sisters were not interested—and he didn't know how he'd get through this long wet afternoon indoors just listening to the talk.

The conversation on the bench did not slacken or quicken; it seemed as if it might easily last forever now—they were comparing the mileage different cars did to the gallon, McVittie and O'Connor and his father. A fourth man, Haydon, sat reading a newspaper at one end of the same bench, a hair net of fine purple veins thrown on each cheek; he had been a commercial traveller, retired now because of a heart condition. And on an identical green bench, close to where the steps of the porch broke the long run of the flower bed, Mrs. Ryan sat with Mrs. O'Connor, a copy of *Woman's Weekly* opened between them to a pattern of a Fair Isle pullover, and five children hung around and on the bench in various postures. Ingolsby, a retired professor from a teachers' training college in Dublin, his gray suit and wine-colored tie and white hair as irreproachable as his accent, was sitting alone, reading a book in a deck chair between the two green benches. And on the sidewalk, the tennis ball began to go hop-catch-hop under the boy's hand again.

"What part of the world is Lagos in?" Haydon suddenly stirred out of the newspaper to interrupt the comparisons of the number of miles the cars ran to the gallon. "You should know that, Ryan. You're a teacher, aren't you?"

"I'm not sure—I think Africa, but I'm not sure." Embarrassment came into Ryan's voice. He was a schoolteacher, but wasn't sure where Lagos was and felt this as a loss of face; he'd been found wanting at what society supposed him capable.

Ryan's embarrassment brought Ingolsby, putting aside his book, to sudden speech. "Because someone happens to be a teacher is no reason in the world why he should be supposed to know where Lagos is—not any more than you yourself or I should know, Mr. Haydon."

"If teachers don't know that sort of thing, who can know? Don't they have to teach the stuff to kids?" Haydon said. This sudden interruption had annoyed him intensely; no one had asked Ingolsby anything.

"If Mr. Ryan or I had to teach a lesson on Lagos, we'd simply look up our information the night before, in a textbook, and make notes that we'd refer to during the lesson the next day. Whether we would remember the information or not would be entirely a matter of memory—nothing whatever professional about it. A doctor doesn't go round with all his patients' ailments in his head—he has files," Ingolsby said with much satisfaction. "Isn't that more or less the facts of the matter, Mr. Ryan?"

"Yes, I suppose," Ryan agreed weakly, not wanting to antagonize anybody. "But is Lagos in Africa?"

"Yes. In Nigeria, if I remember correctly," Ingolsby said.

"It's in Nigeria—so, in Africa," Ryan repeated.

"Thank you, Mr. Ryan. That was all I wanted to know," Haydon muttered pointedly, and buried his head again in the newspaper.

"It's strange, the number of different places there actually are in the world," O'Connor said.

"A man could spend his whole life learning names of places and there'd be still millions that he wouldn't know—I heard a priest say that in a sermon once," McVittie went on.

The tennis ball was idle again in the

boy's hand. His eyes were on the sea. The tide was full. What looked like a coal boat was moving out from Sligo in the channel. The last blue space round Knocknarea was full. It seemed it must rain now. They'd spend the long afternoon together indoors.

Every year they came to Park's Guest House—why, he couldn't know, for every year grew more miserable than the one before. The salt or sea air kept away the illnesses of winter, he'd heard his father say. Though it usen't always be so dreary, he had to think. But he didn't want to remember those days. All he wanted to remember was that he had only threepence in his pocket, the price (that summer) of one comic, and one comic would pass an hour, but the coming afternoon would be hours and hours long. He didn't mind a wet afternoon if he could get enough to read. If the weather was fine, his parents would probably want to go to the Calm Sea, an inlet that turned in by the golf links and ran as far back as Ballysadare and the Middleton's flour mills. Quiet and more civilized, not the vulgarity of the beach, his father would say. The reason they'd want to go there was that there wasn't anyplace to spend money there, and there'd be no meeting people who had gone better in the world than you. In the dead quiet of the Calm Sea, the sound of voices coming across the golf links used to drive the boy crazy with longing—especially the voices of girls—and Jane Simpson, who went to the Bishop Hudson Grammar School, in Elphin, would be with other people on the shore.

At last, the rain came, the first drops loud on Haydon's newspaper, but they fell sparsely and hesitantly, and there was no need to hurry indoors.

"Do you know what this rose is called?" Ingolsby said to Ryan as they went on their way along the flower bed.

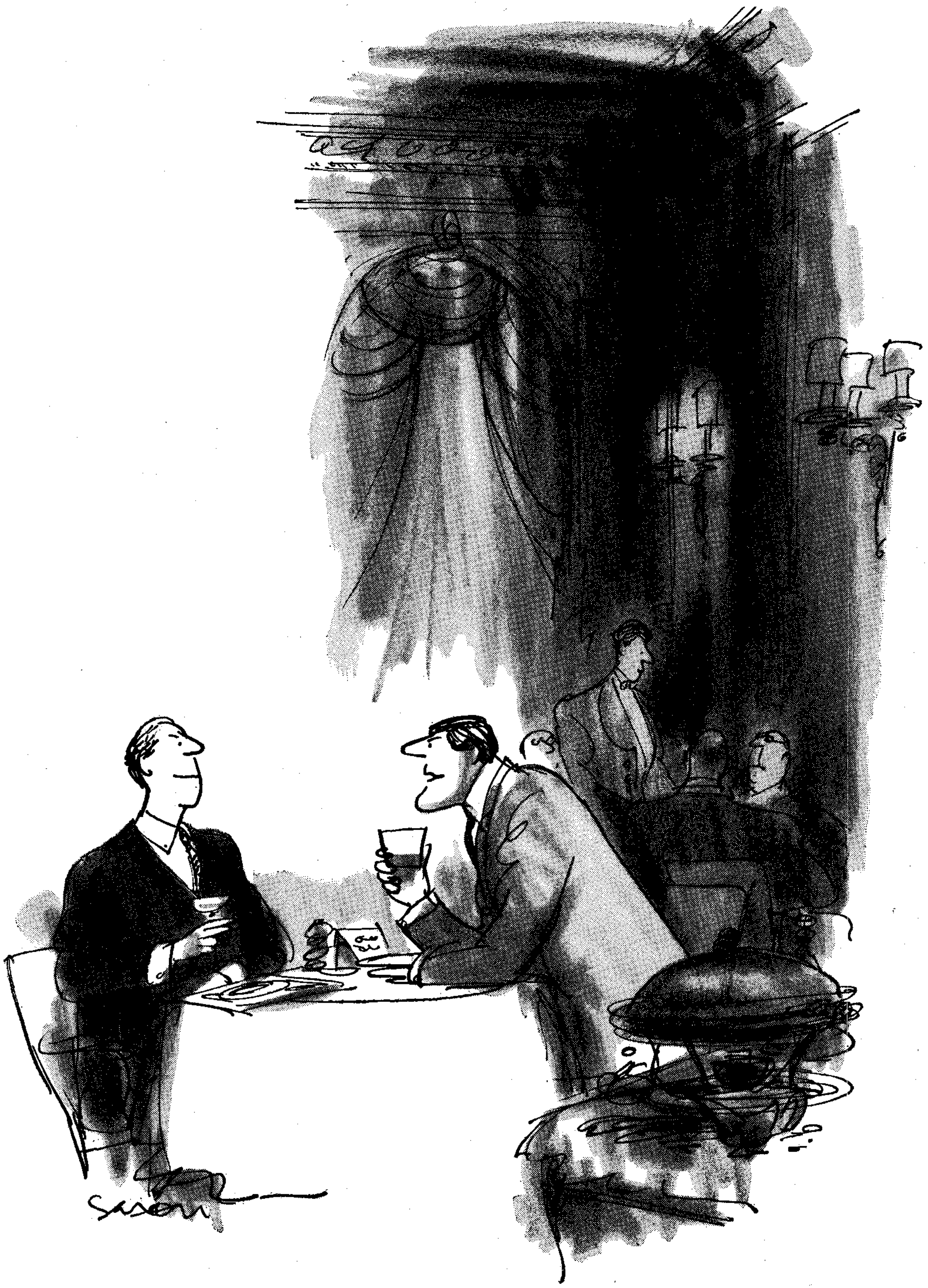
"No."

" 'Climbing Mrs. Sam McGredy,' it's called. What do you think of that for a name for a rose that's very beautiful?"

"It's a queer name," Ryan said, without really thinking at all.

"Oh, surely there must be some colossal insensitivity there! 'Peace' or 'Ena Harkness' or the 'Moulin Rouge' are names for roses but surely not 'Climbing Mrs. Sam McGredy.' " Ingolsby brushed the ruffles of one of the lovely red-orange roses with his fingertips in incredulous disapproval, and then he hushed his voice as he said, harking back, "Never feel you have to know everything because you happen to teach. People have the weirdest notions—they expect you to be a free encyclopedia, they love to live in terms of labels and clichés. Never let them bully you with their own assumptions of what they expect you to be, which they get from their own solid sloth, and their fear of a more spacious world of the mind, a world more under the living God than pay packets. Never let them bully you! Tell them you don't know and where they could discover it, in what book, if they're interested. Oh, there's nothing so good as that for bringing them down! No one need be embarrassed because of not knowing. The greatest minds know they know nothing or hardly anything. It's pretending or being made to pretend to know that's embarrassing," he counselled as they went the final stretch of the flower bed to the door, the last to go in, and while Ryan nodded agreement, he felt far greater embarrassment than ever Haydon's Lagos had caused him, and the deep of impotent hatred was in the weak eyes of Ryan as Ingolsby opened the door and stood aside to allow him to enter first.

Steady rain was falling by the time lunch was served—lunch of mutton and peas and potatoes, rhubarb with custard, and tea with one Marie biscuit edgewise on the saucer of each cup. Around the big elliptical table were the same people who had idled away the



"The way I feel, Joe, is that I don't have business associates or customers, I have only friends."

morning by the flower bed, with one addition—Miss Evans, a girl in her early twenties, and pretty in a soft way, who danced every night of the week in the Silver Slipper down on the strand and never got out of bed before lunchtime.

AFTER lunch, when the table was cleared, a small coal fire was put in the grate, and then they all sat around, "A wet afternoon anywhere is miserable but at the sea it's the end" rising like a sigh out of all the conversation, while the rain slipped and slipped endlessly down the windowpanes, and the boy quietly got his raincoat and hat from the back of the door of the bedroom he shared with his brother and sisters, and slipped out into the rain without being noticed.

"It's Sunday, Henry, and you ***know*** *it!"*

The rain had settled for the afternoon into a steady downpour without wind, the dark ceiling of cloud so low that it was halfway down the slopes of Knocknarea, as he went past Huggards' pub and the Swan House, with its faded signboard: a demure white swan sailing against a peeling background of blue. He grew jittery as he neared the main row of shops; the steady drip-drip-drip from the eaves to the pavement was louder than the fall of the sea in the distance and the harsh cries of the gulls searching for food. With the threepence he had in his pocket he could buy only one comic, but no matter how he lingered over the pages he wouldn't be able to make it last out all this wet afternoon—if he got the slightest chance he'd have to try to steal.

He came to Peebles' shop, and, tense with fear, saw "STATIONERY, NEWSAGENTS, CONFECTIONERY," written in small florid lettering around the name on the green lintel. When the warning bell rang above his head as he pushed open the door, he started stiff with fright. A girl in blue overalls was behind the counter, and she was helping a man choose postcards. They were laughing, and she paid the boy no more than the attention of a glance as he entered.

The row of comics was at the other end of the counter, and he went straight to them and pretended to be choosing which ones to buy. Once, he lifted his head to look, and the girl was still busy with the man. He was very lucky that she was busy; he'd hardly ever get a chance like this again—and then he began to wish he'd never been given the chance as he transferred a "Hotspur" to the pile of "Wizard"s, and then "Hotspur" and "Wizard" together to the pile of "Rover"s, and then he hid the "Rover" and the "Wizard" under the red cover of the "Hotspur" and lifted the three comics free of the pile. His heart pounded, and fear and bewilderment flooded his brain. He let the three pennies fall on the counter and waited for the girl to come, an agony of waiting that seemed drawn out forever. He watched her hands put the postcards the man had bought into a large brown envelope, and then her fingers were on the keys of the old silver cash register, making it ring.

"Thank you very much, you were extremely kind. Goodbye," the man said, raising his hat as he went.

"Goodbye. Thank you very much," came finally, very softly in the girl's voice, and the boy was trembling as her feet moved down to his end of the counter. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yes. A 'Hotspur,' " he managed to say as he pushed the coins on the counter toward her with one hand, and let her see the red cover of the "Hotspur" in his other hand.

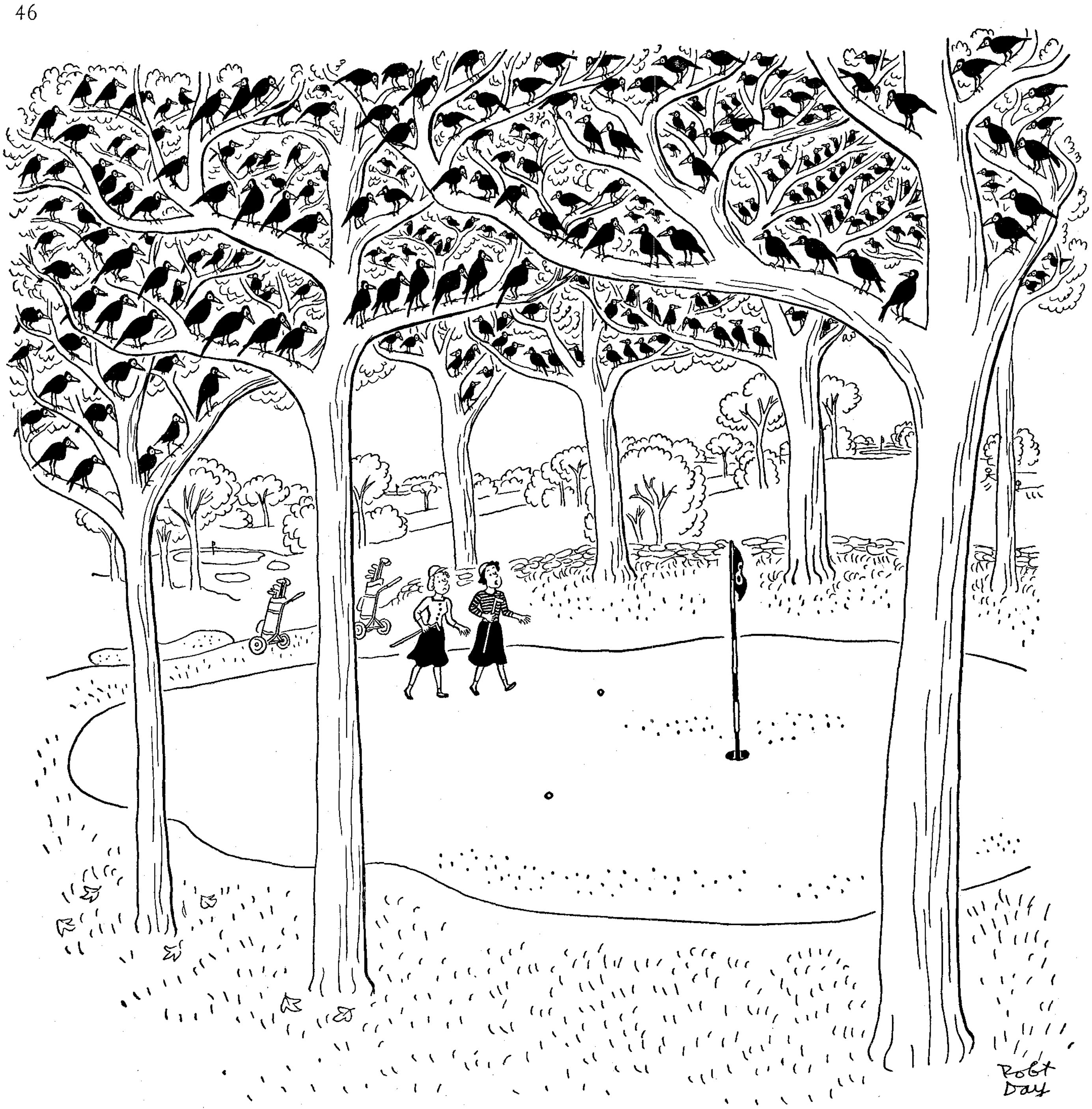
"Is there anything else?"

"No."

"Thank you," she said and turned up the counter, and the old silver cash register rang while he had to try to move and walk.

He wasn't able to walk away loose and natural. His whole body felt stiff as a stake, and he had to think to move, one awful step at a time, and he held the comics rigidly before him. Why couldn't he stick them into his raincoat pocket or let his arms swing? As he moved toward the door, he kept waiting for her to say, "Excuse me, but how many comics have you in your hand?," the way he'd wait for a hand on his shoulder or any other catastrophe. And what would he say? What would she do? Would she tell the police or his father?

He had it planned. He'd say, "I never noticed. I'm sorry. I must have lifted them by mistake," and bring them back, and what could she make out of that? Step after step after step—he waited but no voice came, only a paper rustle of what must be something she was arranging on the shelves, and he was on the black rubber mat with the Players advertisement at the door, and



"I've been through this before. Flub one and their caws are deafening."

• •

the bell above his head was ringing as he went outside into the rain.

He had escaped. He had three new comics for a whole afternoon. His heart was still pounding, and he wanted to weep and laugh together with pure relief; and then when he managed to walk away and he knew he was safe, a slow wave of remorse came—for he had stolen. "Peebles" was the name on the green lintel. He'd never forget that name now; he'd never stolen before. He'd have to remember that name, and when he'd have money of his own he'd send a postal order for sixpence to Mr. Peebles, Mountain Road, Strandhill, County Sligo. It wasn't very much, and he wasn't taking it from a poor person; anyone who had a shop at the sea was bound to be fairly wealthy. If he died before he was able to pay it back, it could only be a venial sin on his soul, and a venial sin only sent a person to Purgatory, and most people had to go to Purgatory anyhow. The saints alone went straight to Heaven. He walked past the row of shops, with rain still dripping loud from their eaves, past the Swan House, past Huggards'. The sea was all blurred beyond the golf links, and the rain was coming down the same as ever before.

HE hung his raincoat and hat on the circular bentwood stand on the front porch of the guesthouse with a quiet that was almost reverence, as if any carelessness or violence could threaten the hours of happiness that would be his once he began to read. It was with the same quiet that he tried to slip into the big room where everyone was gathered, but his father saw him and noticed the roll of comics.

"Is that where you were so long—at the paper shop?"

"Yes," the boy said, sitting down.

"You managed to collect a nice bundle of trash, I must say—wherever you got the money!"

"I found sixpence down at the front yesterday and I saved." He colored dangerously as he lied.

"I don't know why you want to

be always stuck in that trash. Why you can't read good books like Shakespeare that'll be of some use to you later!"

It was a very old tune, *that'll be of some use to you later.* He was seeing now how strident his father could be with him—and with his brother and sisters and the classes he taught in school—and how servile and self-effacing with everyone else. For his children everything had to be of use. There was no enjoyment. They didn't even come to the sea for enjoyment, and why else they should make the effort, he would never understand. And now these comics had to be of some cursed use to you later, in this crowded room in Strandhill, with the rain and the sea outside the windowpanes, and more than all your wits absorbed in the one thing of getting through the afternoon.

"Oh, I don't imagine that the comics will do very much harm," Ingolsby intervened. "Good taste isn't cultivated in a day. We rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to greater things."

"I suppose there's some truth in that." Ryan immediately deferred, secret hatred deep in his eyes. The last thing he wanted was to be involved in highfalutin conversation with Ingolsby, for he knew enough about the class of people forced together in this room to know that such conversation could only bring hostility and ostracism, and this kind of talk had never interested him, but he wouldn't escape easily now.

"And do you think Shakespeare is still valid for the modern age?" Ingolsby asked.

"Yes." Ryan deferred again, though he had hardly read a book since he'd left the de la Salle Training College, in Waterford, and he looked anxiously at the rest of the room. He saw his wife on the sofa with Mrs. O'Connor. She was measuring a side of the Fair Isle pullover on one of the smaller girls. Soon she'd be knitting as silently and patiently as ever while the night came the same as every other coming into her patient life.

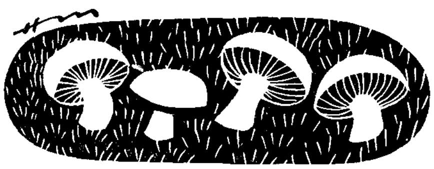
McVittie was saying to O'Connor, "The shops out in the country were hard hit by the emigration, but we were one, anyhow, who managed to survive. We branched out into new lines. We got Esso to give us a petrol pump, for instance. We changed with the times."

"It's a cardinal law of nature that every man should have his head firmly screwed on to know how to change with the times and survive," O'Connor agreed with unusual passion.

The people in the room had broken up into their groups as naturally as living, and when the young woman who danced at night and rose at lunchtime, Miss Evans, yawned in the armchair, Haydon—the little hair nets of veins glowing more vividly on his cheeks than before lunch—was able to lean forward to say, "There must have been right old sport last night."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Haydon." She laughed flirtatiously.

"That's the way women always are," he bantered. "All on their dignity till the business gets down to brass tacks, and then there's an almighty turn of events. And who'd object to an old roll between the sand hills after the dancing, anyhow?" He raised his voice; prob-



GOODBYE TO SERPENTS

Through rain falling on us no faster
Than it runs down the wall we go through,
My son and I shed Paris like a skin
And slip into a cage to say goodbye.
Through a hole in the wall
Of the Jardin des Plantes
We come to go round

The animals for the last time;
Tomorrow we set out for home.
For some reason it is the snakes
To which we seem to owe
The longest farewell of our lives.
These have no bars, but drift
On an island held still by a moat,

Unobstructedly gazing out.
My son will not move from watching
Them through the dust of cold water,
And neither will I, when I realize
That this is my farewell
To Europe also. I begin to look
More intently than I ever have.

In the moat one is easily swimming
Like the essence of swimming itself,
Pure line and confident curve,
Requiring no arms or legs.
In a tree, a bush, there is one
Whose body is living there motionless,
Emotionless, with drops running down,

His slack tail holding a small
Growing gem that will not fall.
I can see one's eyes in the brush,
As fixed as a portrait's,
Gazing into, discovering, forgetting
The heart of all rainfall and sorrow.
He licks at the air,

Tasting the carded water
Changed by the leaves of his home.
The rain stops in midair before him
Mesmerized as a bird—
A harmony of drops in which I see
Towers and churches, domes,
Capitals, streets like the shining

Paths of the Jardin des Plantes,
All old, all cold with my gaze
In glittering, unearthly fascination.
I say, "Yes! So I have seen them!
But I have brought also the human,
The presence of self and of love."
Yet it is not so. My son shifts

Uneasily back and away, bored now,
A tourist to the bitter end,
And I know I have not been moved
Enough by the things I have moved through,
And I have seen what I have seen

Unchanged, hypnotized, and perceptive:
The jewelled branches,
The chandeliers, the windows
Made for looking through only when weeping,
The continent hazy with grief,
The water in the air without support
Sustained in the serpent's eye.

—James Dickey

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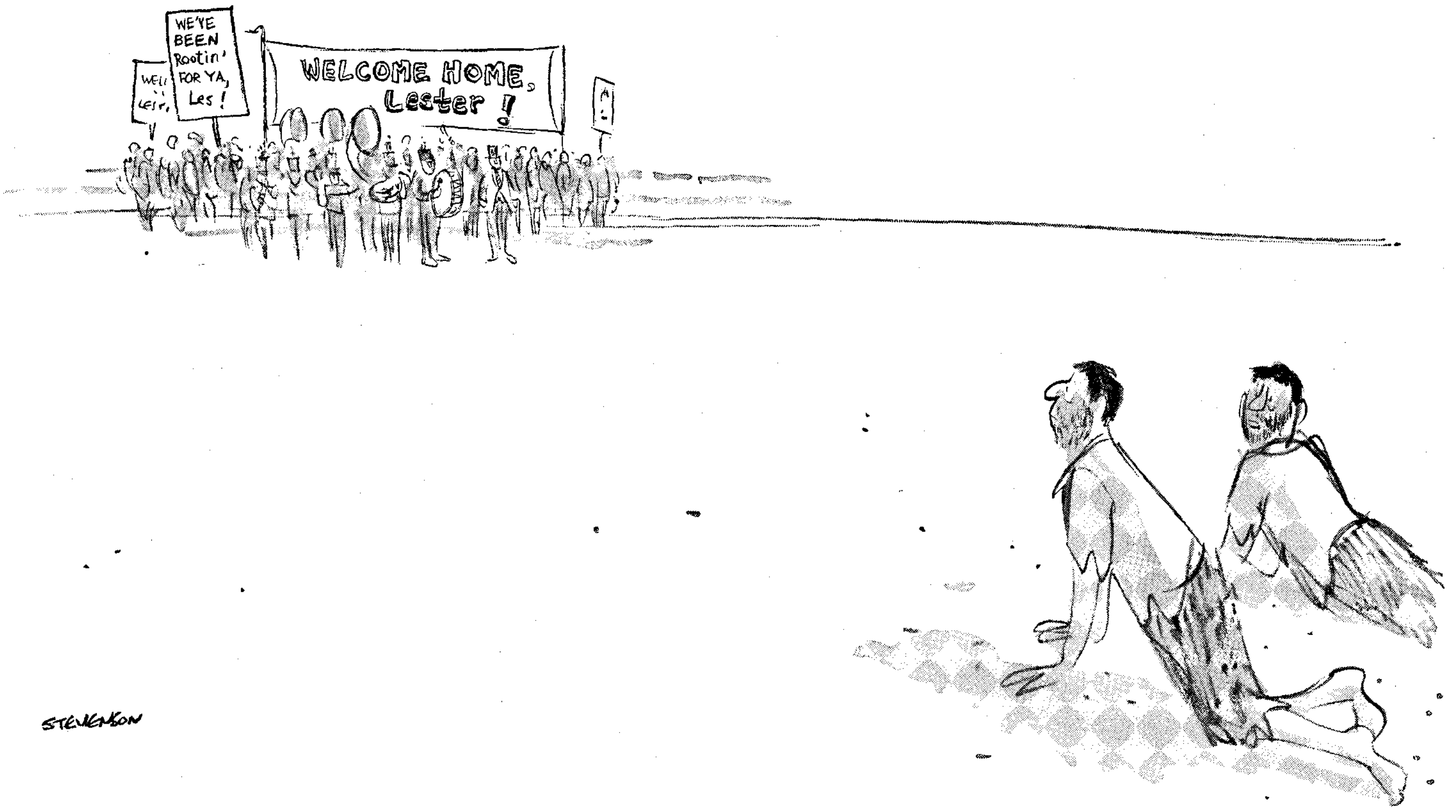
WE'VE BEEN Rootin' FOR YA, Les!
WELCOME HOME, Lester!
STEVENSON

"It's a mighty heartwarming mirage, Les."

ably he didn't know himself whether he raised it naturally or just to annoy Ingolsby, who was pressing Ryan with "Where do you place Wordsworth among the poets?" while Ryan was desperately seeking a way to change the subject.

Then Miss Evans laughed softly and said, smiling a little as she looked toward the windows streaming with rain, "The sand hills won't be much of a temptation tonight, Mr. Haydon."

"No," he said, laughing gently with her, "but where there's an old will there's an old way." They were the same sort; they could possibly have been happy enough together, but her body was ripe and ready for life, while his life was almost over—he was well placed in the list of runners about to stagger carefully home. And his often coarse voice seemed gentle with what must have been regret as he inquired, "It was in the Silver Slipper you were last night, wasn't it, a bird told me?"

"Yes. The bird was right," she confided with the same gentleness. "The Blue Aces were playing there."

"The rain, the rain at the seaside is deadly," he said, growing absent from her in some tiredness or memory, and he reached and took a white shell that was on the mantelpiece and held it to his ear to listen to it roar.

"It makes everything miserable," McVittie said, tiring of O'Connor, anxious to draw Haydon into his company, but all Haydon did was nod his head heavily and turn back to the girl.

The windows had misted, and when one of the children wiped a clearing on a window at the back of the room, cabbages could be seen between the apple trees in the garden, gleaming green through the running streaks of rain, and the green cooking apples looked bright and shining in the leaves.

" 'Education' comes from the Latin: '*educo*,' lead forth. People seem to have forgotten that in the modern interpretation of education," Ingolsby labored on. Ryan had at last diverted him from the more embarrassing theme of literature, but his eyes still apologized to the room; he'd made up his mind to tell all these people as soon as he got the first chance what a bore and a fool Ingolsby was, how he himself was forced to endure him for simple politeness' sake—in his heart he was with them, he'd affirm that.

The boy waited, listening, the conversations about him so hopeless and endless. The rain would wash down these panes the whole afternoon; the light would grow even duller on the eternal blue sea of the wallpaper, patterned with those floral sailing ships, their red and yellow hollyhocks standing tall for masts. He began to turn the pages of the comics without reading; the pleasure of delaying pleasure within his grasp was often as keen as its actual enjoyment. The same people filled these pages week after week—Rockfist Rogan and Alf Tupper and Wilson the Iron Man, his favorites—all of them a thousand times more living than the people of the room.

The pleasure of lingering over the pages grew stale and became the desire to possess, and it was easy to satisfy this desire. There would be no anguish. All he had to do was begin to read. Then the room, the conversations, the cries of the sea gulls, the sea faded. He was gone at last into the stolen world of marvel.

Alf Tupper put aside his welder and goggles for the day and came out under the archway, where overhead the trains in smoke and flaring sparks thundered toward distant cities in the evening, to eat his meal of fish and chips before changing into his running clothes and pounding round and round miles of industrial streets, training for the Saturday he'd go to the White City to wear his country's singlet; and on the great day, the crowd that early in the race had wondered if Tupper could possibly do it again, when the crack Italian, Stefanozzi, was striding away out, so far ahead, had to rise wildly to their feet to cheer Alf home as he tore through the field in that fantastic last lap! And Wilson, Wilson the Iron Man, simply came alone into the country of Tibet and climbed to the top of Everest.

—John McGahern

PROFILES

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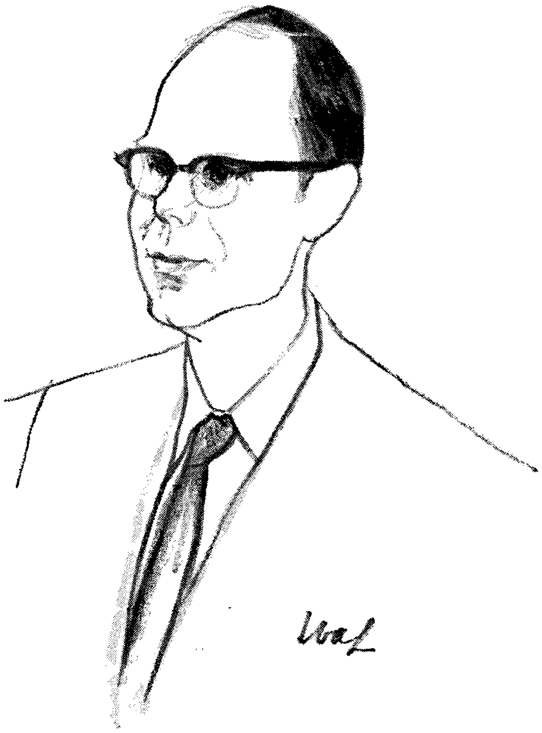

Dr. John R. Pierce

LAST Monday, it was calculated that Echo I, the large plastic balloon that was put into orbit on August 12, 1960, to become the world's first practical communications satellite, had completed its fourteen-thousandth revolution around the earth during its three years in space, for a total of more than four hundred million miles, and that it was probably good for another year before it reëntered the earth's atmosphere and burned up. So many man-made objects have been entering space lately—the North American Defense Command estimates that there are at least three hundred such objects now in orbit around the earth or the sun, including nose cones, burned-out rocket engines, and other defunct hardware—that most laymen and a good many space technicians are finding it impossible to keep track of them. During the last three years, though, people in various parts of the world have been keeping track of Echo, if only because it has been, of all satellites, the most clearly visible to the naked eye.

The largest, though by no means the heaviest, satellite to be put into space at the time of its launching, Echo I was then an aluminized-plastic sphere whose size (a hundred feet in diameter) and brightness (equivalent to that of Vega, the second-brightest star in the northern latitudes) made it a nightly symbol of the space age to satellite watchers from Adelaide to Zanzibar, many of whom could check its position by schedules published in their daily papers. Although it is still in orbit, Echo I is no longer a perfect sphere. Its fragile skin (Mylar plastic, five ten-thousandths of an inch thick) has been punctured by meteorites, and it has wrinkled and sagged until today, according to the best scientific estimates, it resembles a large, silvery prune. A successor, Echo II, is scheduled to go up later this year, but Echo I is still being used for occasional tests by engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories and of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, the two organizations responsible for its existence. One of Echo I's chief achievements was to pave the way for such later and more glamorous communications satellites as Telstars I and II and Relay. It is true, of course, that Echo is a "passive" satellite, merely reflecting radio signals, rather than amplifying and retransmitting them, like the "active" Telstar and Relay satellites. Nevertheless, the Echo project provided the first, crucial test for most of the ground-station equipment that was used to establish contact with the active satellites; it proved that a body a thousand miles up in space and moving at sixteen thousand miles an hour could be tracked so accurately by computer-driven antennas that it could serve as a reliable target for radio signals—a point about which there had been considerable skepticism and not much knowledge until that time. If Echo I had not gone up, most scientists feel, the present goal of a whole system of communications satellites would certainly be a good deal further away than it is now. In any event, when the big balloon, on its first pass over the continental United States three years ago, caught the radio signal of a man's voice being beamed from California and reflected it down to a waiting antenna in New Jersey, where it could be heard as clearly as though it were coming in over a local telephone line, everyone who had worked on the project was jubilantly aware that what the *Times* referred to as "a new era in world communications" had been brought into being.

Looking back three years—and in matters of space exploration three years is a long way back—some of the Bell Laboratories engineers who worked on the Echo project tend to think about it with a sort of affectionate nostalgia. From beginning to end, it was an amazingly simple and straightforward experiment, insofar as any launching into space can be simple. The total cost was in the neighborhood of seven million dollars, which is minuscule by space standards; Telstar I, launched by N.A.S.A. for the American Telephone & Telegraph Company (which owns Bell Laboratories) at A.T. & T.'s expense, cost fifty million. What helped to make Echo especially appealing to its originators at Bell, though, was the fact that the work on it there was carried out by a small group of men, all close friends, working together in the atmosphere of orderly informality and freedom that has made the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in the opinion of many scientists, the finest industrial-research organization now in existence. While Telstar engaged the services of about seven hundred Bell scientists and technicians, the total number of Bell people who worked on Echo never exceeded forty, and most of the technical planning and designing of the ground-station equipment—the key element in a passive-satellite system—was carried out by about a dozen. There were, of course, a great many non-Bell people involved—the N.A.S.A. technicians who constructed the balloon itself, at Langley Field, Virginia; the crew that launched it from Cape Canaveral; the scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Goldstone, California, who participated in communications experiments via the balloon. But there is no denying that the original incentive came from Bell, or that the guiding intelligence behind the project was that of Bell's Executive Director of Communications Research, Dr. John R. Pierce, who had foreseen and written about space communications five years before anyone managed to put a satellite of any kind into orbit. The fact that Pierce chose to publish his early thinking on this subject in a magazine called *Astounding Science Fiction* may indicate how farfetched the idea seemed at the time.

One of the more astounding things about John Pierce himself—a deceptively frail-looking, rather outspoken man of fifty-three, whose wispy hair, high, domed forehead, and penetrating blue eyes behind rimless spectacles remind one just passingly of Buck Rogers' old friend Dr. Huer—is that he does not look upon himself as a scientist at all but as an engineer. He considers this distinction in no way self-belittling. It is merely a recognition of the fact that, as he puts it, "I've never been primarily interested in unravelling the secrets of nature." In the course of his twenty-seven years at the Laboratories, Pierce has been closely associated with some of the leading scientific intellects of our time. He has written books and papers on a wide variety of scientific subjects, he holds eighty-three patents, most of them in the field of vacuum tubes and amplifiers, and he is well known throughout the world of electronics for his vital contribution to the development of the travelling-wave tube—an extremely powerful, low-noise amplifier that is an indispensable element of both Telstar and Relay. In his post at Bell, he oversees the work of some four hundred and fifty scientists and technicians engaged in a spectrum of research that includes electronics, acoustics and vision, mathematics, computer technology, and experimental psychology. Yet, familiar as he is with the arcana of psycho-acoustics and quantum mechanics, his value to Bell still lies primarily in the concrete realm of engineering. "John is much more enthusiastic about new phenomena that look as though they would have a device application than he is about pure research," one of his old friends and associates, Sidney Millman, who is now Director of Physical Research at Bell, has said. "This is not to say that he doesn't appreciate work on the very highest level—he does. But he has a strong preference for the utilitarian—the device. John likes to see something happen."

Viewed in this light, Project Echo was without doubt a deeply satisfying experience for Pierce personally, and also for Bell Laboratories, toward which he displays a profound and almost mystical loyalty. Echo, Pierce has said, serves as a practically perfect example of Bell's way of doing things—a comparatively simple experiment whose success was founded on preliminary research and whose purpose was to learn something and thus pave the way for more complex experiments. This careful, step-by-step method of approaching a problem has given Bell a reputation for conservatism in some scientific quarters, but Pierce has seen enough of the opposite way of doing things to have some strong feelings on the subject. The other approach, he says, is to appropriate a great deal of money and then try to plan every detail from scratch—a method that he refers to scathingly as "Mammon worship." This sort of Mammon worship, according to Pierce, got its big boost during the Second World War, largely as a result of the success of the Manhattan Project, which produced the atomic bomb. "They set up a huge organization in Los Alamos and spent a lot of money and got what they paid for," Pierce told a recent visitor to his spacious, comfortably simple office in Bell's biggest laboratory, in Murray Hill, New Jersey. "What we tend to forget is that, for one thing, it was wartime, and the Manhattan Project was able to get the best people in the country—which you can't do in peacetime, no matter how much you pay—and that, for another, the technical groundwork had already been laid before the project was started. If those two conditions had not been met, General Leslie Groves could have organized until he was blue in the face and got nothing for it. No job is going to be any good unless you get the smart people to run it and unless you have the technical groundwork well in hand before you start."

"I like the way Harper slugs it out with them on their own level."

Both of Pierce's essential conditions were unquestionably met in Project Echo. Not only did Bell have the right people for the job but most of the technical knowl-

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edge that made Echo possible was the product of Bell's own research into the electronic arts during the previous two decades. One of the freedoms most appreciated by members of Bell's research staff is the freedom to carry an experiment up to the point where its merit has been demonstrated, and then go on immediately to the next good idea. It is what Pierce has been doing, in one way or another, all his life.

NOW and then, Pierce maintains that he might have chosen another career for himself—as a historian, perhaps, or even as a poet—but the fact is that there was never any real doubt about the direction of his main interest. As a child in the Middle West—he was born in Des Moines, in 1910, and the family moved to St. Paul the following year—before he had learned to read, he used to cajole his mother into reading him books about electricity and other technical subjects, and as soon as he learned to read himself, he devoured scientific literature of all kinds, good and bad. "There were fewer good books on science then," he said recently, "and fewer teachers who knew anything about it. I read all the popular-science magazines, and I was fascinated by science fiction, which probably did me no harm. It casts a rosy glow over the whole field of science, but I don't think that kind of enthusiasm is bad for people." Neither of Pierce's parents had any technical background or interests. His father, now retired and living in Pasadena, made a comfortable, unspectacular income from a chain of millinery stores throughout the Middle West. Pierce's mother died some years ago.

As a schoolboy, Pierce was small for his age, and rather serious-minded. ("I've always been earnest," he said the other day, with the rueful air of one who has tried hard to be otherwise.) He was a superior student, sailing through grade school and graduating at the top of his class at Woodrow Wilson High School, in Long Beach, California, where the family had moved in 1927, after Mr. Pierce's retirement from business. A classmate of Pierce's at Woodrow Wilson named Apollo Smith, who is now an aerodynamics engineer with Douglas Aircraft, in Long Beach, recalled not long ago that in those days Pierce was "a skinny, gangling, but quick and dynamic fellow, who at times made you think for some reason of a wise old owl—perhaps when he paused to think while looking at you with one long arm draped over the opposite shoulder." In 1928,

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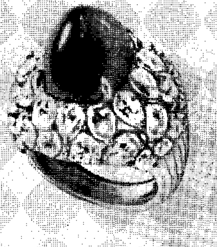

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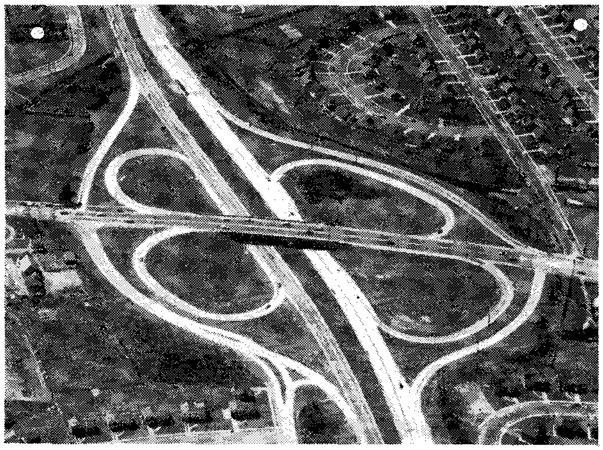

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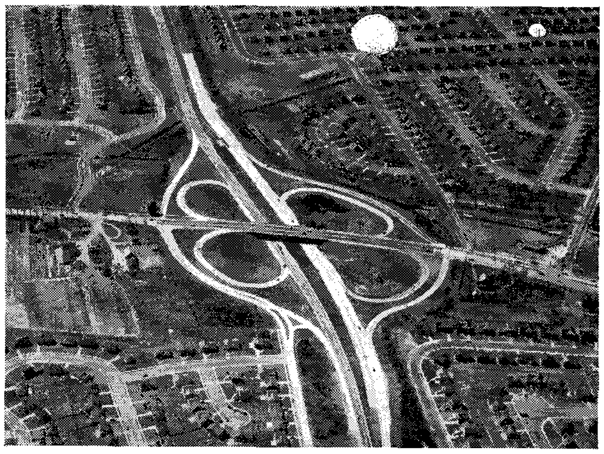

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when they were seniors at Woodrow Wilson, Pierce, Smith, and another classmate decided to build a glider. (Pierce had been reading an illustrated article in the *National Geographic* about the development of gliding in Germany.) The construction hangar was the Smith garage, where the project was watched over with considerable anxiety by Apollo's father, a chemical engineer, and with awe by Apollo's sisters, Diana and Athena, and by his little brother, Hermes. The craft, put together with bicycle spokes, wagon wheels, piano wire, and imagination, crashed dismally upon its initial takeoff from a nearby hill, but in a later version, built along the lines of a German training model that Pierce had seen pictures of, the aeronauts quite by accident hit on an ideal wing profile, which made it fly like a charm. They won a number of cups with this one at a San Diego glider meet in the summer of 1929.

Pierce had graduated from school by this time, and was getting ready to enter California Institute of Technology in the fall. He was feeling, as he puts it, "full of knowledge," and in this condition he was approached by Hugo Gernsback, an early publisher of popular-science journals and of the world's first science-fiction magazine. Gernsback proposed that Pierce write a book about gliding. Pierce agreed, and the result appeared late in 1929 as "How to Build and Fly Gliders," priced at one dollar a copy. "I have often wondered whether this book did real harm," Pierce wrote some time ago. "Because of me, did human beings build crazy gliders without benefit of engineering, and kill themselves therewith? I wouldn't be a bit surprised. Am I callous that the thought doesn't bother me, or merely normal? Someone else would have written for Gernsback if I hadn't, and probably would have written just as badly. Truthfully, the only guilt I feel . . . is for the atrocious English in which it is written. At that age, I couldn't be expected to know about gliders, but I should have known how to express myself better."

It was not until five of Pierce's friends had been killed in glider accidents that he decided to give up the sport. By then, he was a junior at Cal Tech. He had first elected to study chemical engineering, but one year of chemistry changed his mind. "I switched over to aeronautical engineering, but I got awfully tired of drawing rivets, and began looking for a field with no rivets in it," he says. "What I settled on finally was electrical engineering." He continued to write articles and science-

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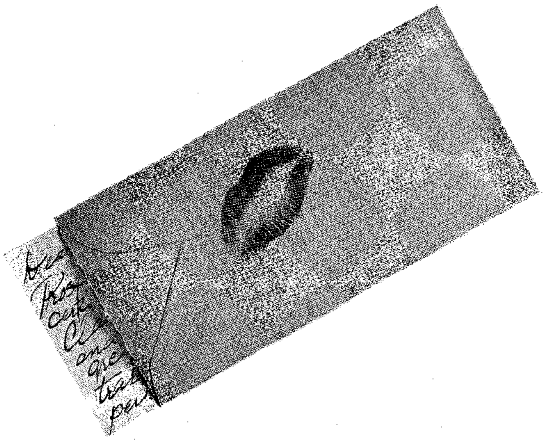

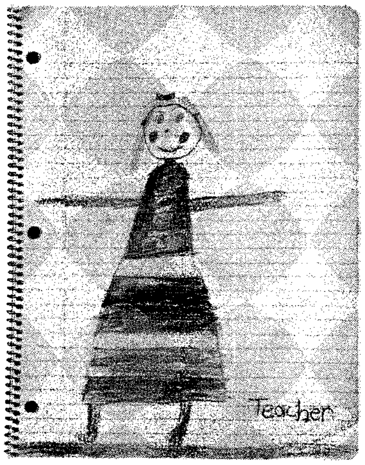

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fiction stories for Gernsback, which helped to pay his tuition, and he contributed voluminously to the university publications—stories, articles, and poetry, in which his self-expression showed signs of improvement. He graduated in 1933, with honors in electrical engineering, and then stayed on for three years of graduate study, taking his Ph.D. (*magna cum laude*) in 1936. He was immediately offered a job on the technical staff of Bell Laboratories, which keeps a sharp eye on the brighter engineering students, and came East straight from college.

Bell was an ideal environment for a young man like Pierce. The executives of A.T. & T. and its manufacturing arm, Western Electric, had recognized the dependence of the telephone business on basic research when they set up the Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1925, and they hired the best technical people they could find. Although the majority of the Laboratories' staff still spends its time working specifically on telephone equipment, a significant minority in the research department has always been encouraged to engage in "unprogrammed and unscheduled work," the sole proviso being that the research be related in some way to the field of electrical communication—a field that takes in so many aspects of scientific activity that its boundaries are hard to define. This policy has paid spectacular dividends from the very beginning. In 1927, for example, two Bell scientists, Clinton J. Davisson and Lester H. Germer, conducted experiments by which they proved the wave nature of matter—a fundamental and profoundly important discovery for which Davisson won the Nobel Prize in 1937. And in 1932, a young Bell physicist named Karl Jansky, who had been investigating the cause of atmospheric static that was interfering with overseas radio communication, pinpointed the noise as coming from the center of the Milky Way, twenty-seven thousand light-years away—a discovery that led directly to the new science of radio astronomy, or the study of stars by the radio energy they emit. Pierce went to work in what was then Bell's main research laboratory, at 463 West Street, overlooking the New York waterfront. "In those days, unless you had a reputation, you did what they told you to do," Pierce said recently. "They told me to work on vacuum tubes, which, as it happened, I knew absolutely nothing about. I just started doing research, that's all. I was completely inexperienced, and my first few years were rather unproductive. I was slow

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in getting a grip on things. But gradually I learned how to bring the results of study to bear on problems, and then I made a few inventions."

This account of Pierce's early years at Bell strikes his colleagues as somewhat less than adequate. Chapin Cutler, who came to Bell the year after Pierce and is now Director of Electronics and Systems Research in Pierce's department, remembers him back in 1938 as being "full of ideas and unusual, to say the least—almost erratic, some felt. People were forever quoting things he'd say, like his observation that 'Nature abhors a vacuum tube.' His mind was so sharp, and it moved so quickly, that he was always one or two jumps ahead of you." As everyone who comes into contact with Pierce soon learns, his impatience with the workings of slower minds can make him appear formidably abrupt, and this trait was more pronounced in his early days than it is now. "John has never really mastered the amenities that make others feel at ease," Cutler says. "But when you get to know him, you find that this doesn't matter."

In spite of his youth and inexperience, Pierce soon became known as the Laboratories' most ingenious designer of interesting new forms of vacuum tubes. Many of his designs were useful only for experimentation, but others had more practical value; for instance, while working on a type of deflection tube that was not a success, he made something called an electron gun, which turned out to be very useful indeed. Now known as the Pierce Gun, it has the ability to focus and control a stream of moving electrons as a power source—an ability that was a vital element in the development of the travelling-wave tube. Pierce remains resolutely unimpressed by the early products of what he calls his "invention binge." The only one of his inventions for which he shows any real enthusiasm today, in fact, is something called a double-stream amplifier, which he and a colleague named W. B. Hebenstreit patented. "It was a perfectly wonderful invention," Pierce said recently. "Wonderfully ingenious—really beautiful. Unfortunately, it turned out to be good for absolutely nothing."

One of the first of Pierce's superiors to foresee a broader range for his talents than designing interesting new vacuum tubes was Harald T. Friis, a legendary figure at Bell, now retired, whom Pierce speaks of today as his mentor and closest friend. "John is not the typical inventor," Friis has said. "His mind goes off at too many different angles and sees too many different

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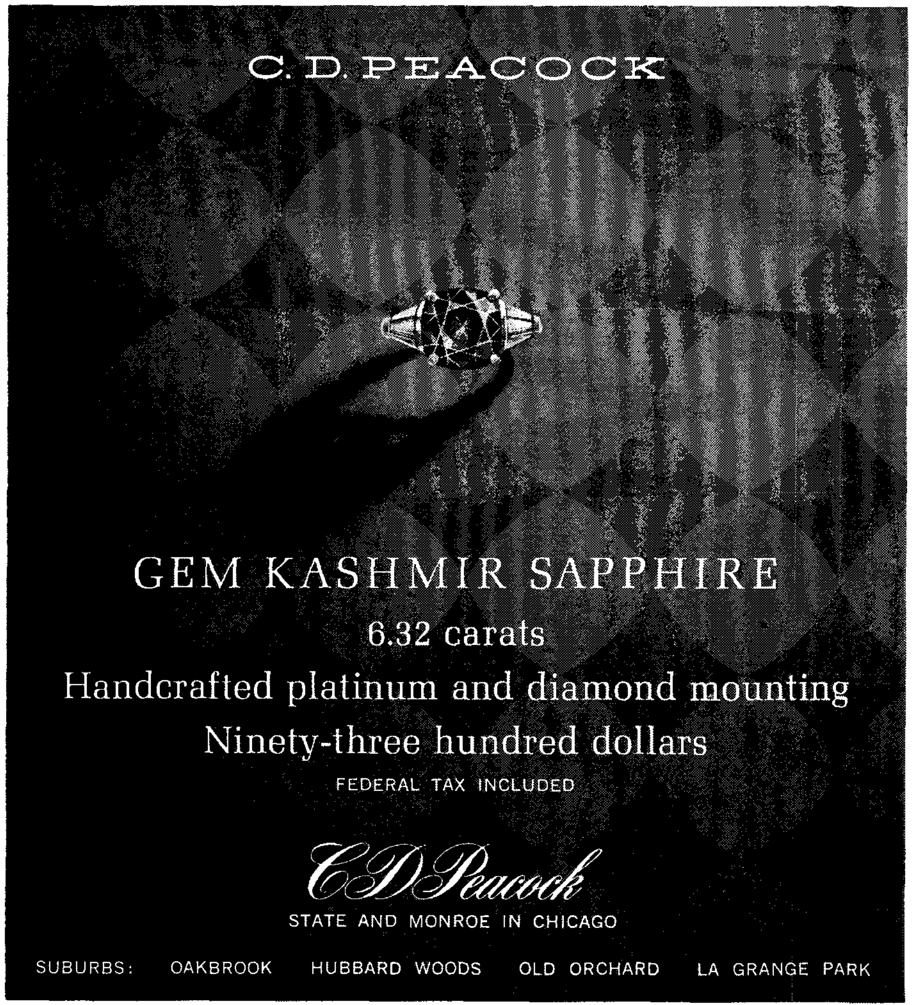
possibilities in everything. He is like a child in that, but a very mature child. His real strength lies in seeing what's going on in the world, and in stimulating others." Friis, a stocky, relaxed, pipe-smoking Dane, joined the Bell system soon after he came to this country, in 1919, before the Laboratories existed, and during the next thirty years he made major contributions to almost every aspect of the communications art, from ship-to-shore radio to the designing of large microwave antennas. In the early nineteen-thirties, he was given the job of setting up an experimental field station for Bell on four hundred acres of land in southern New Jersey, near Holmdel. (It was here, incidentally, that Karl Jansky discovered radio astronomy, using a receiver designed by Friis.) Although Pierce never worked at the Holmdel lab, he and Friis were drawn to one another from the start. Pierce and his wife—he had been married in 1938 to Martha Peacock, a young woman who was working as director of resettlement for the German Christian Refugee Organization—frequently visited Harald and Inge Friis in their home in Rumson, and when the Pierces moved to Millburn, New Jersey, in 1941, they saw even more of them. One of the first things that Friis remembers about Pierce is asking him, late one evening, what he wanted to do more than anything else in life; Pierce replied, immediately, and with obvious sincerity, that he would like to write a good poem. "He meant it," Inge Friis said not long ago. "John used to read us poetry by the hour, some of it his own but mostly nineteenth-century Romantic verse. He's rather old-fashioned in some ways, and he's always been something of a romantic. I remember once giving him some poems by E. E. Cummings, and he was really quite shocked."

WHEN the Second World War came along, Pierce's vacuum-tube experience put him in the thick of the intensive wartime work on radar. Radar is generally considered a British invention, although it owes much of its development to American scientists, many of them at Bell. Pierce's work in this field led directly to the next major step in his career. In 1944, on a visit to England to inspect the British laboratories doing tube research, Pierce had his first meeting with Rudolph Kompfner, the inventor of the travelling-wave tube. Kompfner was, and is, a charming, witty, athletic-looking man who could pass for an Austrian skiing instructor, and who is



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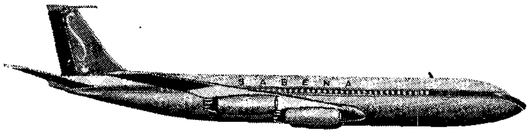

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in fact an Austrian by birth and an enthusiastic skier of forty years' standing. At the time the war broke out, he was a licensed architect, practicing in England. Interned by the British, he used his enforced idleness to study electronics, which had been his passionate hobby for years. Actually, electronics and physics had always interested him a good deal more than architecture, and his brilliance in the scientific field so impressed the British that they released him from internment and put him to work designing microwave tubes for the Admiralty, which was largely in charge of radar development. When Pierce went to England in 1944, Kompfner had already made an early version of the travelling-wave tube that was to occupy them both for the next ten years. Kompfner thought his invention might be useful as an amplifier of great sensitivity, primarily in radar detection, but Pierce's agile mind instantly saw another possibility; he realized that the travelling-wave tube might lend itself to amplification of a broad band of radio frequencies, thus making it suitable for microwave radio-relay stations and other devices requiring broad-band transmission. On his return from England, he lost no time in conveying to his superiors his enthusiasm for the travelling-wave tube. The following year, a special research group was set up under Pierce to work on development of the tube (Kompfner, having taken a D.Phil. in physics at Oxford, came to this country and joined it in 1947), and it did practically nothing else for the next decade. "How can a lot of intelligent people have taken ten years to do this one rather narrow thing?" Pierce reflected some years later. "Only people who have done similar work can really understand it." In the end, the group produced a significant improvement on Kompfner's original tube—a reliable broad-band amplifier that has proved to be of immense value throughout the Bell system and the entire communications industry. It may be somewhat surprising to laymen that Pierce, who did not invent the travelling-wave tube, is often given more credit for it than Kompfner, who did, but Kompfner himself agrees that this apportionment is just. Pierce's analysis and theory of the tube, he said recently, were "quite different from my own, and not only more elegant but far more powerful, going much, much further." An observation that succinctly sums up the two men's contribution was made some time ago by Dr. Eugene Fubini, a friend and admirer of both men who is now Deputy Director for Research and

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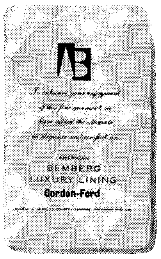

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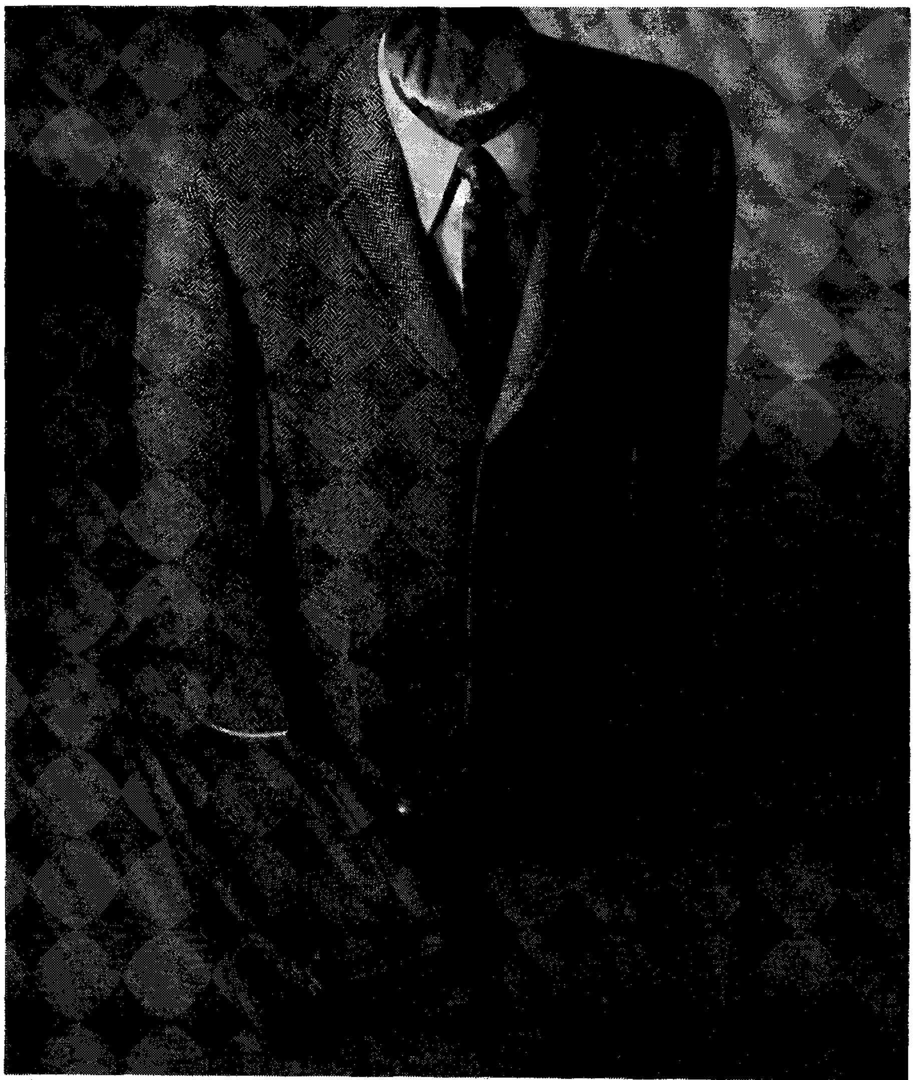

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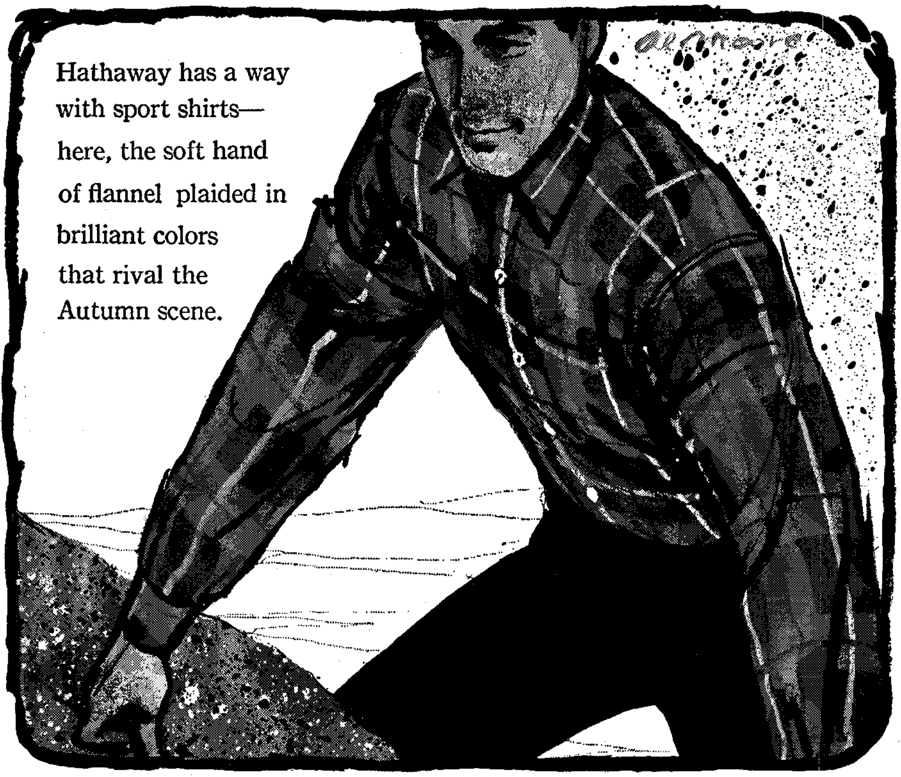

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Engineering in the Defense Department. "Rudi invented the travelling-wave tube, and John discovered it," Fubini said.

In 1952, Pierce was made Director of Electronics Research at Bell, and, as Harald Friis had foreseen, the atmosphere in his department, which had moved in 1949 from the old West Street lab to the research plant in Murray Hill, became enormously stimulating. "Everyone shared ideas, and John was right in the middle of everything all the time," Kompfner recalls. A few people found Pierce's leadership almost too dynamic. He would frequently dash into a scientist's lab to see how an experiment was going, stay for a few seconds, and then dash out without saying good-bye; if the scientist happened to be new or highly sensitive, he was likely to assume that Pierce was displeased, when in fact Pierce had merely seen at a glance that the experiment was in fine shape, and had gone away gratified. He always seemed to arrive in the middle of one sentence and leave in the middle of another, and when he asked someone a technical question and the answer was slow in coming, he usually didn't wait around for it. ("If you go to a man and ask him what he is doing," Pierce once wrote, "you expect an answer.") Pierce's powers of concentration have always been remarkable, as Kompfner has attested. "I remember attending an informal meeting between R.C.A. and Bell scientists at which ideas on current research were exchanged," he recalled a while ago. "A man from R.C.A. had been explaining a new theory on the blackboard, and he had been exceptionally lucid about it—really brilliant, I thought. Then John got up to talk about some equally complicated theory, and for some reason he sounded very peculiar. He kept stopping and starting. Finally, he broke off right in the middle of a sentence and said 'I know what's wrong!'—and with that he went over to the blackboard and proceeded to rip the R.C.A. man's theory to shreds. He'd been thinking about that all the time he was talking about something else. And he was right, too—there was a basic flaw in the other man's theory, which we all saw as soon as John pointed it out."

A great many scientists tend eventually to dig down into one field and make it their own. Pierce is different. His intellectual curiosity has always led him into an extraordinarily wide variety of fields, scientific and otherwise, and becoming Director of Electronics Research put him in close touch with the whole spectrum of the studies going on

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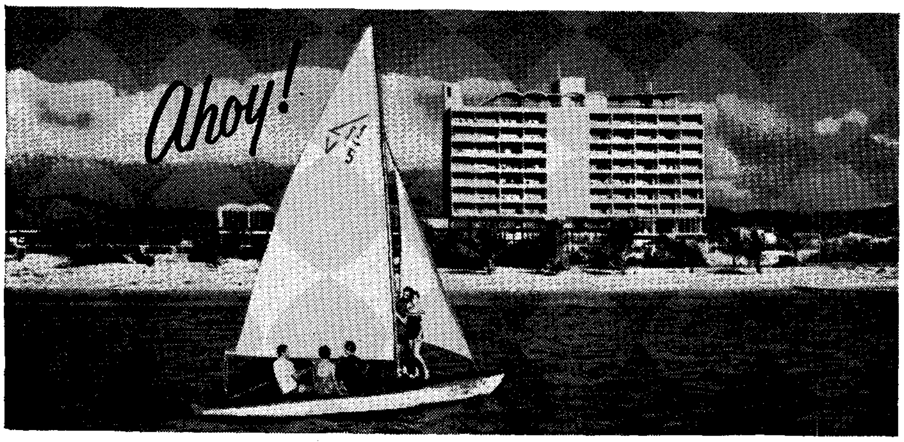

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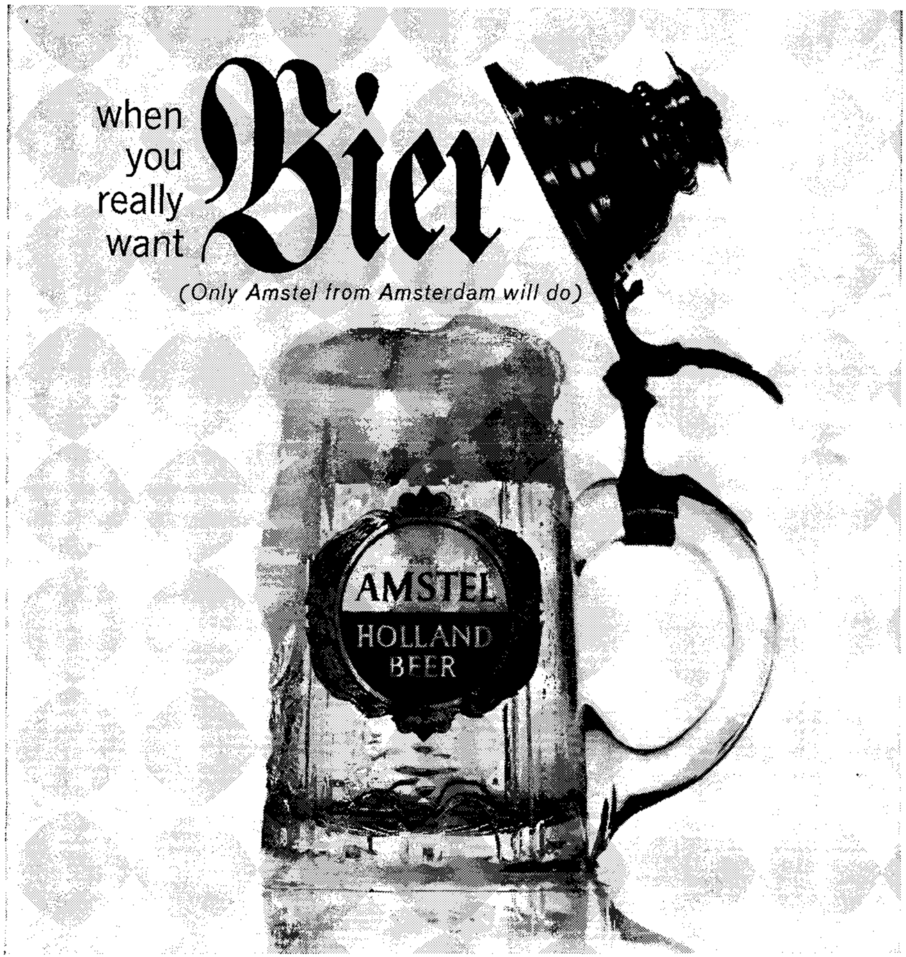
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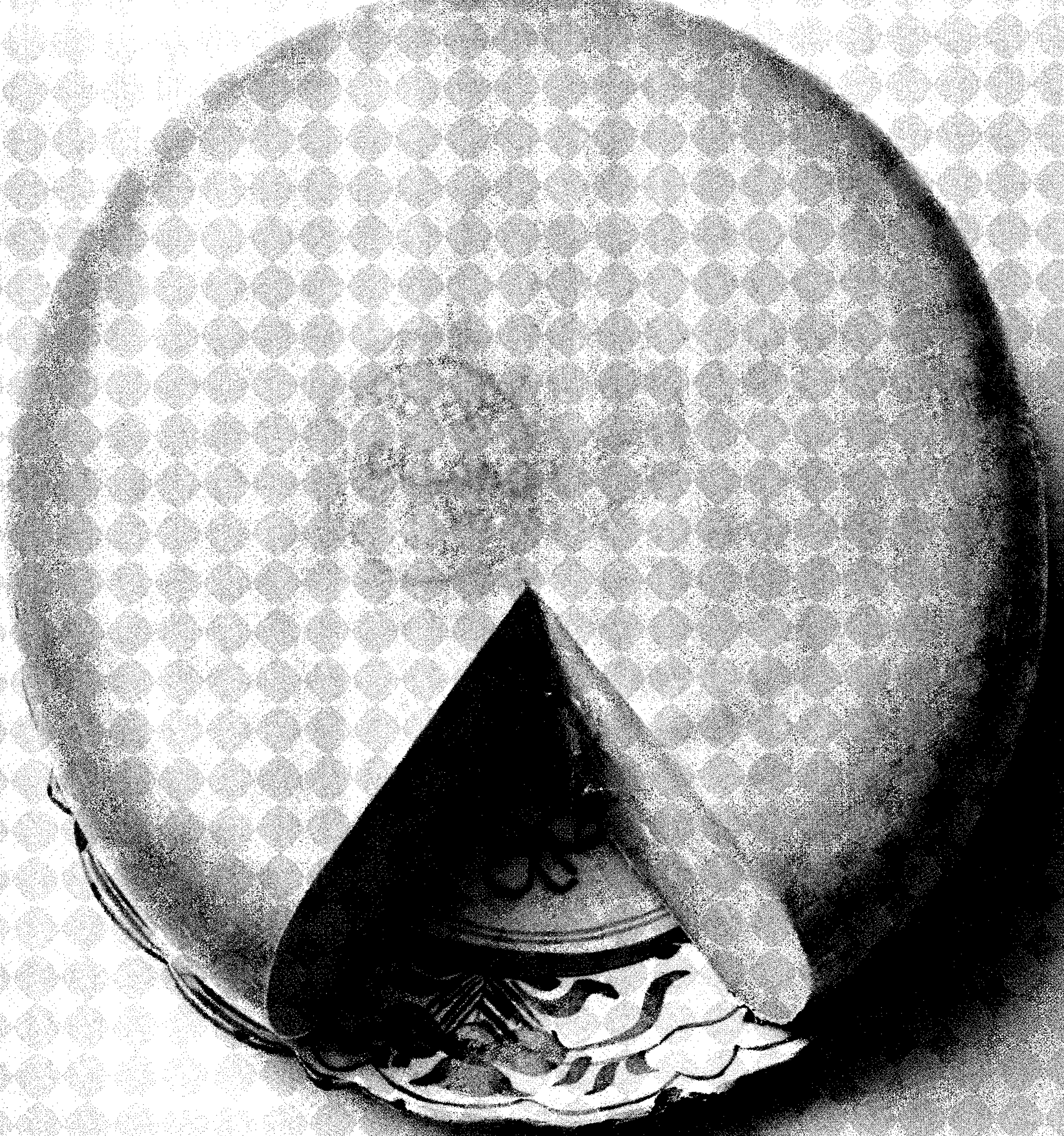
at Bell. If anything, the Laboratories had become an even more exciting place to work since the war. They had grown enormously and become world-famous, largely as a result of the work that had been done there—and was still being done—by scientists of Pierce's generation. This group of "Young Turks," as Bell's vice-president in charge of research, William O. Baker, has called them, included, besides Pierce himself, men like William Shockley, one of the inventors of the transistor; Dean Wooldridge, who was a classmate of Pierce's at Cal Tech and is now a director of the Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Corporation, which has played a leading role in this country's missile research and development; and Claude Shannon, a mathematician who joined Bell a little later than the others, and whose brilliant solution to the problem of defining and measuring information mathematically (Information Theory) underlies most modern improvements in communications technology. Reflecting on their achievements recently, Baker told a visitor that the Young Turks "came to Bell with an interest in attacking the hard, fundamental questions of science—something that not many people thought could be done in a place like this." He added, "The feeling in the thirties and early forties was still that these questions could be pursued only at the great universities, like Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard. The change came about through the work of men like Shockley and Pierce. It was really a sort of revolution of expectations for the industrial lab, and, in effect, it created a new kind of science—one that was 'deep' but at the same time closely coupled with human affairs. It was actually a bridging of the gap between 'deep science,' as pursued in the universities, and applied science and technology." In the midst of all this deep science, Pierce and his colleagues found time for some fairly lighthearted experiments. Shannon constructed a famous electronic maze in which a mechanical mouse, having once "learned" the correct route through its tortuous passages by trial and error, would "remember" it perfectly on its next trip; some Bell scientists say that the principles demonstrated here were relevant to the development of computers, but Pierce insists that what the maze proved was simply Shannon's skill at building things. There was also the "Throback Computer," which calculated exclusively in Roman numerals—"just to show," Pierce says, "that a machine can do anything." Unlike Shannon, Pierce has never been particularly gifted at constructing things,



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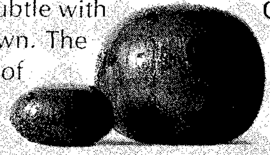

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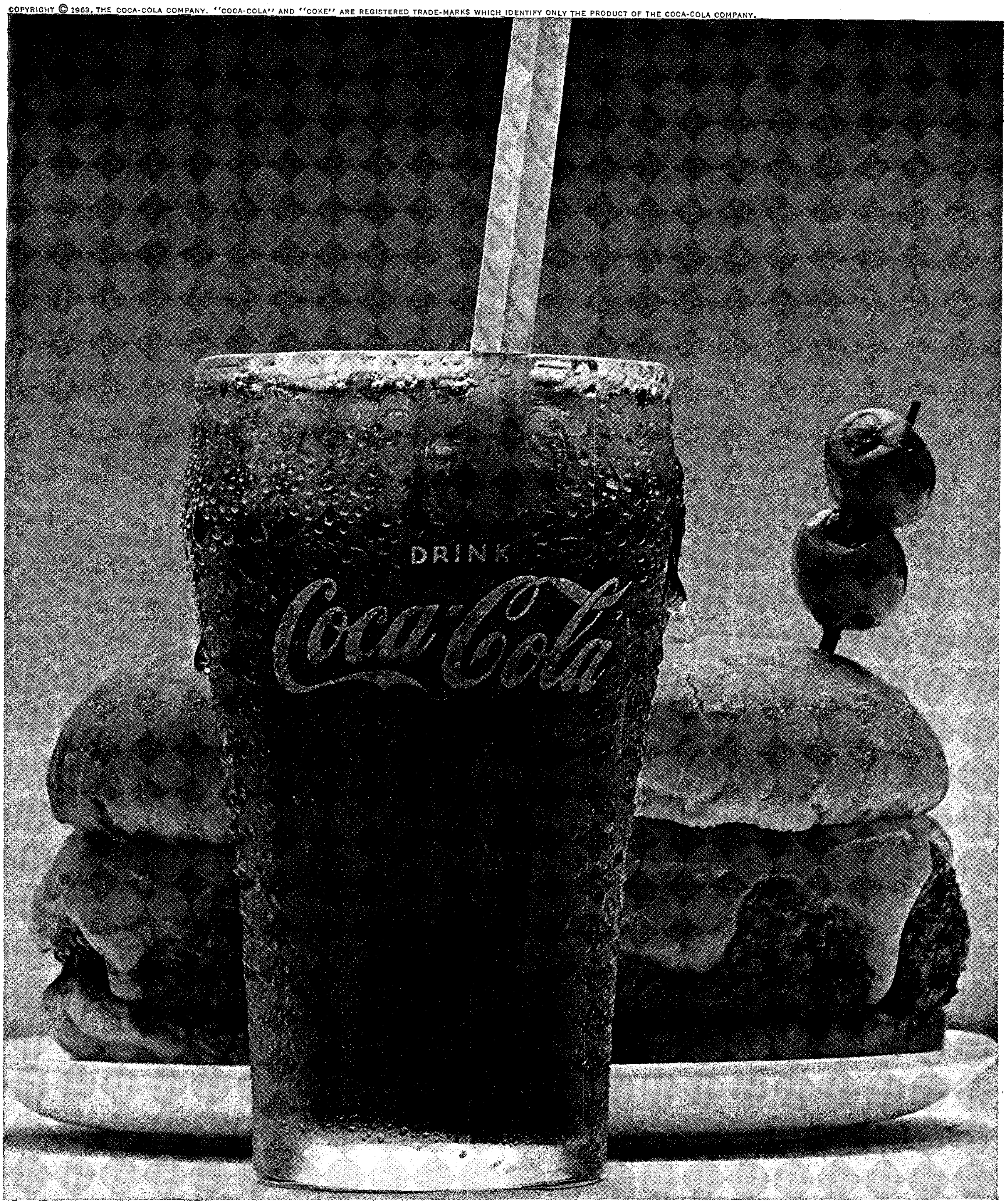

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but he took a lively interest in all such experiments, and he even managed to make a small contribution to the outstanding event of the immediate post-war period at Bell—the invention of the transistor. Shockley and two other Bell physicists, John Bardeen and Walter H. Brattain, won the Nobel Prize in 1956 for this marvellous device, but it was Pierce who came up with the name for it.

A lot of Pierce's excitement over the creative ferment at the Laboratories went into his writings—books, articles, and interoffice memos covering an astonishing range of subjects, from acoustics to group behavior. He wrote his first book, "The Theory and Design of Electron Beams," during a strike at Bell in 1947; experimental work had stopped, but Pierce hadn't, and he polished off the volume in two months. His second book, a technical treatise on the travelling-wave tube, which is still, twelve years after publication, the definitive treatment of the subject, was written in three months. There is some feeling among scientists that both these works might have been even more impressive if Pierce had not written them quite so fast. Mistakes have been uncovered in both books—not an entirely uncommon experience for Pierce, and one that troubles him hardly at all—but, as a Bell mathematician who has worked with him for a long time recently pointed out, there is something rather odd about Pierce's mistakes. "Whenever he makes one on the plus side," this man observed, "he usually makes another on the minus side, and his final solution will be right. This is because he usually has a pretty clear idea what the solution is before he starts. In any case, Pierce's real strength lies not so much in refined analysis as in his ability to take a new situation and get right to the heart of it, sometimes in a fairly rough-and-ready way."

Along with his technical works, Pierce continued to turn out articles and fantasies for magazines like *Astounding Science Fiction*—partly, perhaps, as a relief from the tyranny of plus and minus signs. Some of these he wrote under his own name, and others under the pseudonym "J. J. Coupling." (The term "j-j coupling" is used in atomic physics.) In 1952, J. J. Coupling published an article in *Astounding Science Fiction* entitled "Don't Write: Telegraph!," in which he discussed the possibility that man might someday be faced with the task of communicating across space. "The difficulty will be in getting to the stars, not in

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telegraphing home about it!" he concluded. In 1945, unknown to Pierce, the well-known British science-fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke had published an article in *Wireless World* along the same lines. Clarke had pointed out that a satellite placed in orbit 22,300 miles above the equator would move in perfect synchronization with the earth's rotation and would thus appear to remain stationary in space, making it an ideal relay station. Seven years later, when Pierce's (or, rather, J. J. Coupling's) article was published, the idea was still very much in the realm of science fiction, if only because the first successful launching of a man-made satellite was still five years in the future; at the same time, Pierce said recently, it was "one of those inevitable ideas" that occur to scientists when the moment is ripe. Once it had lodged itself in Pierce's mind, it stuck there.

Two years later, in 1954, Pierce needed a subject for a talk he had been asked to make before the Princeton section of the Institute of Radio Engineers. Satellites were being discussed more and more by then, and he decided that the Princeton group might like to hear about the possibilities of communications satellites; accordingly, he sat down and made some mathematical calculations regarding the kind of power required in such a satellite and at the ground station. His talk was warmly received. Afterward, an engineer came up and urged him to publish his calculations. Pierce went back and expanded his Princeton talk into a detailed, highly technical paper, which was published early in 1955 in the American Rocket Society's journal, *Jet Propulsion*. This article, called "Orbital Radio Relays," was really the beginning of all serious thinking about the use of satellites for purposes of communication. Pierce was extremely specific and hardheaded about the possibilities. Satellite relays, he said, would be practical only for transoceanic communication. On land, a satellite system could not compete in cost or efficiency with a network of microwave-relay stations and coaxial cables; however, a microwave network must necessarily stop at the water's edge, because microwaves, which travel in straight lines, require line-of-sight stations every thirty miles or so to catch the signal and boost it along. (A.T. & T.'s microwave towers are by now familiar landmarks, visible on hilltops from one end of the United States to the other.) As for cables, it was true that in 1954 A.T. & T. and the British Post Office had jointly undertaken to lay the first

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FOR LANGUAGES

submarine telephone cable across the Atlantic, but this engineering marvel, whose cost was estimated at thirty-five million dollars, would be able to accommodate only thirty-six voice channels, or telephone conversations, at one time, and Bell was already predicting an imminent need for hundreds more. Considering the high cost and low channel capacity of submarine cables, Pierce reasoned in his article, satellite radio relays might prove to be an economically attractive way of spanning oceans, and he discussed two types of communications satellites—passive reflectors, such as large balloons, which, since they would merely reflect microwave signals from the earth, would require a great deal of power in the ground-station transmitters and receivers, and active repeaters, which, since they would carry their own transmitters and receivers and thus would amplify the ground signal on its way back to earth, would require less power on the ground. The active repeaters could operate at a relatively low altitude in space, in which case thirty or forty of them would have to be placed in orbit to make sure that one was always within line-of-sight range of any point on earth, or they could operate in the 22,300-mile-high "stationary" orbit proposed by Clarke, in which case three satellites would suffice. "At this point," Pierce observed in conclusion, "some information from astronomers about orbits and from rocket men about constructing and placing satellites would be decidedly welcome."

The big question, of course, was rocket development. "Everybody felt that there would be rockets to launch satellites before very many years," Pierce recently told a friend, "but we didn't know when." For the time being, there was not much Pierce could do about satellites except to discuss them informally with Kompfner, Cutler, and others in his immediate group during lunch hours or after work. In any event, he was busy enough with other matters. In addition to carrying on his work at the Laboratories, he was serving as editor of *Proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers*, the electronic world's technical journal, for the year 1954-55, during which he enlivened its pages considerably by cutting out the long, dense reports of work-in-progress by various engineers. ("Who reads these?" Pierce asked himself, and decided that no one did.) He was also taking on more and more public-speaking chores, Bell having discovered that his energetic and lucid platform style was exceptionally well suited to telling lay

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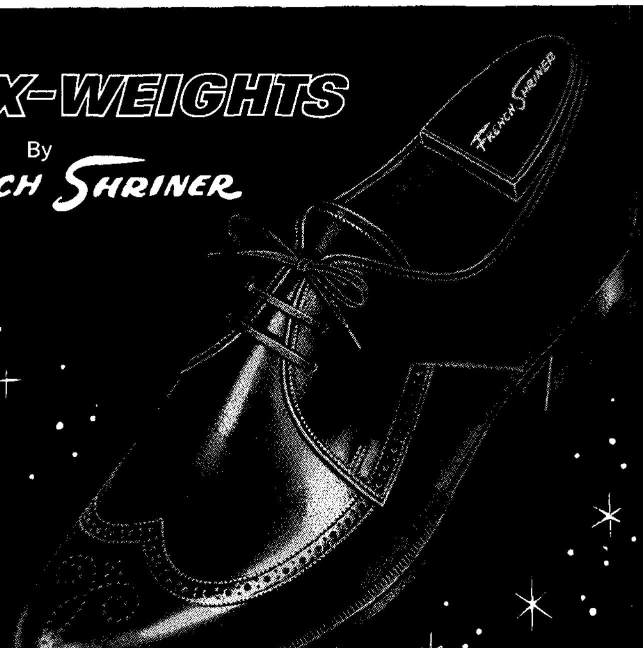

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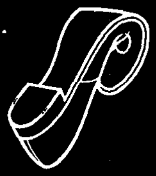

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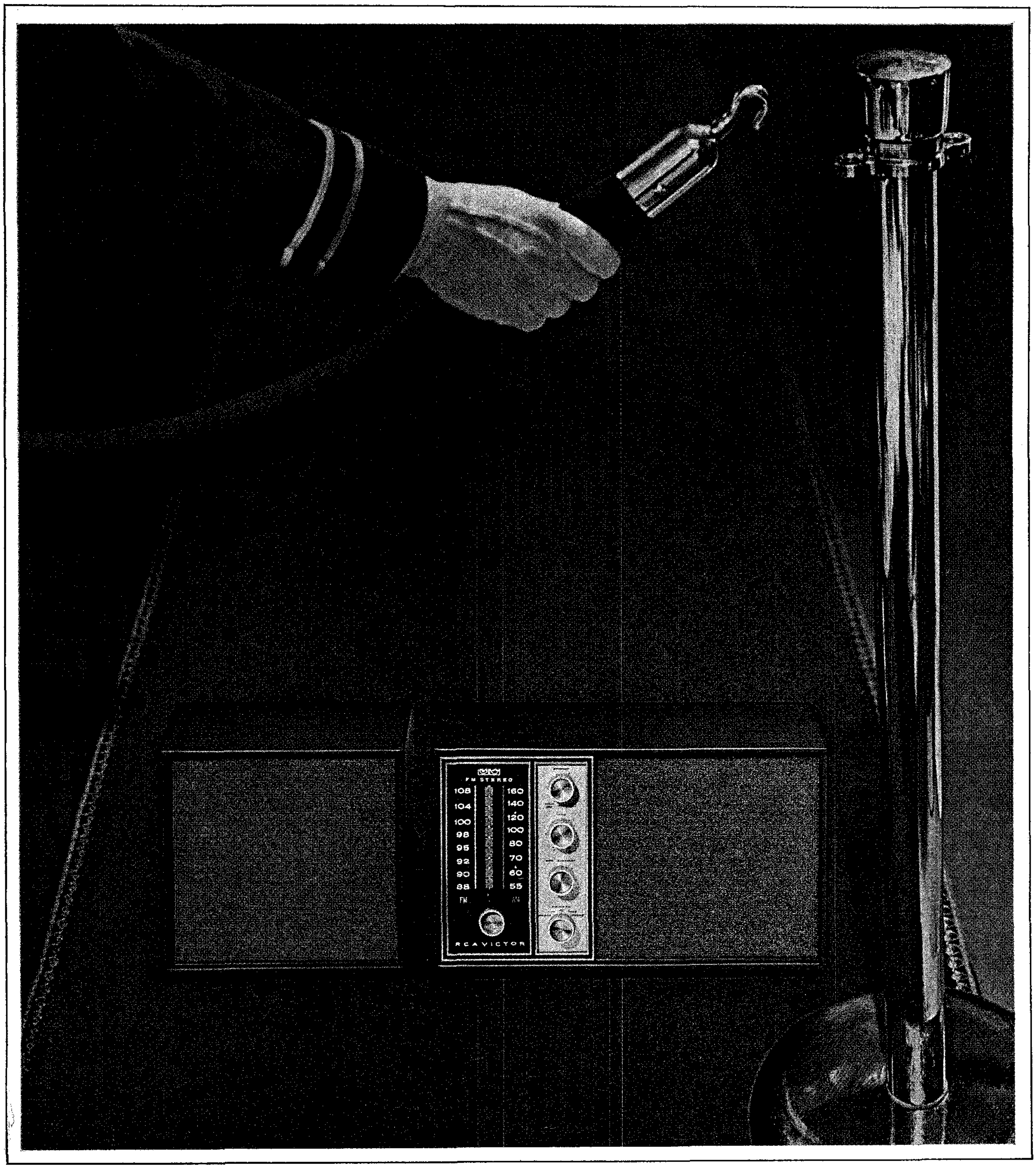

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audiences what their telephone rates were helping to buy in the way of research. Then, in 1955, he was made director of all electrical-communications research at Bell. It is at this level, just below vice-president, that he operates today, with the title—splendidly distorted, according to accepted big-business practice—of Executive Director, Research, Communications Principles and Communications Systems Divisions. The administrative burdens of this new post did nothing to curb the range of his interests or stem the flow of his writing. Besides his technical works, Pierce has written three scientific books for laymen—"Electrons, Waves, and Messages," in 1956; "Man's World of Sound" (with Edward E. David), in 1958; and "Symbols, Signals, and Noise," in 1962. He has, however, been known to refuse literary commissions. "A number of years ago," Pierce told a scientific audience recently, "a publisher suggested that I write a book about machines that outthink man, and the cybernetic revolution around us. He outlined, almost chapter by chapter, the fantasy for which I was to supply words and circumstantial detail. When I recovered my breath after this intellectual blow, I ventured to say that I didn't believe that all those things were true. The publisher misunderstood my objection completely. 'You don't have to be for it, you can be against it,' he assured me. Since that day, various people have written the book the publisher was seeking." Scientific illiteracy of this kind has distressed Pierce for years, and books that pretend to give an understanding of science without conveying anything of its real content have frequently caused him irritation. This is one of the reasons he gives for writing so much himself, though it must be said that Pierce's books for the layman make some rather strenuous demands on the layman's intelligence. In a reflective moment, Pierce has admitted that while his books may be intended for the average reader, they usually end up being written for himself.

THE threshold of the satellite age was crossed on October 4, 1957, with the rise of Sputnik I; the first United States satellite, Explorer I, went into orbit the following January. Although Bell itself had no facilities for putting anything into space, a good many Bell scientists felt that the time had now come to press ahead with research on communications satellites along the lines that Pierce had indicated. Besides, a marvellous new invention had come along to make Pierce's ideas appear even

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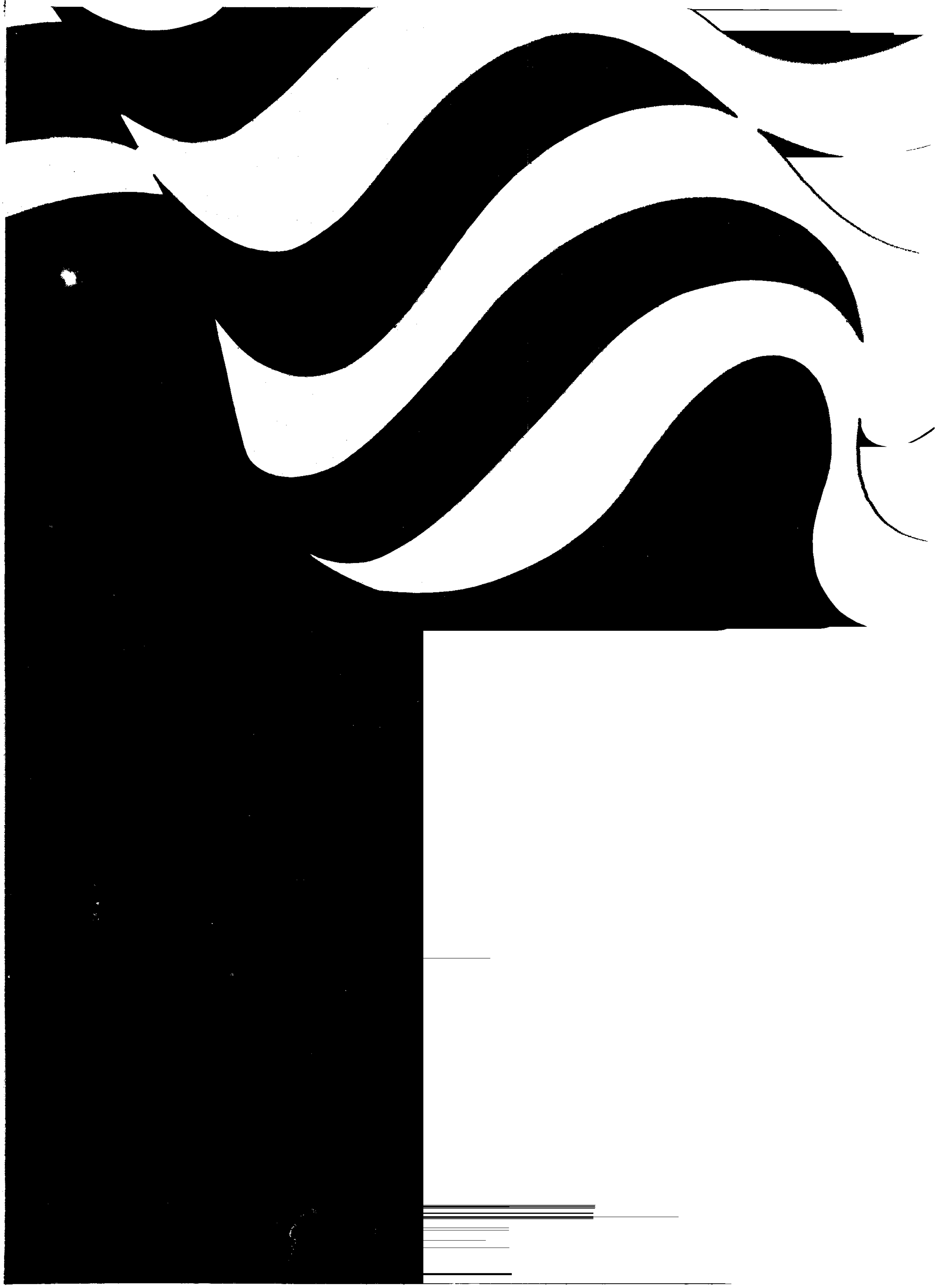
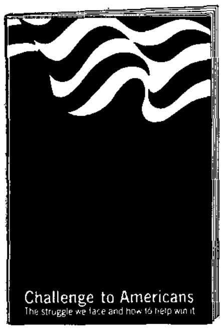


We are challenged You are summoned



The news is making it clear that this is a testing time for Americans.

At a time of challenge, the American future depends upon the American people: what we think, what we do, how we rise as individuals to the task of meeting great challenge with great achievement.

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"We are challenged by the revolution in science and technology bringing new boons and new dangers to humanity.

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In an age of revolution, we dare not forget that we are heirs to a continuing, liberating revolution. We dare not fail to press that revolution forward, to perfect democracy at home, to make it an example to the world. *Only in earning our freedoms over again can we strengthen them.* Only by extending our freedoms to all mankind can we preserve them.

This we can and must do as individuals. *We must accept our responsibilities as we do our rights, the two are today inseparable.* We must look upon national challenge—whether it is an immediate challenge in Cuba, Berlin, or Asia, or the continuing longer range challenge—as a personal opportunity to do something important for our country. *We must seek to excel, to stand up, to stand out; in our private lives, our homes, our work, communities, schools, in all places, in all things.*

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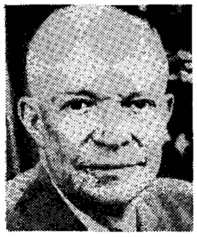

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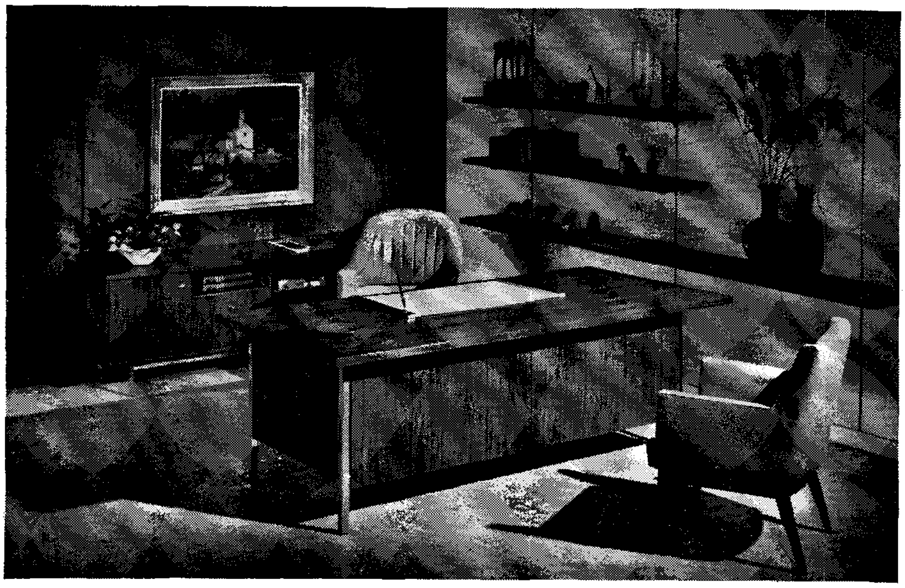

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more attractive. A group of scientists working at Columbia University under Charles Townes had discovered a new principle of microwave radio emission, which, after further work by a group at Harvard under Nicolaas Bloembergen, led to the development of an extremely sensitive amplifier, now known as the maser. (The letters stand for "microwave amplification by simulated emission of radiation.") The maser introduced only about one one-hundredth as much noise into a circuit as previous amplifiers had, thereby greatly reducing the amount of signal power required. (Noise is the main problem in all electrical communication; a signal must be strong enough to overcome it, with the result that the less noise there is, the less power is required.) In 1958, three scientists at Bell Laboratories, following Bloembergen's specifications, put together the first continuously operating maser, using as their energy source a crystal containing rare-earth ions cooled by liquid helium to a temperature of —457° F. "I was sick in bed one day early in 1958, thinking about things," Kompfner said not long ago, "and it suddenly occurred to me that we could use the maser in our communications-satellite experiment. I had originally thought that the ground transmitters and receivers called for by John's calculations would be much too large to be practical. But the maser would change all this. As soon as I could get out of bed, I rushed over to tell John, and he agreed right away that the maser would make all the difference." Greatly excited, Pierce and Kompfner immediately began calculating the power requirements for satellite communication using a maser amplifier.

At about the same time, in the early spring of 1958, Pierce got wind of the fact that an engineer named William J. O'Sullivan at the government aeronautical laboratory at Langley Field, Virginia, was planning to place a large plastic balloon in orbit. O'Sullivan's balloon was intended to measure the density of the atmosphere at high levels. By an odd coincidence, it was to be exactly the same size—one hundred feet in diameter—as the balloon that Pierce had suggested for a passive-satellite experiment in his 1954 paper in *Jet Propulsion*. Coincidences of this kind are not wasted on Pierce. He and Kompfner made immediate arrangements to go down to Langley Field, where they learned that O'Sullivan, in order to be able to track the balloon optically and by radar, planned to coat it with a thin layer of aluminum; the aluminum, of course, would also make it an efficient

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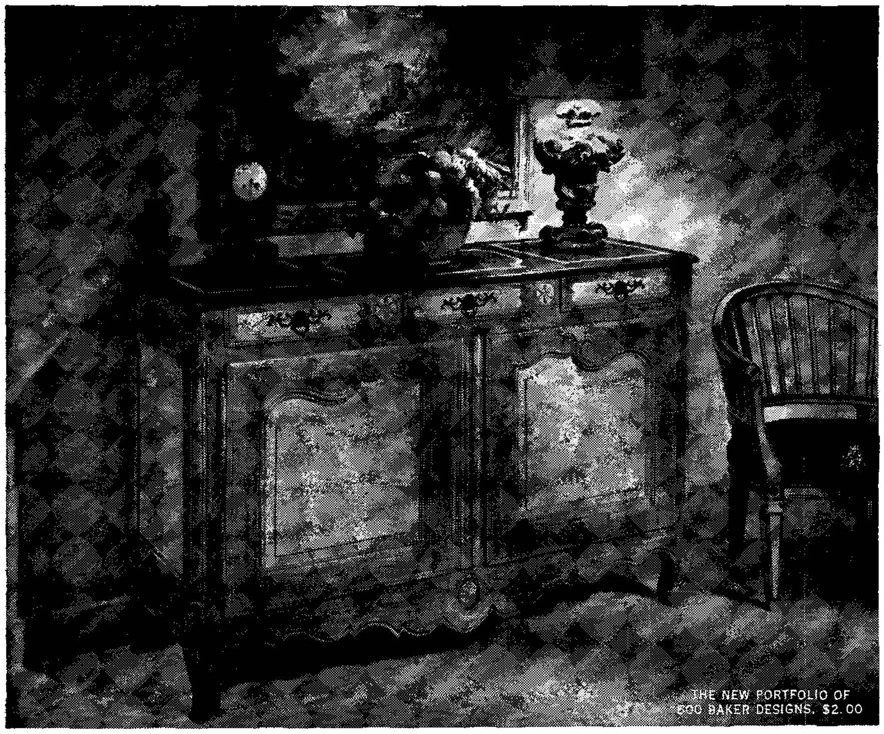

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reflector of radio signals. Pierce and Kompfner took away samples of the balloon's Mylar skin for testing at the Laboratories, and found that it reflected ninety-eight per cent of the radio waves directed at it.

Pierce now initiated a formidable campaign both inside and outside the Laboratories. He talked to his own superiors and to officials of A.T. & T.; he talked to government officials in Washington and at Langley Field. His constant refrain was that O'Sullivan's balloon could serve as an ideal first-step experiment in satellite communications—a relatively simple experiment from which much could be learned. Being passive, the satellite would contain no complicated electronic components that might fail. It would not have to be oriented precisely in space, and it would be comparatively easy to see. Pierce is an eloquent spokesman for the step-by-step approach favored at Bell, and his arguments were listened to with respect, particularly at the A.T. & T. level, for A.T. & T. was well aware by then that its transatlantic cables would have great difficulty in coping with the sharply increasing demand for overseas telephone circuits. Spanning the ocean by satellite might sound exotic, but Pierce managed to make it sound interestingly practical as well.

That summer, Pierce and Kompfner attended a scientific conference, sponsored by the Air Force, in Woods Hole, Massachusetts, at which problems of space and its potential military uses were discussed. There was a good deal of interest in communications satellites at the conference, but hardly any in the kind of first-step, passive satellite proposed by Pierce. "The rest of the meeting was against us," Kompfner recalls. "They were all out for bigger and better things—all except Bill Pickering, that is." William H. Pickering, a shrewd New Zealander who had been a class ahead of Pierce at Cal Tech (they had come to know each other only later), was the director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Goldstone, California; his lab, which was attached to Cal Tech but was working under contract to the Army, had designed Explorer I. Pickering came around to Pierce after one of the meetings and suggested that they work together on a communications experiment between California and New Jersey via O'Sullivan's balloon. As a result of this conversation, Kompfner and Cutler took the opportunity of a business trip to the West Coast to go to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, talk with engineers there, and establish

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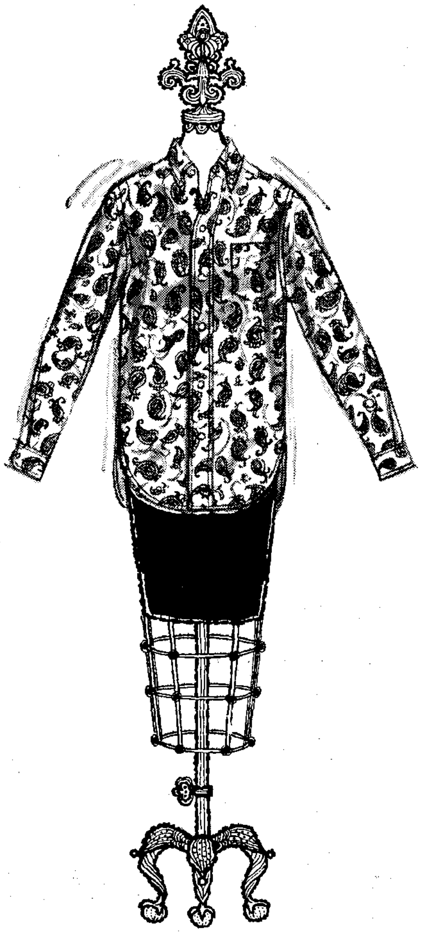

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the liaison for what was to become Project Echo.

Pierce was called down to Washington in the fall of 1958 to serve on an ad-hoc panel of the Defense Department's Advance Research Projects Agency, which was also looking into the military uses of communications satellites. This was an immensely frustrating experience for him. "The military were certainly interested in what we were doing," he told a friend afterward, "but we couldn't sell them our idea of taking simple steps first." The direct outcome of that panel's deliberations was the Army's ill-fated Project Advent, of 1960—an attempt to create a satellite-communications system using three satellites in the 22,300-mile-high stationary orbit. In Pierce's opinion, the project was a classic example of Mammon worship. "Advent never had a chance of success, because it set out to do too much all at once, without anyone's having enough experience to know what he was doing," he says. "They didn't even have a vehicle to get the satellites up there—they planned to develop one as they went along, and they got the Atlas Centaur, which *still* isn't operational. You just can't go out and design a whole system that way until you've licked the preliminary problems. Millions of dollars get wasted, and all you can do is watch the money flow out and wait for the inevitable catastrophe. That's what happened, of course. Advent has now been scrapped, after a hundred and seventy million dollars was spent on it." (In fairness, it can be noted that much of the ground-station equipment developed for Advent is now being used for the joint N.A.S.A.-Hughes Aircraft Syncom project, also aimed at establishing a synchronous-satellite system.)

One useful adjunct of Pierce's Washington visits was that he could make contact with the officials of the new National Aeronautics and Space Agency, set up by President Eisenhower to coördinate the development of space activities for peaceful purposes. N.A.S.A. came into legal being on October 1, 1958, and quickly absorbed both the O'Sullivan experimental laboratory at Langley Field and Pickering's huge Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California. N.A.S.A. officials were immediately receptive to the Pierce-Kompfner plan for a balloon experiment, which was set forth in great detail in a long technical paper written jointly by Pierce and Kompfner and published early in 1959 in the *Proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers*. Nevertheless, N.A.S.A. would make no formal com-

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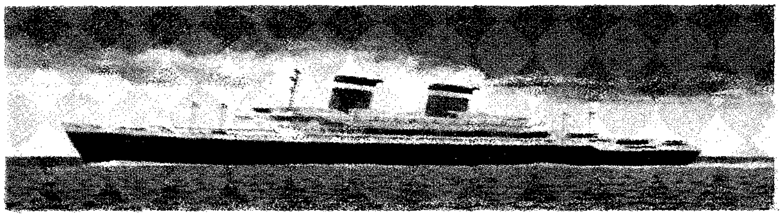

Melanie Kahane, noted interior designer, points out a stunning wall map to husband, TV commentator Ben Grauer. Both say the United States is a beautiful ship.

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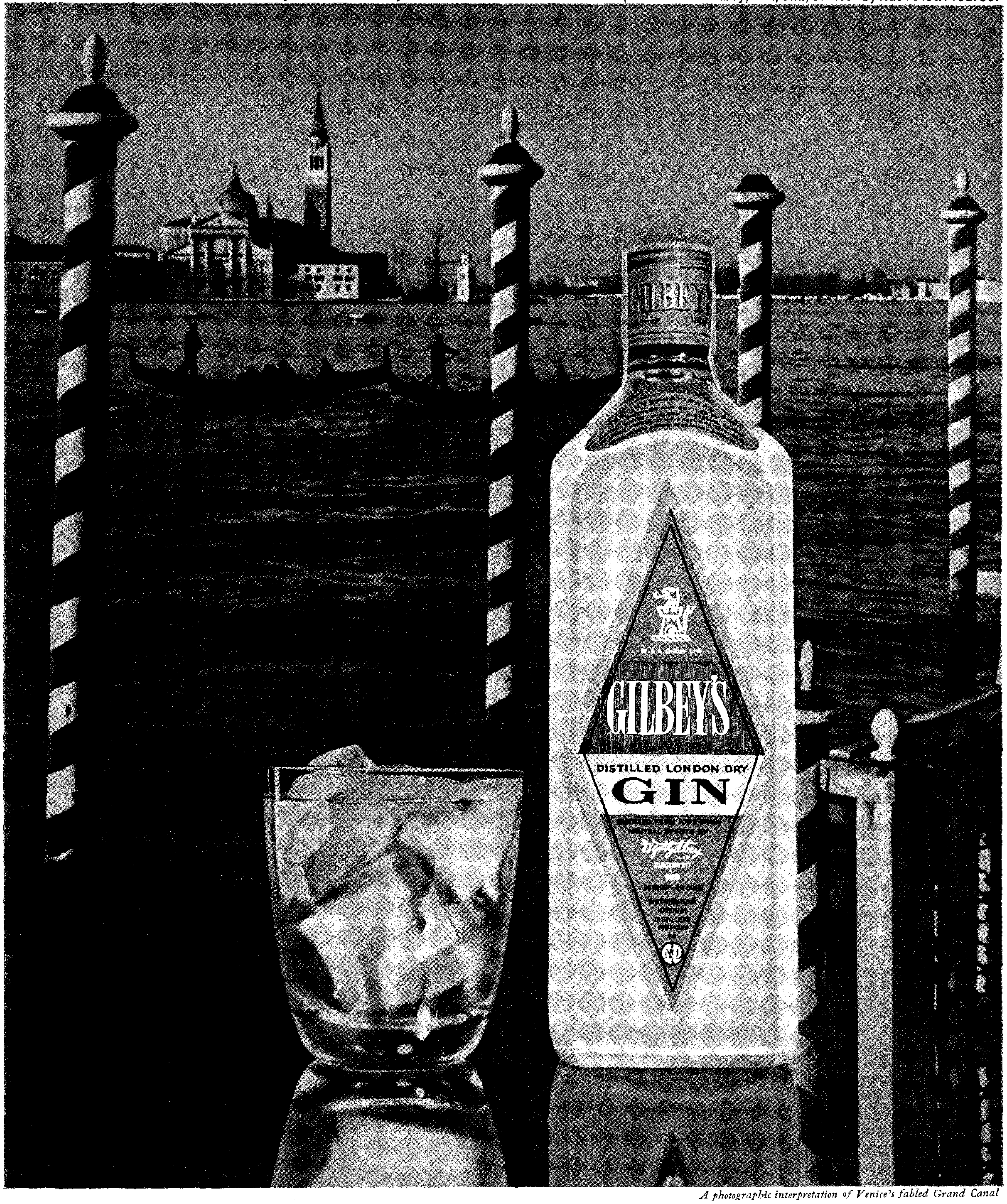

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mitment. Meanwhile, Kompfner—by then in charge of the Holmdel field station, which had now become a full-fledged laboratory—had taken what he terms a "symbolic step." "It was getting on toward the end of the year, and we knew we had some money left in the 1958 budget," Kompfner recalls. "So we went out and ordered a lot of aluminum to build a large steerable horn antenna." The horn antenna had been invented thirty years before by Harald Friis and A. C. Beck, and was then being used for cross-country microwave relays; shaped something like a large, old-fashioned ear trumpet, it has the outstanding characteristic of being able to be pointed to catch a radio signal from a particular direction while at the same time excluding a great deal of the so-called Johnson noise (named for J. B. Johnson, a Bell scientist, now retired, who discovered it)—the thermal radiation that is given off by all natural objects, such as trees and rocks. A large horn antenna that could be aimed at any part of the sky looked like the best possible receiver of signals from a satellite—particularly when coupled with an extremely low-noise maser amplifier. "Starting to build one was an important gesture—we were committing ourselves," Kompfner says.

The commitment paid off, helped to a considerable degree by worldwide enthusiasm over the success, late in 1958, of the Army Signal Corps' Project Score. This was the first communications satellite of any kind to be put into orbit. Score was a very modest experiment—consisting merely of a pair of radio and tape-recorder units attached to an Air Force Atlas rocket—but before the satellite burned out a few weeks later, a taped Christmas message from President Eisenhower had been beamed to American troops in various parts of the country. This achievement was in everyone's mind when, early in 1959, Bell and N.A.S.A. came to an informal agreement regarding the experiment that would soon be known as Project Echo. It was to be a N.A.S.A. project, with Bell furnishing and renting to N.A.S.A. its specially built ground-station equipment, and with N.A.S.A. handling all details of the launch. The whole emphasis of the experiment was now on communications; O'Sullivan's atmospheric-density measurements had assumed a minor role. By early spring, a special group of Bell technicians was working full time on the horn antenna and other ground-station equipment atop Crawford Hill, a modest, flat-topped eminence near the Holmdel lab, under the direction of a hard-driving,

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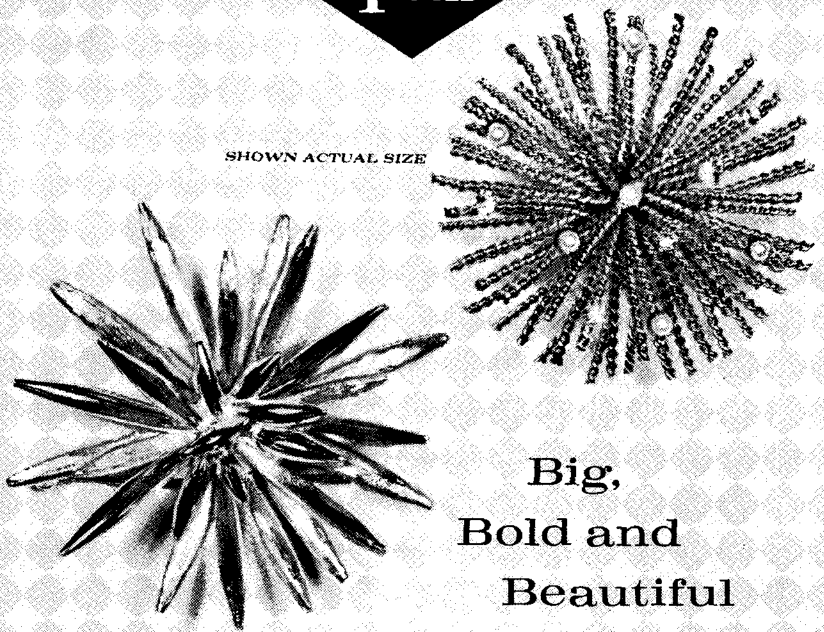
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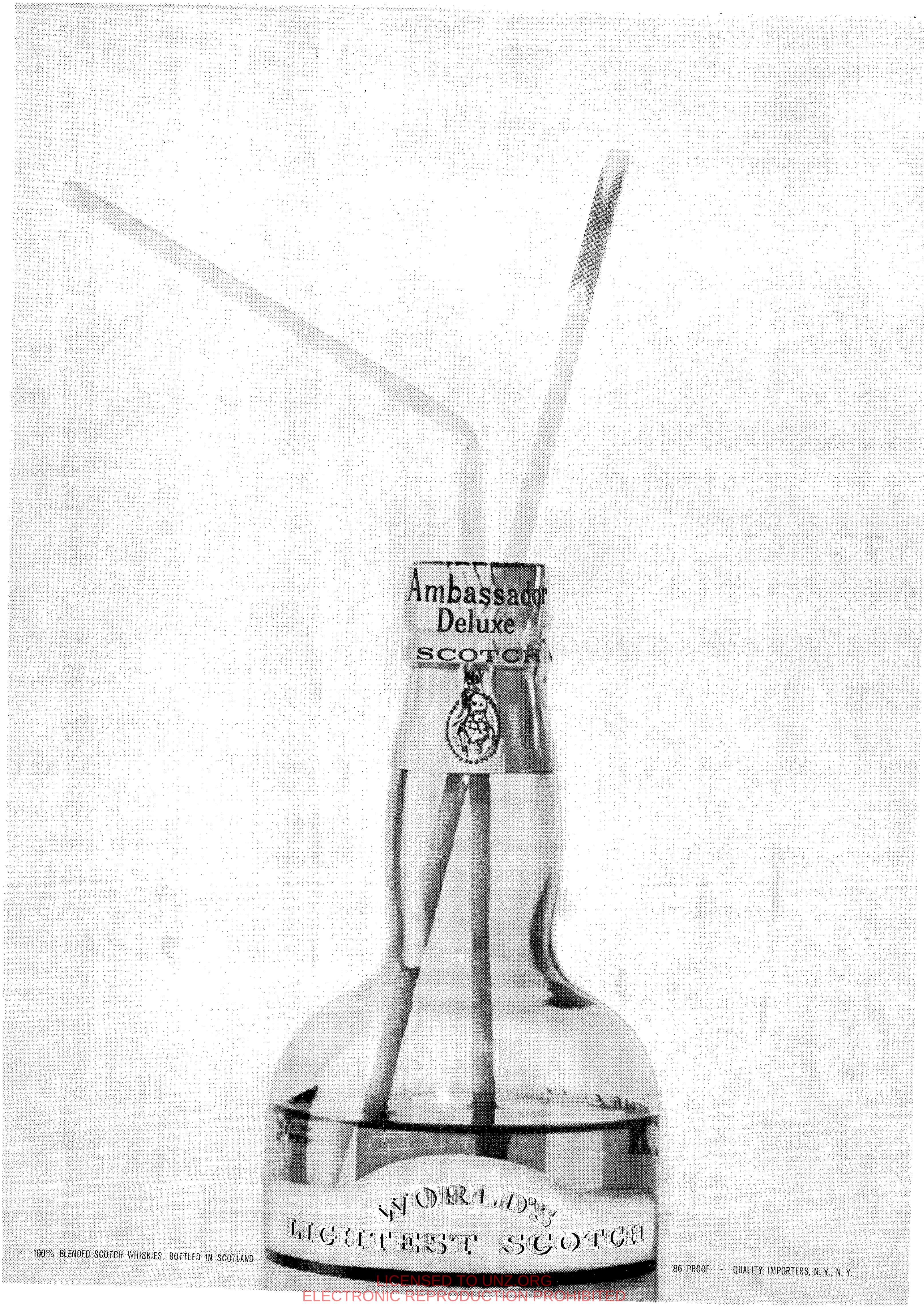
highly competent young engineer named William C. Jakes, Jr. Project Echo was under way.

Pierce's role in the day-to-day operation of the project is difficult to define. His own version is that once Echo was set in motion, there was little for him to do. ("You don't take people of this calibre and tell them how to do their jobs.") Still, he met frequently with Cutler, Kompfner, and a few others to discuss progress and examine all the problems that came up, and he made sure that the Echo crew got the support it needed. "John would come around and reassure us when we wanted to spend another hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Cutler has observed. At the same time, Pierce was quietly looking ahead to the next step after Echo. He had said from the beginning that the passive-balloon experiment was just a preliminary venture—a means of finding out how to do things. He was pretty sure that the next step would be an active-repeater satellite, and back in the summer of 1958—before Echo had even been set up—he had started to get people in the Laboratories working on active-repeater components and calculations. (One result of this was that in 1962, when A.T. & T.'s Telstar I went up, some of its components had already proved their durability through four years of life tests at the Laboratories.) By the summer of 1959, Pierce had about forty people doing research on communications satellites, both active and passive. He had mathematicians computing the periods of visibility of satellites at various orbits; he saw to it that the chemistry department speeded up its work on nickel-cadmium storage batteries, which would be used to power the active repeater's components (they would be charged in space by solar cells, on which research was also being done); the first working models of the travelling-wave tube used in Telstar were built and put on test for durability; and Pierce himself undertook to make new calculations of the power requirements for transmitting and receiving signals from an active repeater.

The work on Echo itself was going along very smoothly at this point. Jakes's Holmdel crew had designed, and was slowly assembling, a horn antenna with a twenty-by-twenty-foot aperture that tapered down to a narrow apex, where one of the first practical travelling-wave masers would be installed. Holmdel had also purchased a giant, sixty-foot paraboloid "dish" antenna, powered by a ten-kilowatt klystron transmitter, which would be used for beaming the signal up to the satellite, a thousand miles above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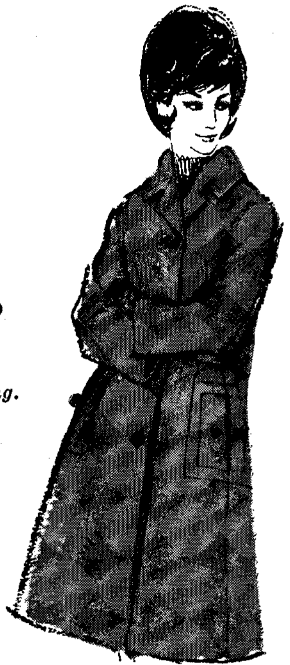

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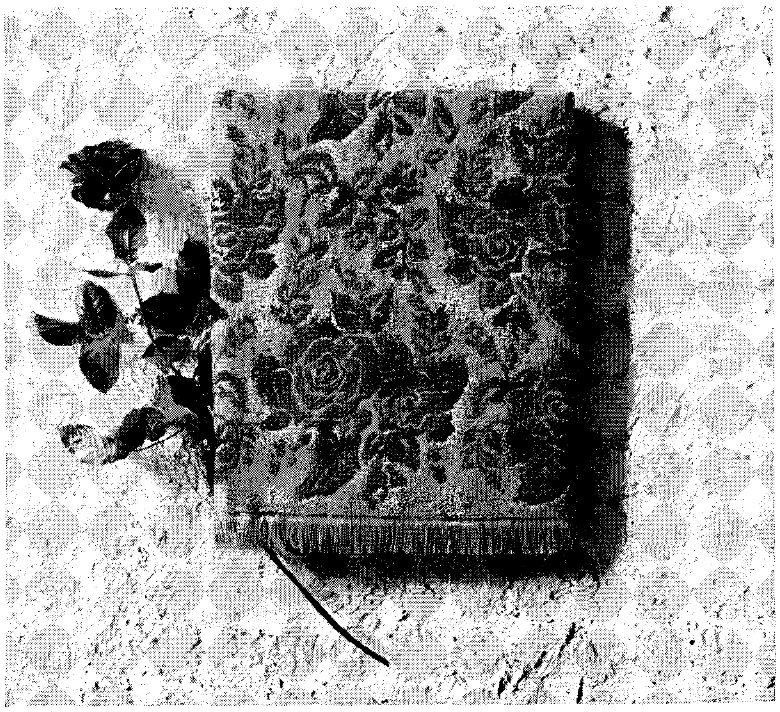

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the earth. According to Pierce's calculations, the radio signal sent up by this transmitter would be diluted about a billion billion times before it returned to earth—the transmitter beam would spread out so far that only a millionth of it would hit the satellite; the satellite would reflect this energy in all directions, wasting most of it in space; and the receiver antenna would pick up only a thousandth of a billionth of the reflected message. An extremely useful bit of technology that was adapted to Echo's needs in this regard was a frequency-modulation system called "frequency feedback," which had been invented by a Bell scientist named Joseph G. Chaffee in 1933 but had never before been fully put to practical use. Chaffee's long-dormant invention enabled the Echo engineers to eliminate even more noise from the received signal, thus greatly increasing their chance of getting useful communication from the faint signals reflected in outer space. In retrospect, one of the more astonishing aspects of the whole Echo experiment was that so much of its technology—the maser, the horn antenna, the frequency-feedback system—had been the product of research undertaken for entirely different ends. "Everything just seemed to fit together at the right moment," Pierce says. "That happens now and then, and more often than you'd think."

Bell's relations with its collaborators on the project could hardly have been better. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California was then focussing its main energies on the program of "deep-space" probes (that is, the Ranger and Mariner projects), so it had no objection to letting Bell take the initiative on Echo. N.A.S.A. scientists at the brand-new Goddard Space Flight Center, twelve miles outside Washington, in Greenbelt, Maryland, were working on a computer system that would plot Echo's precise orbit and then feed the information up to Holmdel, where it would be used to point the big antennas. At Langley Field, O'Sullivan's engineers were perfecting the balloon and preparing to test some of their fragile spheres in space by straight-up-and-down, suborbital launchings, aptly called "shotputs." The first shotput test was made on October 28, 1959, and it caused a sensation. All along the Atlantic seaboard from Charleston to Cape Cod, people stopped their cars to gaze at what looked like a giant red star in the sky. The balloon had gone up at 5:40 P.M., just at dusk. When the chemicals inside it turned to gas and inflated it, at an altitude of about two

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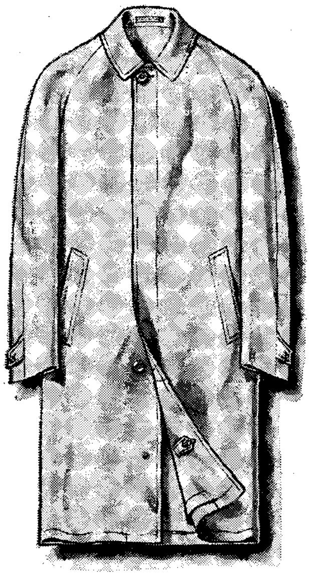

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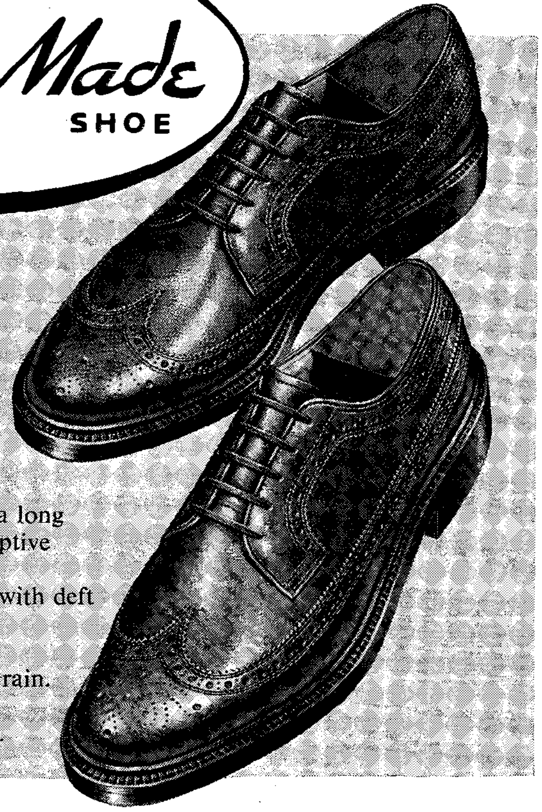

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hundred and fifty miles, it caught the setting sun and glowed like a huge fireball for about twenty minutes, before sinking slowly into the ocean. Telephone switchboards throughout the area were clogged for hours with calls from people who wanted to know what was happening. After that, N.A.S.A. announced its shotputs in advance.

Bill Jakes and his crew used the first suborbital launch as an opportunity to test their optical and radar tracking equipment, and on two subsequent shotputs they managed to bounce radio signals off the balloon and down to M.I.T.'s Lincoln Laboratory, in Round Hill, Massachusetts, which was within range of the line-of-sight microwaves. Around that time, too, the Holmdel engineers were busy practicing on the moon, even though, as Kompfner has pointed out, "the moon is not a good satellite, because it's so big that the signal gets spread out and comes back badly distorted." The first of seventeen "moon-bounce" tests took place on a cold night late in November of 1959. Cutler, Kompfner, Jakes, and the others were eager to try out their new paraboloid transmitting antenna (their horn antenna, for receiving, was not finished until the following April), and they had made arrangements with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory to be ready to receive their signals on a frequency of 960 megacycles—one of the two frequencies assigned to the Echo experiment by the Federal Communications Commission. They managed to establish voice contact with J.P.L. on the first try, but the quality of the signal was terrible; J.P.L. heard only a garbled confusion of sounds, with the word "California" inexplicably coming through at one point with perfect clarity. On Holmdel's later tests, though, voice relays via the moon were heard clearly both in Goldstone and in Holmdel. The purpose of these tests was not to prove that moon bounces were possible (the Signal Corps had done that several years before) but to gain experience in handling the immensely complex equipment at either end. Then, in the spring of 1960, J.P.L. proposed putting that equipment to an even more difficult test.

A good many American satellites had gone into orbit since Explorer I, among them the small weather satellite Tiros. J.P.L. suggested a communications experiment with Tiros as a means of testing its own and Bell's tracking systems on a moving object, although Tiros was too small, and its orbit was too low, for any of the complicated experiments that were being planned for Echo. "Because

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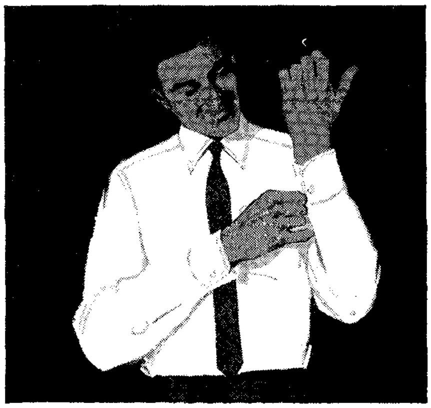

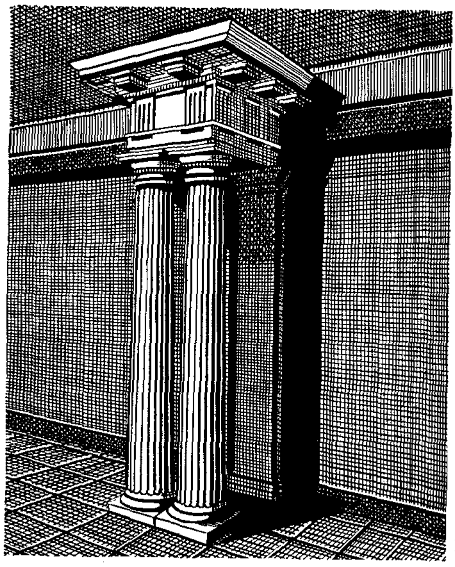

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of its low orbit, it was moving so fast that it was terribly hard to track," Kompfner said recently. "But J.P.L. was right in arguing that we needed some practice on a moving target if we were ever going to find Echo." Night after night, Jakes's Holmdel crew tried to make contact with J.P.L. via Tiros. They acquired a great deal of practice in using the computer tapes sent up from N.A.S.A.'s Goddard Space Flight Center, which, fed into a converter, produced drive tapes for their antennas, and they also learned that a certain amount of manual adjustment of the antennas was usually necessary to correct slight errors in the computer data, since an error of one degree in pointing the antennas could mean instant loss of contact. At last, early in May of 1960, Bell's technicians did make contact with J.P.L. by means of Tiros, and with that they felt that their own preparations were complete. The only real question now, as far as Bell was concerned, was whether or not N.A.S.A. would be able to get the balloon into orbit. The launch was scheduled for the second week in May, and the launch vehicle being prepared was a Douglas Thor-Delta, the three-stage rocket that has since proved to be N.A.S.A.'s most reliable space booster—with nineteen flawless launches in succession, the latest being that of N.A.S.A.'s Syncom satellite this July. This, however, was the Delta's *first* attempted launch.

It was a total failure. Nobody knows exactly what went wrong on that morning of Friday, May 13th; so far as could be determined, the trouble lay in the third stage of the rocket, which shot off at the wrong angle. When the N.A.S.A. tracking station in Woomera, Australia, failed to pick up anything at the appointed time, any lingering hopes that the balloon might be in orbit were extinguished, and the dejected Holmdel crew went home to bed.

The feeling of dejection did not last. "We realized that now we'd have a chance to do a lot of things we hadn't had time to do before, and we just got busy again," Jakes said afterward. A second Echo launch was scheduled for August, and Pierce's group settled down to perfecting their apparatus, getting more practice on moon bounces, and working to nail down a commitment from N.A.S.A. on the "next step" after Echo—the active-repeater experiment. Pierce and Kompfner were anxious to set up a joint project with N.A.S.A.—on the same basis as Project Echo—for putting up an active repeater. Some months previously, T. Keith Glennan, the administrator of N.A.S.A. at the

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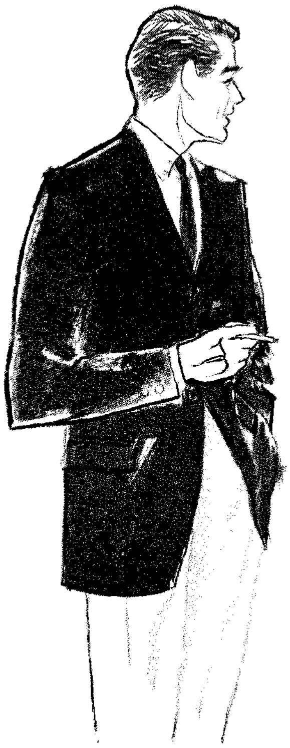

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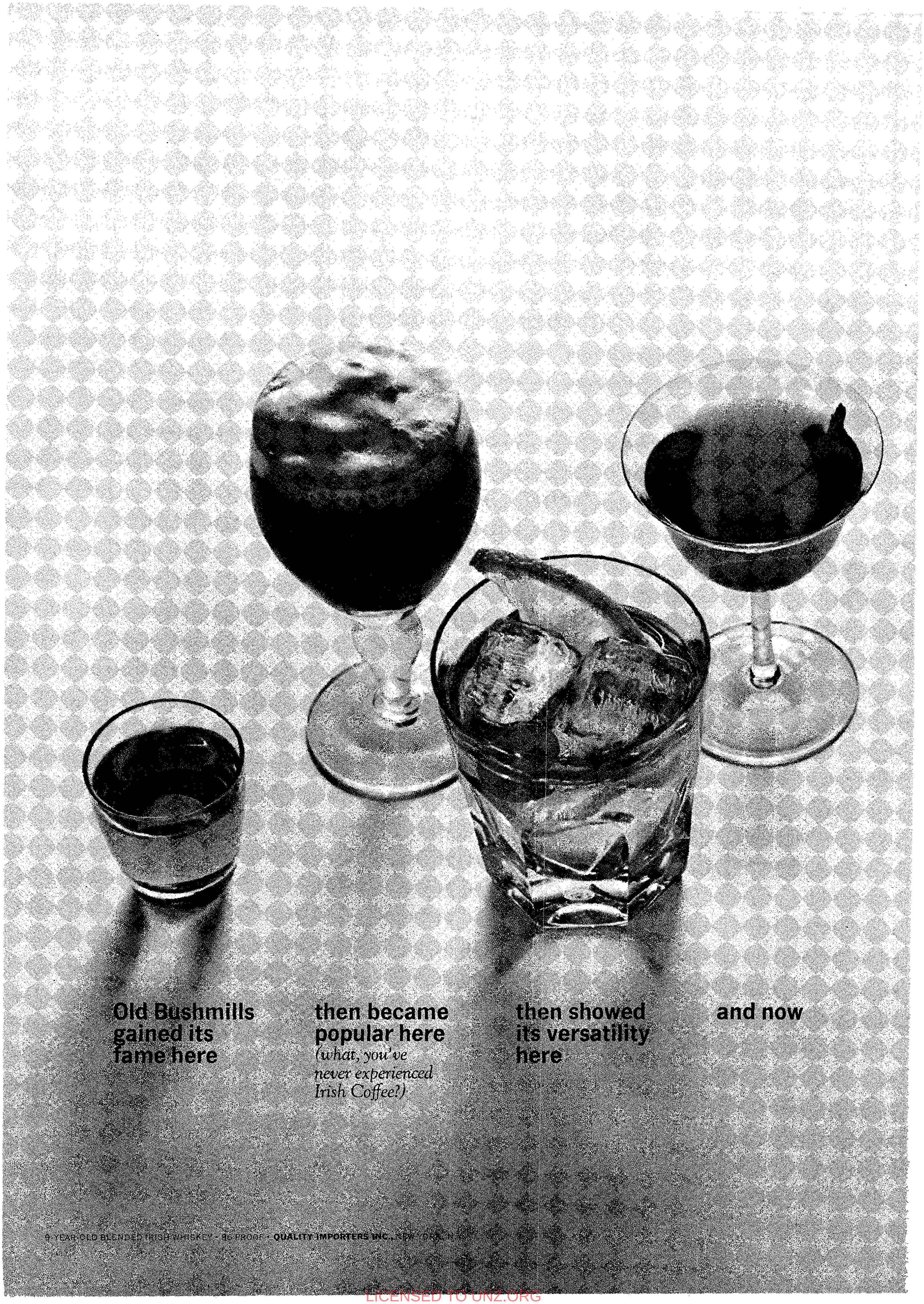
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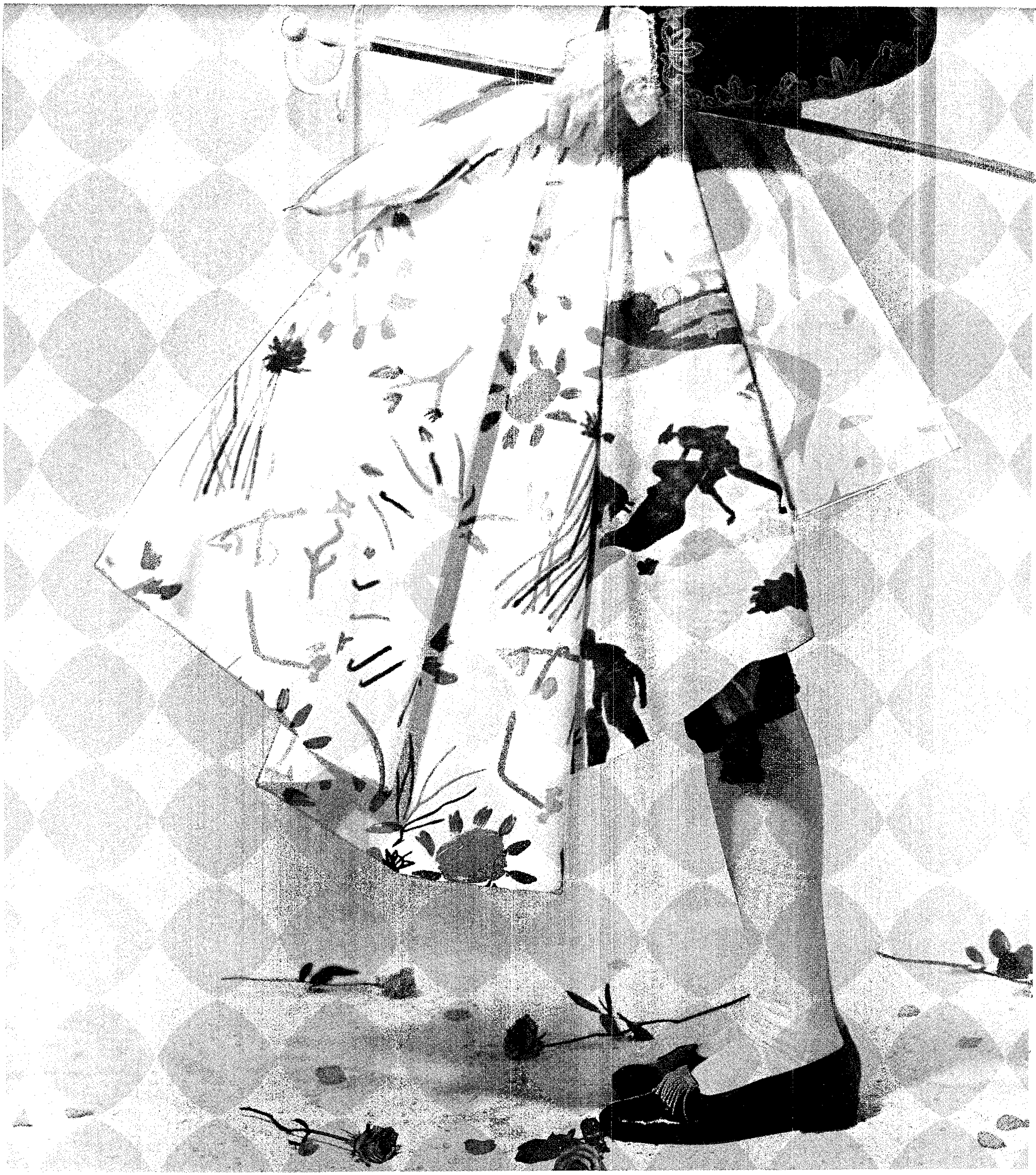

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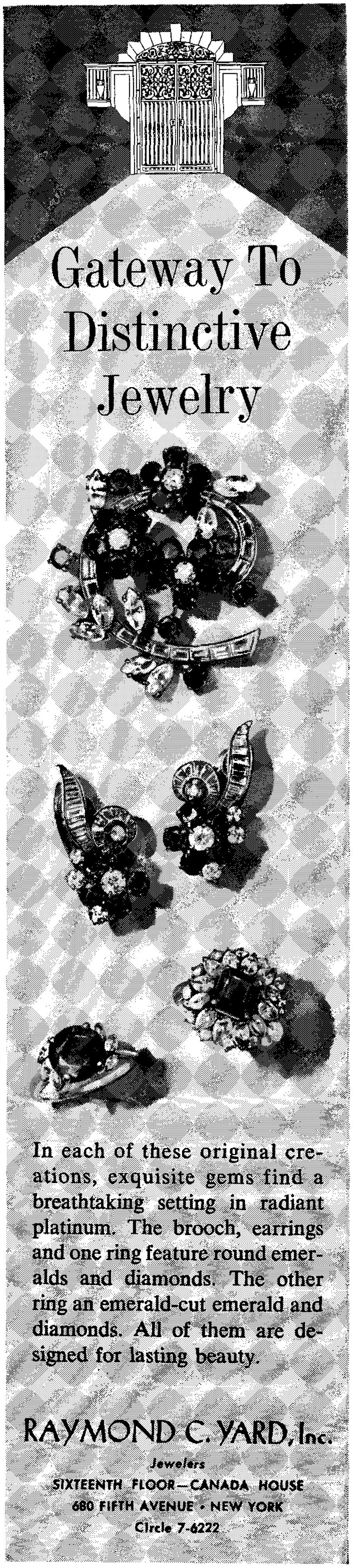
time, had made a speech in which he said that N.A.S.A. would arrange to make rocket vehicles available to private industry, if private industry wanted to pay for them and if N.A.S.A. felt that the experiment involved was in the national interest. The whole electronics industry was now showing an interest in the communications-satellite field, but N.A.S.A., as a fast-growing and increasingly powerful government agency, seemed to be increasingly reluctant to leave active-repeater development to others. (It was, in fact, approaching a decision to put up an active repeater of its own—a decision that was reached in the late summer of 1960.) The mounting complexity of the whole satellite program became even more apparent that July, when Pierce and several other men from Bell and A.T. & T. went down to Washington to testify before the Federal Communications Commission in what was called the "Above-890-Megacycles Case." The hearings had been requested by A.T. & T., which was worried that the F.C.C. would soon license away all microwave radio frequencies in the range best suited to communications satellites—the range between a thousand and sixteen thousand megacycles. As a vivid example of overcrowding in the airwaves, Pierce described to the Commission an incident that had come up during the Echo moon-bounce experiments. The frequency that had been assigned to the transmissions from Holmdel was 960 megacycles. By coincidence, the New Jersey Turnpike Authority's string of nine microwave-relay stations operated in the frequency range of 953 to 960 megacycles, and the station in New Brunswick, just fifteen miles from Holmdel's antennas on Crawford Hill, was set at exactly 959.7 megacycles. When the big dish antenna on Crawford Hill started bouncing signals off the moon, it knocked the New Brunswick receiver off the air. The problem was solved only when the Turnpike officials coöperatively arranged to shift their frequencies around, putting the stations nearest Holmdel at the lower end of the range. (A similar problem arose later with the Garden State Parkway in connection with Telstar. Bell had originally planned to establish its Telstar ground station on Crawford Hill, but found that, by another coincidence, the microwave frequency they had intended to use with Telstar was uncomfortably close to the one assigned to Garden State. With the air around Holmdel becoming so crowded, A.T. & T. decided to build its Telstar ground station in the middle of a forest near Andover,



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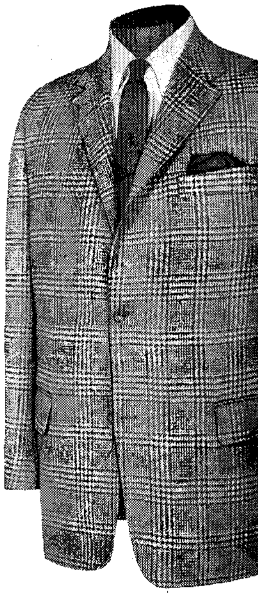

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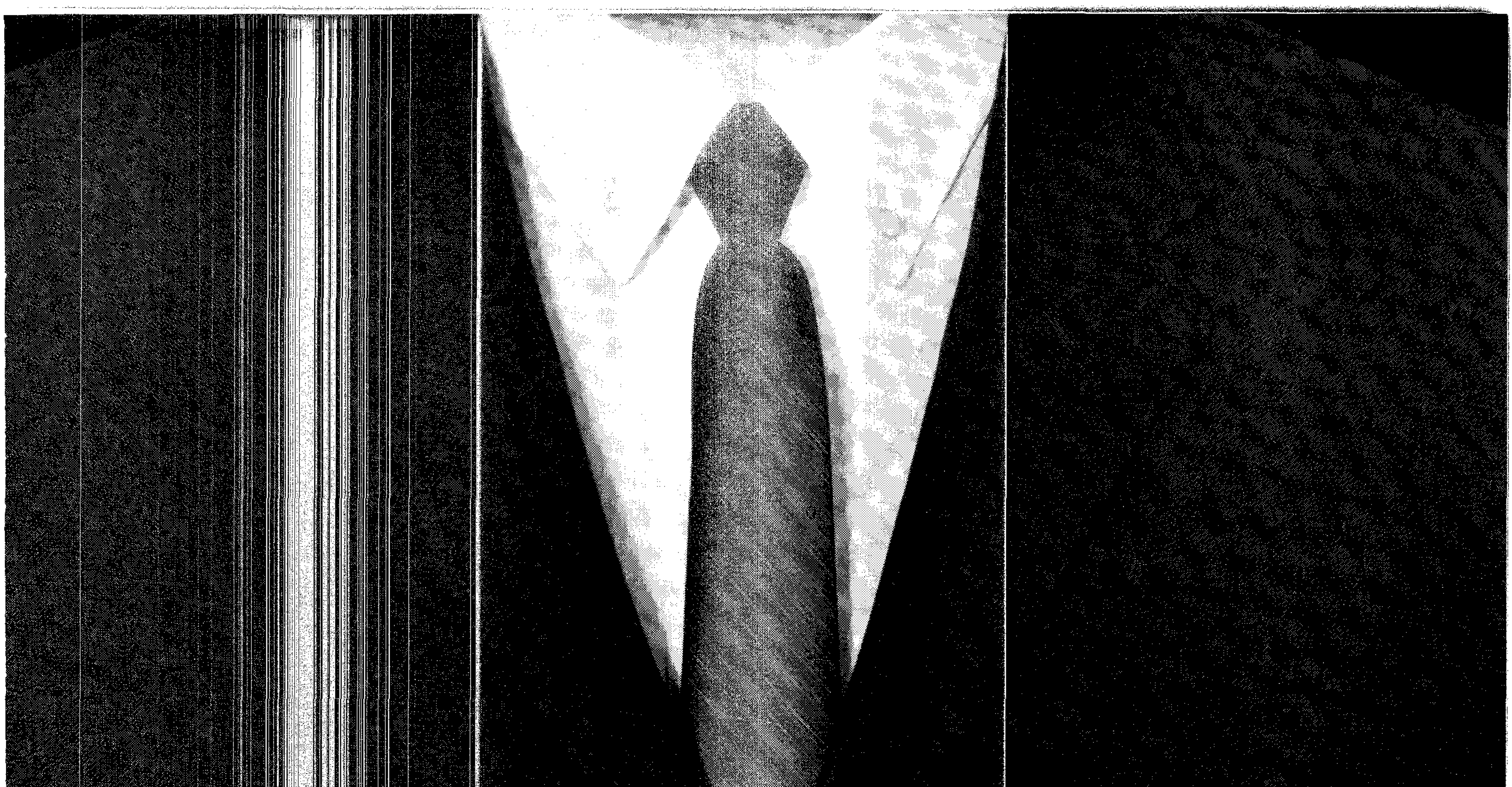
Maine.) The basic dilemma behind all this was a familiar one in our time. A new technology, developing much faster than anyone had anticipated, was creating a whole series of new problems on the political plane. Not only the licensing of microwave frequencies but the entire issue of government vs. private development of space was involved—an issue that was to be bitterly debated during the 1962 Senate hearings on the Satellite Corporation Bill. As usual, while government and business sought to define their roles in the new world of space technology, the scientists went right ahead bringing that world into being.

THE second attempt to launch Echo was set for the early-morning hours of Tuesday, August 9th. The men on Crawford Hill and in Goldstone felt certain of success, provided N.A.S.A. could get the balloon into orbit. A hundred-and-twenty-seven-word taped message from President Eisenhower was in readiness both on Crawford Hill and at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, along with a ninety-eight-word message from Senator Lyndon Johnson. A great many tests had been scheduled for the first few days of the balloon's flight, because at that point no one could be sure that it would last more than a short while. Everyone got ready for a period of intense activity. As it turned out, everyone had to undergo the mounting strain of four nights and two interrupted countdowns. Mechanical problems dogged the Canaveral crew on the first two nights. On the morning of August 10th, the countdown was almost complete, and the gantry crane had moved back from the Delta vehicle, when a technician sweeping up the floor of the gantry found some bits of metal; he took them to the control room, and they were immediately identified as protective caps for the explosive bolts that would release the folded plastic balloon from its magnesium container. Nobody knew whether the bolt caps had inadvertently been left off or whether they were spares, but everyone in the control room did know that without the caps the bolts would rip right through the balloon as they exploded. The launch was postponed for another twenty-four hours. The next day, another postponement was caused by bad weather conditions at the Cape, but soon after midnight on August 12th weather reports from Canaveral were favorable, and hopes again rose in the small, corrugated-iron, equipment-jammed control shack on Crawford Hill. As on the past three nights, Jakes and his crew, along with Pierce,



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Kompfner, and a few other Bell people, showed up at the control shack at around midnight. Their mood was quiet and informal. Pierce, dressed in slacks, an old sweater, and a pair of sandals, did a good deal of rapid pacing, interspersed with cat naps on one of the cots set up in a nearby building; his and Kompfner's work was done, and they were merely fervently interested spectators. Special telephone hookups linked the Holmdel control shack with its counterparts at Goldstone, at Goddard Space Flight Center, and at Cape Canaveral, and a "hot-loop" intercom circuit on Crawford Hill kept Jakes in constant touch with his own outlying technicians—the men on the paraboloid and horn antennas, and the radar and optical tracking crews. Minute by minute, the Holmdel group followed the slow countdown at Canaveral, with its tantalizing holds and resumptions. To help break the tension, the Bell technicians laid modest bets on which of the six possible orbits plotted by N.A.S.A. the balloon would follow.

Liftoff came finally at 5:39 A.M. This time, the launch appeared to be flawless. Thirty-three minutes after the Delta rocket roared off the pad, the magnesium container in its nose exploded and released the folded mass of plastic film; the thirty pounds of benzoic-acid powder inside was warmed by the sun's heat and turned to gas; and the huge sphere inflated to its full size—although it would be a while before anyone could be sure of this. N.A.S.A.'s tracking stations went to work. Trinidad reported that it had picked up the signal from Echo's two tiny solar-powered radio beacons; Johannesburg got it soon afterward. Then there was a long, anxious wait. Everything hung on the next report, from Woomera. If Woomera reported "acquisition," it would confirm that the balloon had inflated properly and gone into orbit. At 7:05 A.M., the report came through: "Woomera has it!" Echo had gone into an almost perfect circular orbit a thousand miles above the earth. It was travelling in excess of sixteen thousand miles an hour, and in just a little over half an hour it would be within line-of-sight range of both the Goldstone and the Holmdel stations for a period of fifteen minutes. At Holmdel, there was no time to savor the enormous relief over the good news from Woomera. Jakes and his men "slaved" the big antennas to the automatic-control system driven by computer data flashed up from Goddard; the drive tape would presumably keep the antennas pointed at the moving target, which Holmdel

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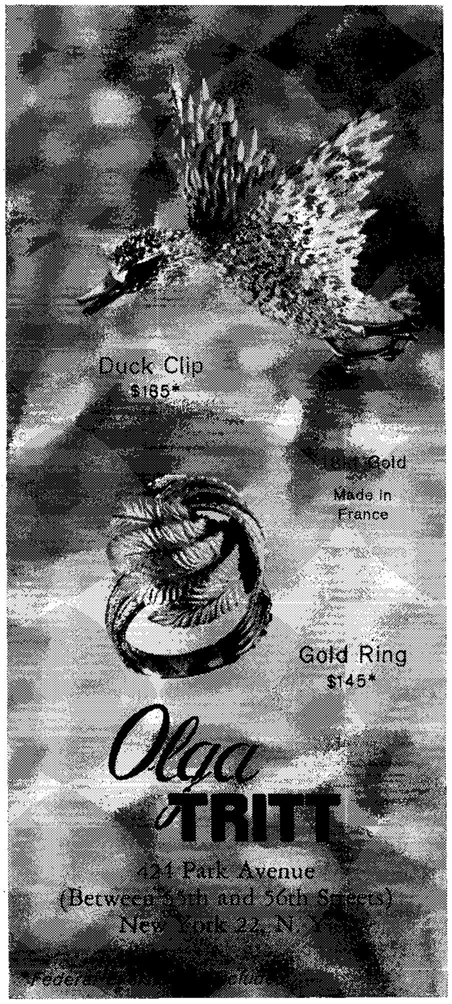

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FRANK GALLANT, NEW YORK 18

unmistakably

Frank Gallant

would not be able to track optically, because it was by then broad daylight in New Jersey. The half hour before the balloon's appearance was tense. Pierce, Kompfner, and the other observers had gone to wait in another shack on the hill; only half a dozen men with specific jobs to do during the pass were left in the control shack. Their conversation (it was recorded on tape) sounded fairly calm, but a quiet fraying of nerves was discernible beneath the surface; when a technician on the horn antenna, giving a foolish answer to what he considered a foolish question, reported that the estimated life span of the maser amplifier was "ten minutes," Jakes nearly exploded. ("I've had enough! I can't take much more!") A telephone line was kept open at all times to Goldstone, where Phil Tardoni, Jakes's opposite number at J.P.L., kept him informed of developments out there. At 7:34, Tardoni reported acquisition of Echo's radio beacon. "They've got it at Goldstone!" Jakes said excitedly. "It looks real good." He ordered that the antenna drive tapes be corrected for a slight change in the satellite's estimated time of arrival—Echo was two minutes late. At 7:41, the Holmdel antennas picked up its signal and began tracking it. As soon as they locked in on the target, Jakes picked up the telephone and told Tardoni to start the taped transmission. Moments later, President Eisenhower's voice could be heard saying, slowly and distinctly, "It is a great personal satisfaction to participate in this first experiment in communications involving the use of a satellite balloon known as Echo. . . ." The President's voice came through with such astonishing clarity that a good many of the men on Crawford Hill assumed it was coming over the open telephone line from Goldstone; not until the transmission was suddenly interrupted by loud static—atmospheric noise as a result of the horn antenna's having temporarily lost the signal—did they realize that they had been hearing a direct radio relay from space.

For a little while afterward, Pierce was about as elated as anyone has ever seen him. He had never doubted for a moment that the experiment would be a success, but to have it succeed so spectacularly, on the very first pass, was something else again. It is now generally agreed that there was a good deal of luck involved in that first pass, particularly since the drive tapes contained several incorrect pieces of data, which twice caused loss of contact with the balloon (Jakes's crew got it back both times by making manual adjustments),

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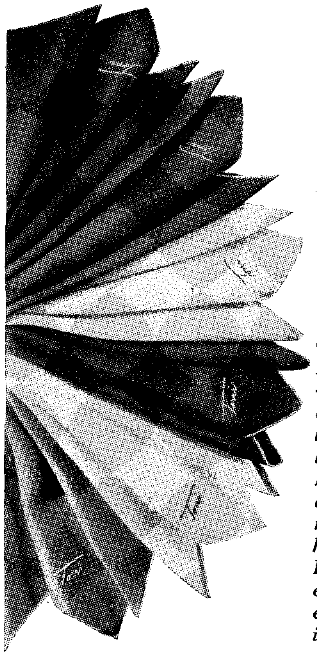

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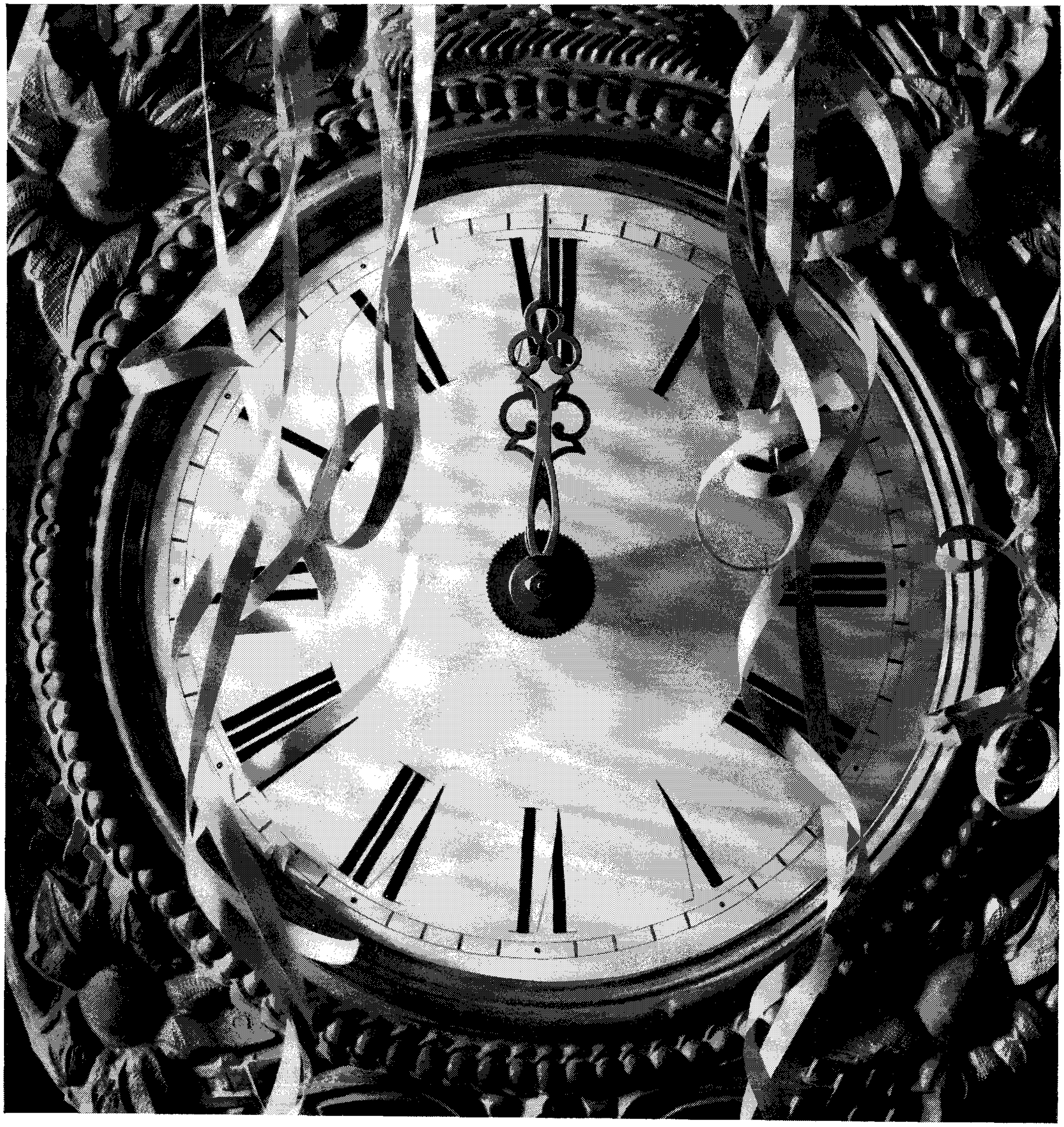

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but the technical achievement was immense in any case. "It was phenomenal," Pierce said at the time. "It surpassed even my expectations." The next day, though, when he was interviewed by the *Times*, he had reverted to a more characteristic tone and would say only that Echo was "something of practical importance."

THE practical importance of Echo was certainly clear to a great many delighted officials at Bell Laboratories, A.T. & T., and N.A.S.A. The intensive series of tests that was carried out during the next few weeks—including many two-way, live-voice transmissions between the East and the West Coasts, clear transmissions of music, and even the sending of facsimile pictures—confirmed beyond any doubt that a satellite could be used for a wide variety of communications purposes. The way was clearly open to the next step—the active repeater. Overnight, communications satellites had become big business.

Pierce's role in the development of Echo's active-repeater successor was more or less that of a godfather. He continued to contribute his knowledge and counsel to the design work, which closely followed the preliminary calculations worked out during the previous three years by LeRoy Tillotson, working in Pierce's department, and in the spring of 1961 he helped to frame Bell's bid to N.A.S.A. for the contract to build the active repeater called Relay—the one that N.A.S.A. had decided to put up on its own. When N.A.S.A. decided to award the Relay contract to R.C.A., the development work at Bell was already so far advanced that A.T. & T. had no hesitation in deciding to proceed with an active repeater of its own—a decision that cost the company fifty million dollars and produced Telstar. Any chagrin that Bell may have felt over losing the Relay contract to R.C.A. was probably dispersed by Bell's success with Telstar, which went up five months before Relay and established itself as the generic communications satellite; many radio and television commentators still refer to Relay as "Telstar," and for a time N.A.S.A. thought of giving its second active repeater, Relay II (scheduled for launching later this year), a new and more memorable name.

Pierce's work at Bell has lately taken him into a number of new fields, some of which seem to have only a remote connection with the advancement of electrical communications. He has become increasingly interested, for example, in language itself, and in the research now being conducted at Bell and elsewhere

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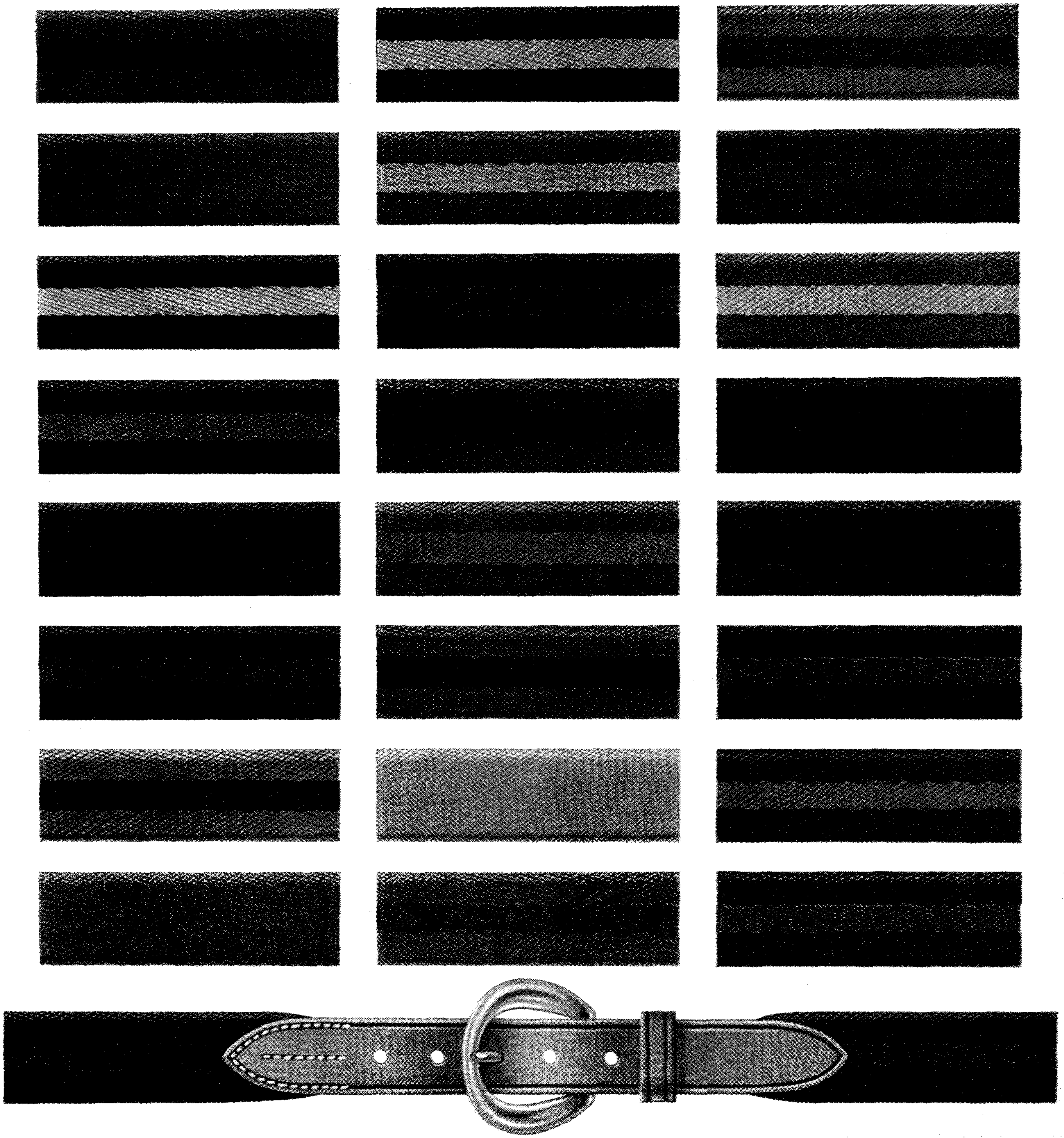

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into the inner nature of what he has called "that most remarkable of all human abilities." He has also been delving into the new language of electronic music, and has even done some composing on a huge I.B.M. 7090 computer at Murray Hill—a process that involves feeding it vast amounts of numerical information having to do with the pitch, frequency, duration, loudness, and so on, of each note, from which the computer then produces a tape. The results are rich and strange and sometimes hilarious, as when the computer was programmed to simulate a male voice singing "A Bicycle Built for Two." Pierce believes that the computer will become significant in music only if it is used by serious composers, and he has accordingly persuaded Bell to take on a serious young composer named James Tenney, who now spends much of his time exploring the almost limitless possibilities of computer sound. The communications principle may be somewhat obscure in this, but, as Pierce has observed, "sometimes it is necessary to rise above principle."

Pierce still retains, of course, a keen interest in the plans for developing a fully operational system of satellite communication. Together with most other Bell scientists, he now feels that the best prospect is a network of from forty to fifty active repeaters similar to Telstars I and II and Relay I, put into random orbit at medium altitude, which would make at least one of them visible at all times from almost any point on earth. He believes that the alternative system, of placing three satellites in twenty-four-hour synchronous orbit—the system now being pursued intensively by N.A.S.A. with its Syncom project—poses some technical problems that may make commercial application extremely difficult, among them the problem of keeping the satellite from drifting out of its precise orbit and the problem caused by the time delay in getting a voice signal up to that 22,300-mile altitude and back. (The delay, of about six-tenths of a second, creates an unpleasant echo that Bell is convinced most telephone users would find intolerable.) Pierce himself, however, is no longer directly engaged in all this. Aside from not being what he calls a "space man," he has always managed to preserve objectivity about communications satellites, which, he points out, are just one more addition to the communications art. "One truly astonishing fact concerning communications is that the new means of communication seldom displace older means, or at least they do

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not displace them completely," he wrote some time back. Radio, television, and the telephone have not driven out books or pamphlets, or even longhand letters, he pointed out, and electrical communication is still carried on by wires strung on poles as well as by microwave relay. Despite the prospective success of Telstar and its cousins, research still goes on at the Laboratories in the improvement of submarine cables. A.T. & T.'s third transatlantic cable, which will go into service late this fall between the United States and Britain, will have a capacity of a hundred and twenty-eight voice circuits—more than three times that of the 1956 cable—and by 1966 A.T. & T. expects to have a transistorized cable with a capacity of seven hundred and twenty circuits. In Pierce's own department at Bell, progress is being made on a new kind of cable system, called Waveguide, which may prove to be even more useful as a broad-band carrier. As always, Pierce is never too busy to give his main interest to the next good idea. "I don't have time to be busy," he says.

—Calvin Tomkins

•

If you are going to be murdered, it may be a satisfaction to know it will probably not be done by a stranger. It will probably be someone in your own household, your own set, or a close friend. It is well not to minimize the ingenuity or the ferocity of your neighbors or friends or relatives. They can be diabolically clever and appear utterly ruthless in seeking their own ends.

The reason you are likely to be murdered is that you may have money that someone else wants or you may have the love and affection of some man or woman that someone else desires. Then again you may own none of these things; you may be sitting in a barber chair and a neighbor gone berserk may walk in and kill you. —*"The Pinkerton Story," by James D. Horan and Howard Swiggett.*

Not if we get him first.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER IN FAIRFIELD COUNTY

[*Memorandum to teachers and administrators from the Superintendent of Schools in Darien, Conn.*]

Instructional Materials Center: The Board approved a recommendation by the Superintendent for a budget transfer which will make it possible to relocate the Instructional Materials Center. Within a short period of time, Mr. Parkinson's headquarters will be moved from the storage closet at Royle to the abandoned shower room at Middlesex Junior High School. Although the space will still be grossly inadequate, the square foot area will be doubled by the move.

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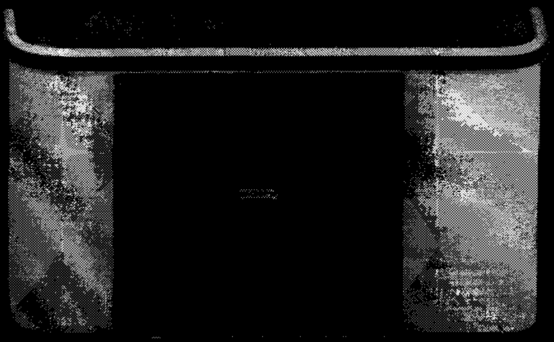

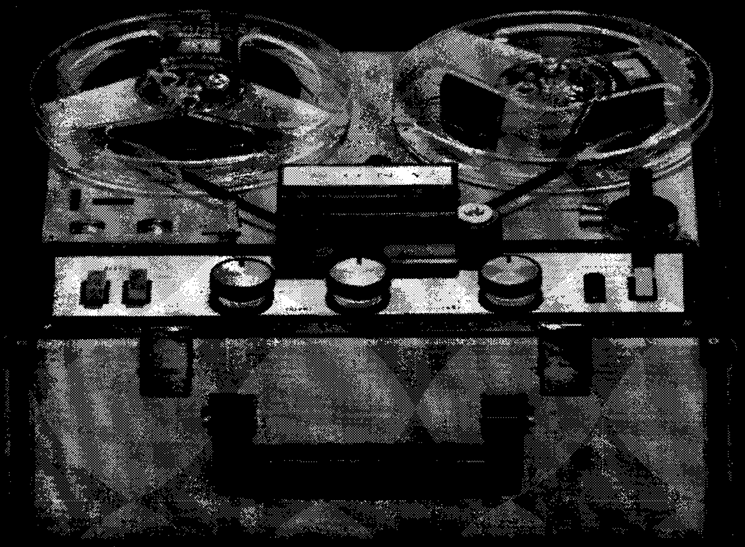

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NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

Some such uneasy sentiments as these have prompted, and are embodied in, a funny and yet ferocious new comedy, called in this country "The Conjugal Bed." Back home in Italy, the picture was known as "The Queen Bee," and it's a pity that, an American movie having already made use of the title, we had to lose its apiary aptness, for though the conjugal bed in question is ample, it's of little intrinsic importance; given the tireless procreative exigence of the heroine, any other surface would have done as well. The picture begins with the capers of a night on the town and ends in a cemetery, and it's a tribute to the confident artistry of the director, Marco Ferreri (who, like so many Italian directors, has also had a hand in the screenplay), that we find it all of a comical piece and are able to laugh—or, rather, are unable not to laugh—even up to the moment when our poor hero, the precise human equivalent of the valiant drone, is seen on his deathbed, victim of the undiagnosed and, in any event, incurable malady of having become a father.

Of the greatest assistance to Mr. Ferreri in turning this cruel conceit into an occasion for almost unbroken merriment is a superb cast, which includes Ugo Tognazzi, as the sacrificial husband; Marina Vlady, as the distant-seeming virgin who, once enthroned in marriage, reveals herself as a fiercely efficient engine of maternity; Walter Giller, Igi Polidoro, and Achille Maieroni, as an assortment of unsexed inhabitants of the queen bee's hive; and Riccardo Fellini, as a friend of the husband and his prospective successor. Hard as it is to imagine Dean Swift at the movies, I can't help thinking he'd have liked this one; it is savage and alive.

FROM France comes "The Suitor," the first feature-length picture by Pierre Etaix, the young man who made a name for himself overnight by writing, directing, and starring in that remarkable short "Happy Anniversary." Mr. Etaix has judiciously ransacked the archives of early American comedy, plucking what he fancies from the work of such founding fathers as Chaplin, Lloyd, Langdon, and Keaton, and, thanks to his being of a much later generation, to his being French, and to his own undoubted talent, he has made something wholly new and delightful out of his magpie gleanings. (Eliot says somewhere, "The immature poet imitates, the mature poet plagiarizes," and this rings true for artists in all mediums.) Mr. Etaix happens to look like Buster Keaton and has wisely chosen to act like him as well, even down to the shy, sliding Keaton gait and the habitual, incessant doffing of headgear under circumstances that in real life would leave little room for politeness. He is again both the director and star of his picture, and has collaborated with J. C. Carrière in writing the screenplay, though "writing" may be, as it always was with Keaton and his giggle of gagmen, too strong a word; what Etaix and Carrière have done is to cobble up a thin little wire of a plot—a well-bred, marriageable *jeune homme,* the despair of his parents because he never so much as looks at a girl, promises to turn over a new leaf, sets out to court every girl he encounters, is unanimously rebuffed, and at last discovers, in his own house, in the person of a pretty Swedish girl who has installed herself there to learn French, the ideal mate—and on this wire they have hung a choice collection of sight gags, nearly all of them as neat and shiny as if they were brand-new, and all, I'm sure, as old as Altamira. Mr. Etaix is on his way to being a very good comedian, and I advise you to make his acquaintance right now. Let me also advise you that he pronounces his name "Ay-tex." When it comes to the pronunciation of proper names, the French will try to make a monkey of you every time.

ONE of the conditions imposed on reviewers attending the current film festival at Lincoln Center—its official billing is "The First New York Film Festival," and it's being sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art and the British Film Institute as well as by the Center—is that they not review the pictures they see, for the very good reason that adverse reviews would jeopardize the commercial value of pictures yet to be sold to distributors. Still, there's no harm in my whispering that, at just past the halfway mark, the festival is proving itself a terrific success, with show after show sold out and crowds storming Philharmonic Hall in garb and mood happily reminiscent of the Yale Bowl.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Her grandmother's precepts included: "A lady never walks on the same side of the street as a gentlemen's club," and "A lady never leaves her front door until her gloves are buttoned." It was this grandmother, a Southerner, who until after the Civil War never picked up anything from the floor; if she dropped a handkerchief, she rang for a slave to retrieve it.

This implies a background of a special quality, not ostentatious, but full of good things and frequented by people of some distinction.—*Book review in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Aw, what's the matter with a little ostentation?

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer Journal*]

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

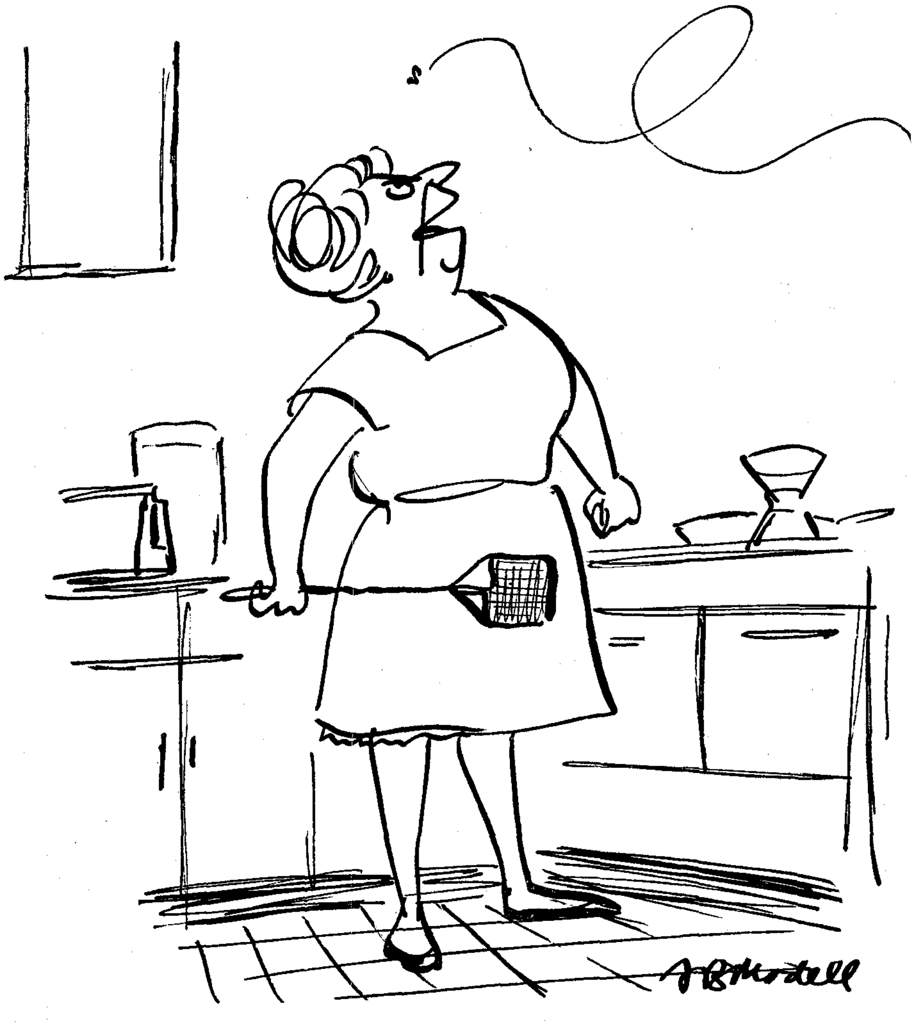
FEMININE FASHIONS

FURTHER perusal of the situation affords me no reason to make any alterations (even though in my case alterations are always free) in the analysis contained in my market letter of last week—adaptations of men's modern headgear are strong among our custom milliners, but a number of investors are switching back to revivals of the wily charms of an earlier age of coquetry; romance in all departments is showing solid gains. Adolfo, as always, is addicted to boyish caps, and a mention of "Jackie" around his salon is likely to refer, for once, to a certain Master Coogan. Adolfo has done all sorts of big, bloused caps with deep, sidewise visors, and for them he has used tweeds, often with a bit of mohair for fuzz. Many of his berets have matching fringed pompons (some are as much as four inches across) on top, and fringed scarves can be ordered to boot. All kinds of tweed are on hand, but one is urged to bring a hunk, so that one's suit can be matched. I think that matching can be overdone to the point of being self-conscious, but Adolfo disagrees. My preference would be something like the suède Adolfo with a little bow above the visor. At Vincent-Harmik, I saw a jaunty little polo cap with a round crown of red felt and a visor of black antelope. The helmets of the Crusaders are a Vincent-Harmik notion for freezing weather; his hood of gray squirrel (which looks just great) extends downward in an oblong in back, and two points come forward to hook under the chin, sweetly caressing the cheekbones in the process. Mr. John's deep hoods go over the head and down at the sides to the shoulder tips, or even below. They, too, graze the cheekbones, and they end up by crossing on the chest. They're made not of chain mail but of his pet stitched-all-over tweeds or of such furs as possum, wolf, and mink. In sable, they're real dolls, which they should be for $3,000. The flirt of the fall is Mme. Coquette herself, Lilly Daché, who makes Brontë Sisters bonnets, arched high in front, narrow down the cheeks, and tying under the chin. They manage to be fascinating even in taupe tweed, but I infinitely prefer the one I saw in black velours with a brown satin chin-strap effect and double layers of ruffled black horsehair flaring all around the face, the way a baby bonnet does. A brand-new stunt of hers with the kerchief is called Tri-Tie. A half hat set on a base gives height in front; the kerchief is superimposed, with two points going out behind the ears, as on the Sphinx, and the third point floating in back. I loved it in black suède, but it looks good, too, in a variety of fabrics and furs.

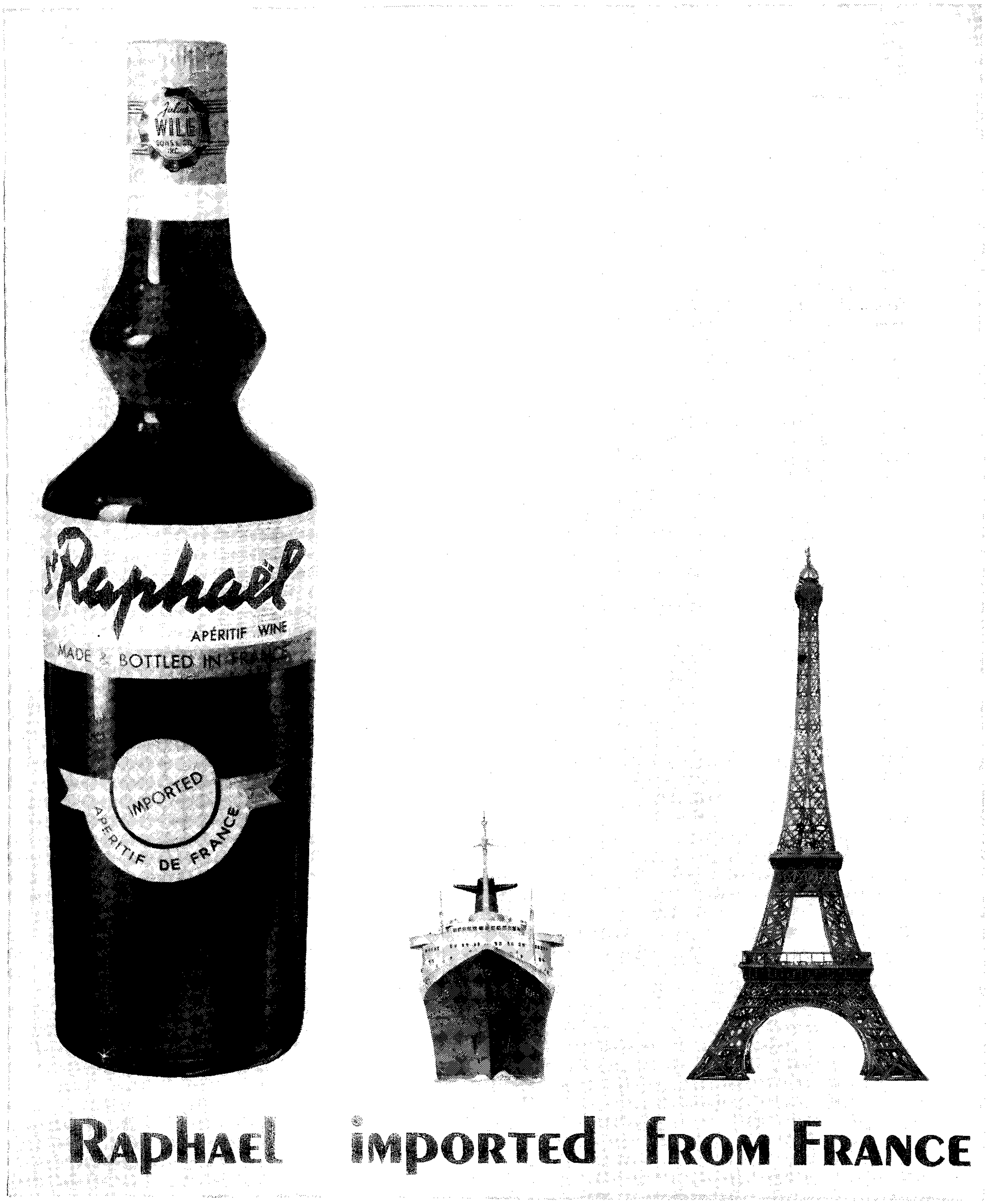
But let us on to full details of the salons I have visited:

AT Adolfo, dashing males, from Robin Hood to General Montgomery, are dominant. Monty's beret, shown in felt, is slammed way down on one side; a feather ornament or a medal or a cocarde perches on the edge on the opposite side. Black-and-white guinea feathers adorn one Monty, of black felt, and an eagle insigne appears on one in navy. Robin Hood is represented by a velvet job with long feathers. Among Adolfo's low-crowned tailored hats are felt hiking ones, with medium brims turned up in back, and padre ones, with wide brims curled up slightly at the sides. His reversible fur-and-fabric hats are perpetual; the current presentation, shown in Autumn Haze mink and taupe suède to match, is a sort of turban cap, down on the ears and bloused above. Brimmed fur hats (*not* reversible) occur, too, and there's a reversible one with kit fox forming the big, turned-back brim and the square, high crown and with tan gabardine for the facing. Adolfo, too, is aware of the Crusades, but his approach to the chain-mail gear becomes thoroughly feminine as evening arrives; he puts a ciré bow on top of the head, and veiling comes down all around it as far as the shoulders, leaving an oval opening for the face. He also tries this in a Paisley challis, with a few sequins and little beads scattered about.

LAST week, I was talking about the trend to smaller turbans, but Lilly Daché, the ruler of the turban roost, is not abandoning her mammoth



"Prepare to meet thy maker!"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ones. Some are a foot high, though the fact that they slant backward, Nefertiti style, or topple over sidewise keeps them from looking that tall. The Nefertiti ones, all round-and-round folds of suède, are my favorites. Daché's Topsy Turvy turbans may be of purple satin falling over to port or starboard, where they end in a disc. Like everyone else, she loves swashbuckling hats curled up at one side and stabbed by a pheasant feather, as well as small hacking hats, in suède or felt or wools, for tailored clothes. On these last, the little brims dip down in front, and on the round crowns there are tucks spraying out from the top, like wedges of pie; one version has ear flaps. But Daché doesn't stray from the feminine for long; soon she's back at snoods for every time of day in every possible substance, from black fox to chenille-dotted black veiling that dangles in back nearly to the waistline. And wholly female is her evening triangle of black brocade with a coronet of pink, yellow, and green roses across the top. This is to be tied either front or back.

MR. JOHN is a law unto himself. In a season when everyone else is tilting, he wants his hats to be mostly worn straight, but he *is* conforming in the matter of tweeds, for his collection is the tweediest I have seen. His tweeds are stitched in parquet patterns to make them malleable. He is still in favor of very deep crowns and of brims slanting over the eyes; often, only the tip of the nose shows in profile. (You have to be quite a woman not to be overpowered by many of these hats.) The giant crown of a stitched tobacco tweed is two towering ovals stitched together at the sides, and the brim slants down. (The whole thing is repeated in Persian lamb, dyed purple, sea green, or beige, perhaps, or bleached white, and ornamented with tapestry ribbon bands.) Hats of mottled gray tweeds may be flecked with tiny steel beads here and there. Some of the all-of-one-piece hats are like berets in back, and they project way forward, in visors, but the visors have a nice arch, like scoop bonnets. These, too, sit straight on the head. More tweed, this time stitched to resemble corrugated hand knit, makes deep, pointed stocking caps. Tilting is not absolutely forbidden by Mr. John; his felt hats that are rolled back on one side *do* slant. Wide edgings of massed beading are part of this course—jet on black felt, say, or gold braid and steel beads on blond beaver. Beads likewise sparkle on fur hats; tiny brilliants dot a deep-

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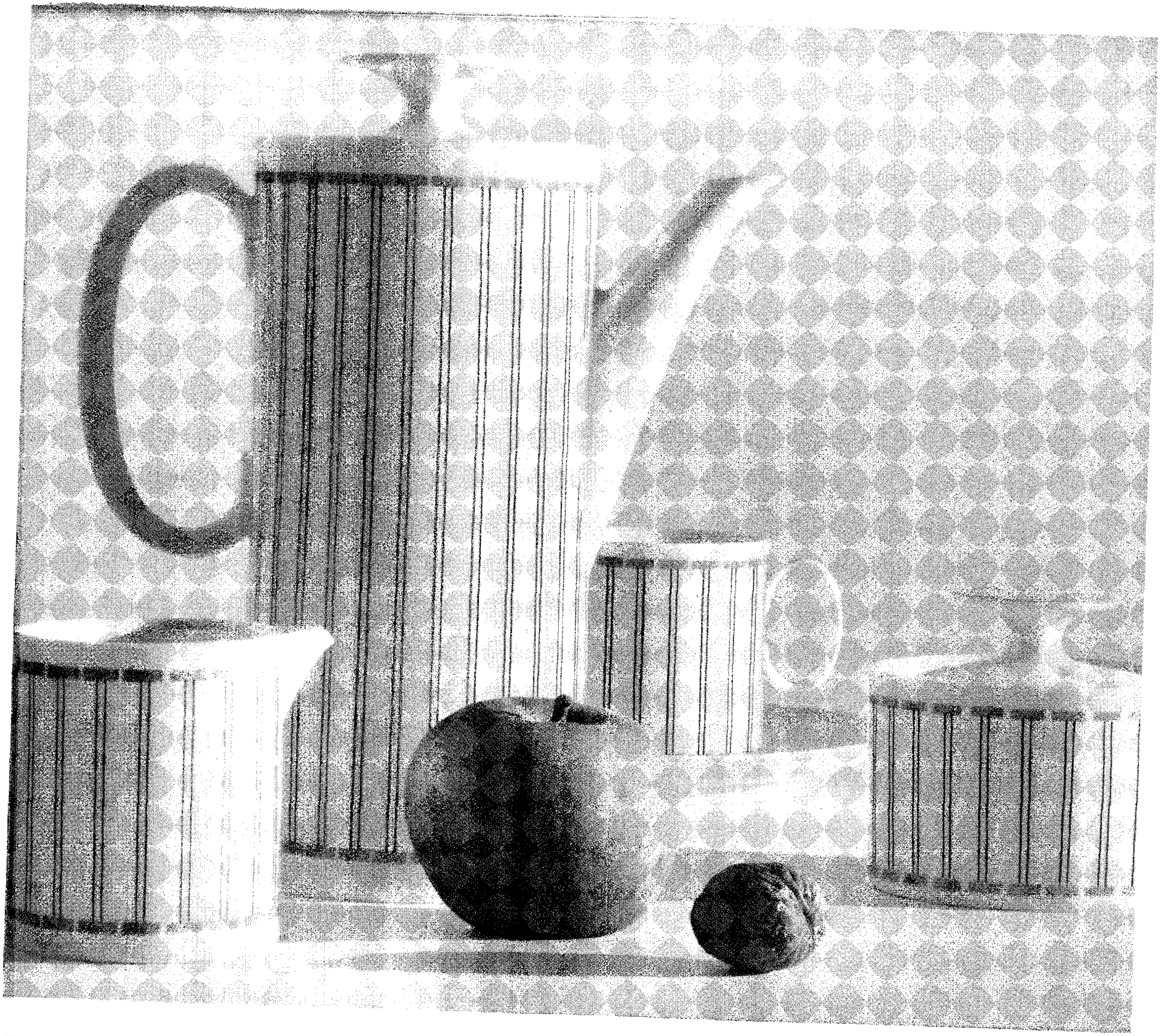

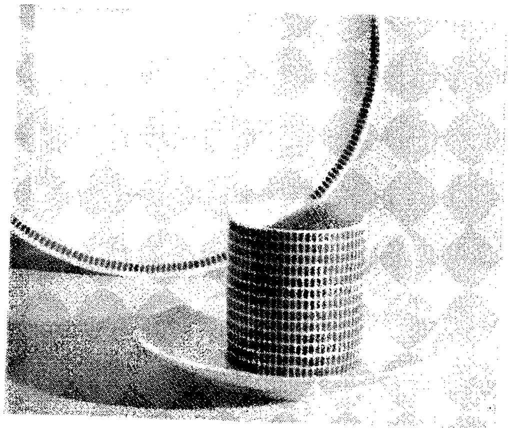

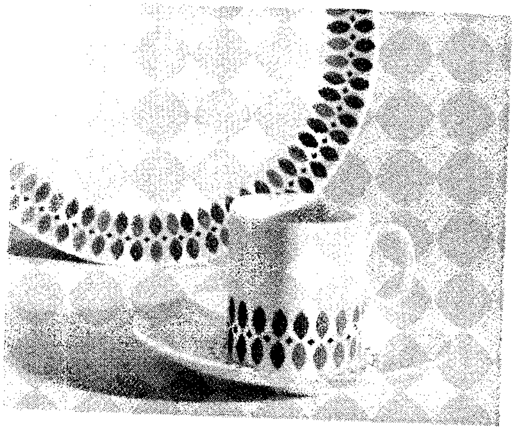

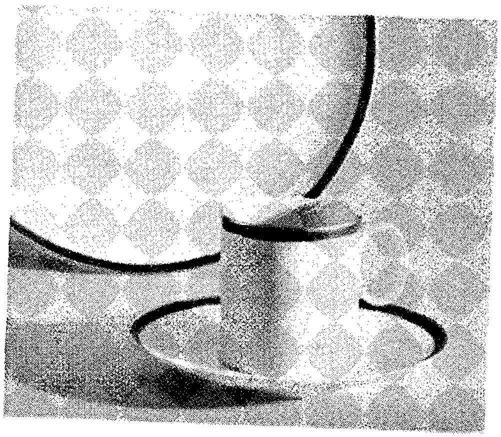

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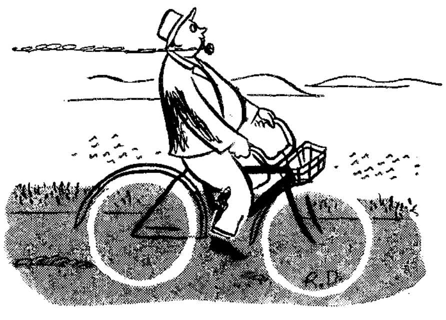
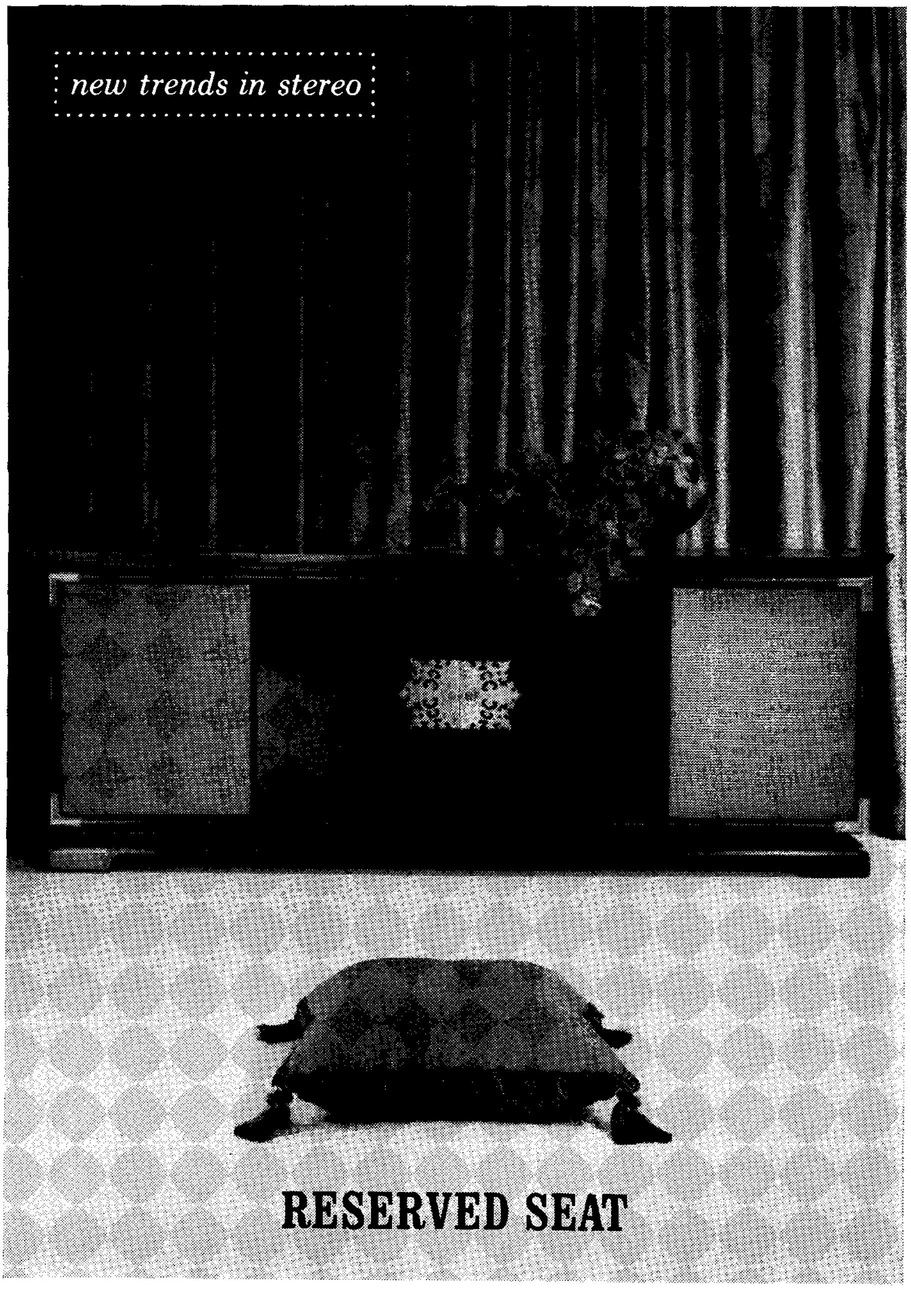
crowned, big-brimmed hat of Himalayan cat, which has a hint of jaguar in its ancestry. Mr. John's evening fantasies involve a lot of ostrich, usually in wisps, probably because of his interest in Goya this season—lace over the hair is tied on the nape in Goya style and a conical pillbox sits on top; a hat that is merely a black lace kerchief wears one point down on the forehead and ties the two others under the chin, and bits of black ostrich and an occasional rhinestone (*that* part is not very Goya, though) are in evidence. Another deal is sheer vamp—jet fringe, four inches deep, down over the eyes and the nape, with an attached mobcap of net to match your hair.

THE variety at Vincent-Harmik is stupendous for such a tiny place, and I admired just about everything, so I'll proceed at random. Fur is new here, but it is handled with old-timer skill. A knockout of Somali leopard has a snug, deep band above the face, and the big beret that is superimposed on it becomes a halo when the hat is worn toward the back, or a chef's hat when it's perched on top of the head. Civet cat makes a floppy double-brimmed chapeau whose crown is a quantity of pie-shaped sections of the fur mounted on black capeskin; Royal Bengal tiger is the essence of a tall toque turban with an envelope zigzag fold up the front. As for leather, I found a terrific bubble turban in white, with two bands of crushed black capeskin moving up to cross in front. And for romance, there's the revival of George Sand's era in a hat of maroon felt with a tall, square crown and a little brim that is curled up at the sides; it's faced with black silk and piped with black velvet, and heavy black veiling with a two-inch mourning edge goes tight across the face. Masculine hats are made tender by some fascinating fabrics—French corduroy in a python print for one homburg, black Bianchini satin printed in pheasant colors for a small derby, and hand-woven Irish tweed in autumn-leaf colors for other homburgs. Wildness and delirium are accommodated, too; an ice-cream cone of black velvet is perched down on one brow, and the Ultimate in the ker-





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Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

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Beaujolais	*Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Montrachet	*Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent	*Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge	*Prance Rouge*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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chief goes over it—absolutely huge, and made of curly black ostrich.

CHANDA, a famous small-hat man, adheres to familiar shapes like the cloche, the roller, and the pillbox; it is the surface of these that he uses for fascination, as in his ancient trick of imprisoning feathers under veiling or tulle. This season's new twist is using flat feathers. Shocking, royal, and blue-green ones make, for instance, a tiny cloche with a big crown; other feathers, in chrysanthemum colors like yellow and rust, are massed all over a small bowler. Sometimes barnyard feathers are assembled to produce a feral look, as of leopard or zebra, and he drapes curly ostrich, pressed flat, over things. He is also artful about jewelling. This time, he has lots of jewelled Paisleys, with which he has made—among other affairs—an evening pillbox. Its royal or emerald background is dotted with tiny pearls and sequins and swathed by royal or emerald veiling. Other nonsense involves using black sequins the size of pennies to make polka dots on the brown wool jersey of a small roller. Plenty of camel-color felt skirting (very fine indeed) is about the premises, and one brimmed hat of it, stitched all over, is flecked with delicate green and brown feathers that give the illusion of dry flies. More felt skirting, now tan or charcoal, appears, covered with oblong satin patches in a contrasting color—brandy and black on charcoal, say—on other hats.

I WAS speaking last week about *really* snug little caps that can snuggle down inside mammoth collars and keep the people behind you at the theatre happy, but it took Tatiana, of Saks Fifth Avenue, to snatch babies bald-headed for the benefit of grownups. Her baby caps don't boast as much as a ruffle, but one of black satin, with the obvious tie under the chin, *does* have a long rhinestone tassel descending from above one ear in a way that is scarcely infantile. Others come in pink mohair, unlined and unadorned, or (for evening) in black velvet with black braid pompons all over the top. When she gets around to tweeds, she makes berets on deep bandeaux that can completely cover the hair or expose quite a bit of it. Their fullness is pushed back like a halo, or pulled over sidewise, like—well, like a beret. Also for evening are her Wash Day hats, to rescue you when even your wig is at the hairdresser's; these are usually transparencies on stiff net foundations. Tan veiling with gold traceries on it makes one of them—a very round

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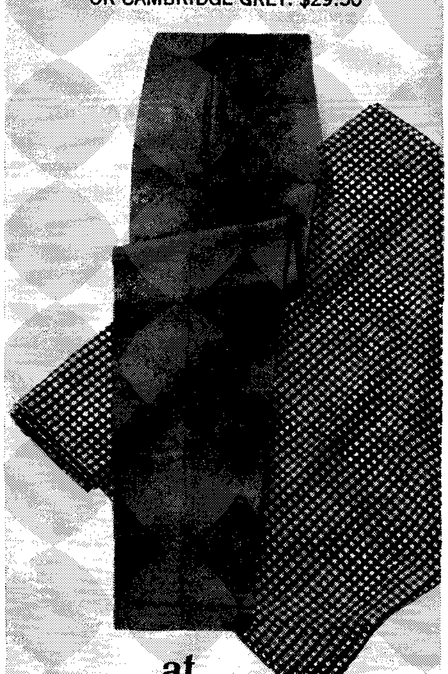

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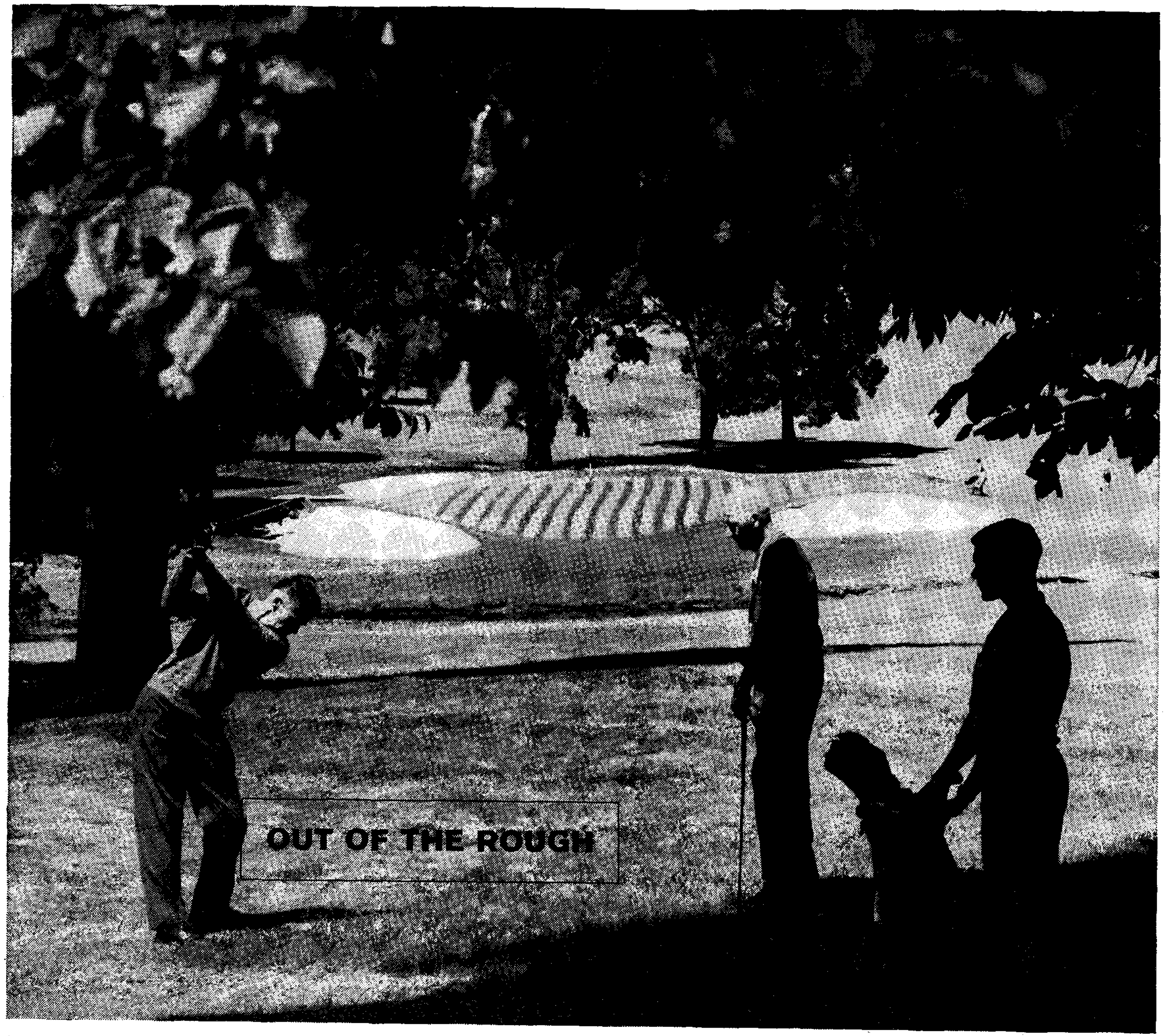

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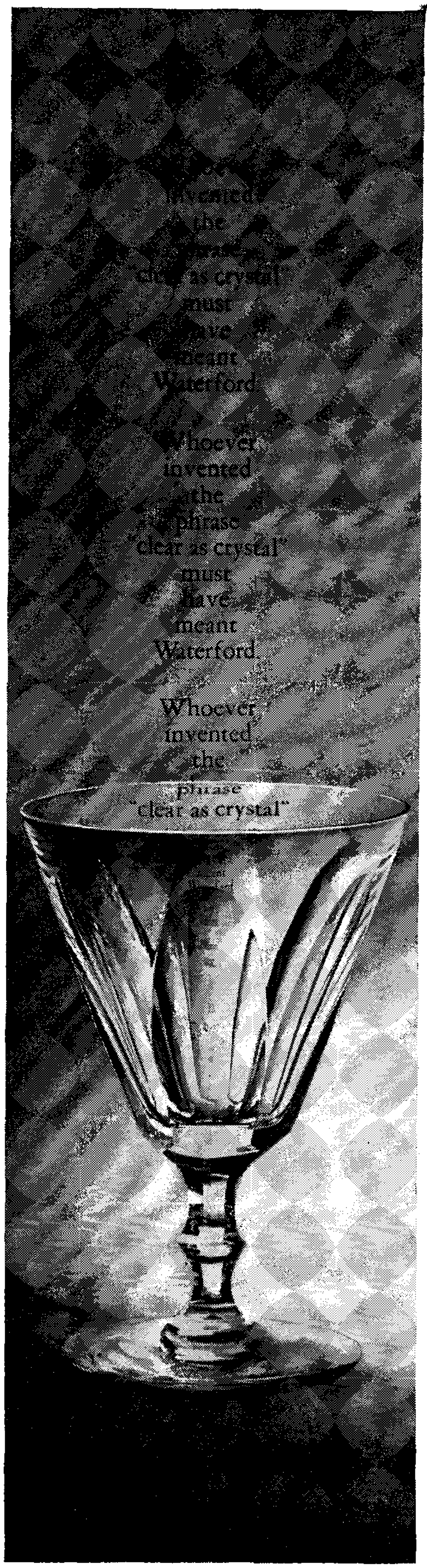
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Whoever invented the phrase "clear as crystal" must have meant Waterford
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hat; black net embroidered in black soutache makes a cap with a vast black satin bow across the back to silhouette the head. Tatiana's dealings with furs leave them supple, with no reinforcements, no lining, *nossing* (and I quote). Somali leopard is the fur of a hat with jersey facing on the rolled-back brim; white mink does a hat of the same sort, with a crown of black mink. Baby bonnets influence the way she uses nutria in a hat that arches around the face and then slants back to end in a flat bonnet circle with a pompon in the middle.

If, after all this, you still want to purloin your son's toboggan cap merely to keep your head warm on frigid days, I have labored in vain. —Lois Long

•

SHADOWPLAY

Dead to the world, I was cast back
to move again among familiar shapes.
The state where I had been
cannot be described. There were
no objects there, but in
full strength and in pure form
the presence that takes speech
and mind away when feelings
are stirred by a person's momentary stay,
pale as early evening in the door.

I knew when I was back it was
not nothingness had held me there.
That part in me which bears
no semblance to my body's line
on paper or in falling light
was then about to be received
like a cloth brought to be laid
across arms wide as space
by a love gentler than air,
and voices, voices behind clouds.

Not yet allowed, some forces dark
and fleeting came and drew me back—
from high walks where structures hold
all time and things that pass—
back to shadows that glide across
the shadows of my hands,
back to the movement of clouds,
the light at dark, the noted hush,
the moment of the figure in the door,
back to my repeated efforts among
the things where I have walked before.

—Arthur Gregor

•

A woman bar operator, wounded in what appeared to be an accidental shooting, was reported in what apparently was an Hospital today after stomach surgery.
—*New Orleans States & Item.*

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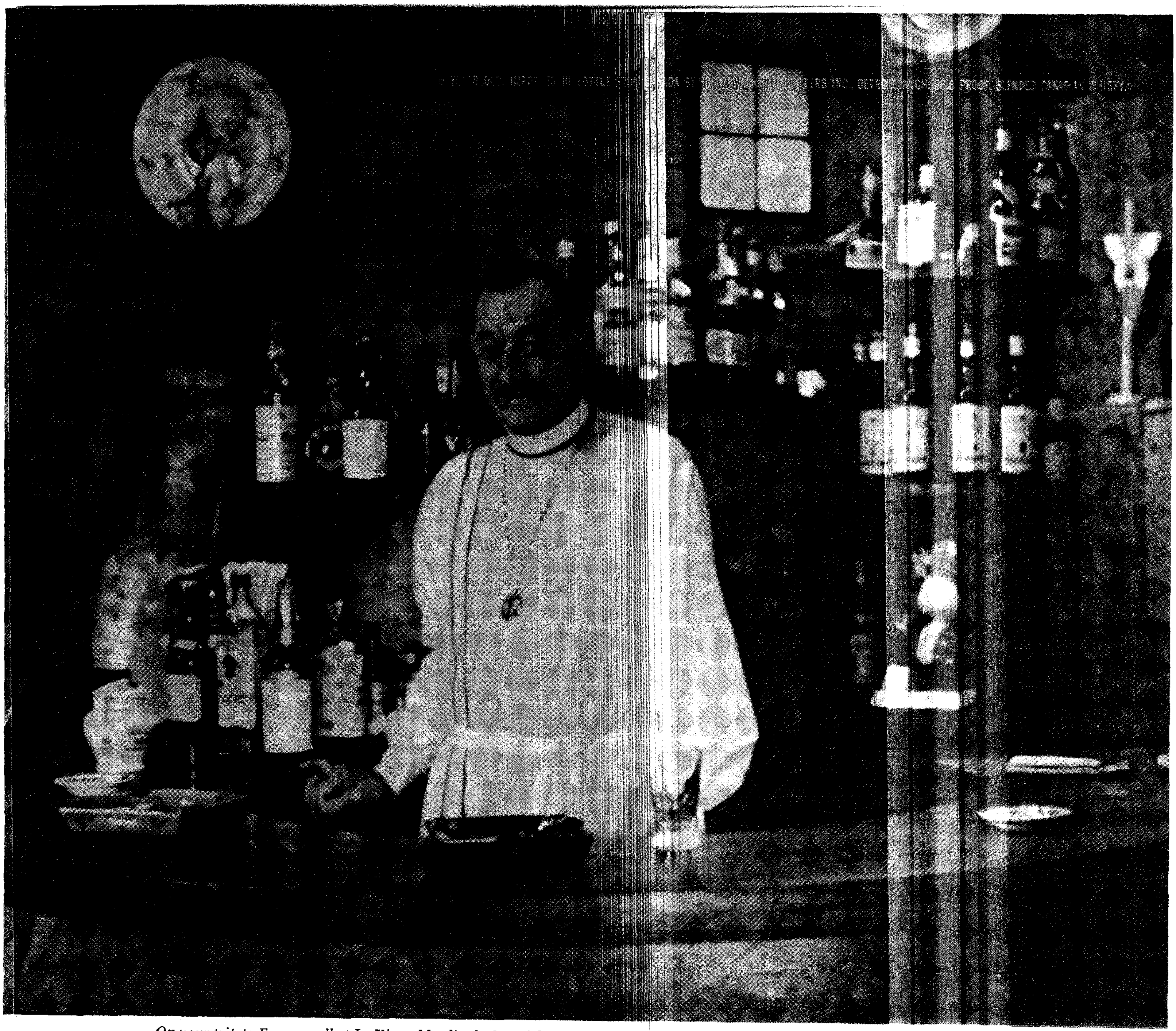

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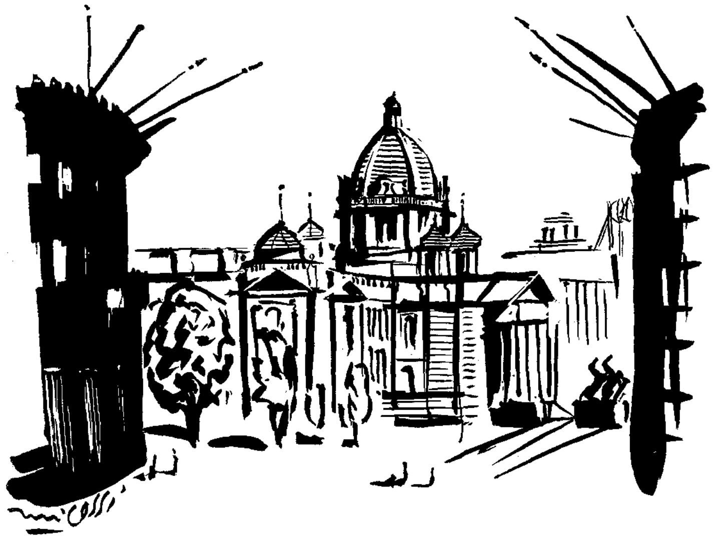
LETTER FROM BELGRADE

A TRAVELLER'S first impression of the capital of Yugoslavia is likely to vary a great deal, depending on how he gets here. Anyone arriving in Belgrade by plane is likely to be much impressed by the air terminal, a magnificent new, ultramodern structure of glass and steel, with a glassed-in fountain and a beautiful floor of the sort of dark Herzegovinian marble that was favored by the great Yugoslav sculptor Ivan Mestrović. If the traveller chooses to come by car over the Autoput, the modern highway that runs from the Italian-Slovenian border, in the northwest, almost to the Macedonian border with Greece, he approaches the city through Novi Beograd (New Belgrade), a vast, unfinished movie set of futuristic skyscrapers, separated from Belgrade by the Sava River, which joins the Danube near the center of the capital. After crossing the Sava, he arrives in the twenty-five-hundred-year-old city proper, which was the ancient Celtic Singidunum and is still a blend of various civilizations—a place where men in peasant costume lean against black Mercedes-Benzes, and where haggling goes on in the market place just as it did in the days when the famous shots were fired in Sarajevo. If the traveller arrives on the Balkan Express, as I did on this trip, he will have a still different impression. Despite its glamorous name, the Balkan Express—which I boarded at Vienna, its western terminus, and which ultimately reaches Istanbul, by way of Sofia—consists of a rather shabby assortment of superannuated coaches and a couple of sleeping cars that may have seen the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire. My fellow-travellers would have made a fine cast for any Eric Ambler film—several *femmes fatales* (they turned out to be the wives of Balkan diplomats); a short, elderly gentleman in a long camel's-hair coat, who was accompanied by two young girls (they turned out to be not his nieces); some unshaven conspiratorial types arguing in unidentifiable Balkan dialects; and the inevitable German businessmen, with *korrekt* faces and black briefcases, whom one meets everywhere these days in the Balkans. Along the way, the train picked up cars from Belgium, France, Germany, and points north, so by the time it was approaching Belgrade it was very long. It was then being pulled by a powerful diesel locomotive, which, the conductor proudly told me, had been built in the United States, by General Motors, and had been bought by Yugoslavia "with dollars;" that is, the transaction was trade, not aid. At the Belgrade railroad station, also a movie set, but one with the old Balkan flavor, two suspicious characters offered me mysterious hotel rooms "with entertainment," and my taxi-driver, who looked like an old-time anarchist, didn't bother to turn on his meter, telling me flatly that the short ride to the Metropol Hotel, where I had a reservation, would be five hundred dinars. But he was friendly, and, after all, five hundred dinars is only sixty-six cents. A late-afternoon fog made Belgrade look less attractive than usual—and Belgrade isn't a beautiful city even on a perfect day. It has been destroyed thirty-three times in its turbulent history, and so-called "old" buildings in town—there are no more than a dozen—date back only a little more than a hundred years. Soon after I reached my hotel, darkness fell, and the fog became as impenetrable as any in London, with an accompanying odor that Londoners are spared—a peculiarly poisonous-smelling distillation of auto-exhaust fumes and smoke from the very soft local coal.



The next morning, the fog had cleared, and from my window I saw a new park and the façades of many modern houses that I did not recall from my last visit, four years ago. Later that day, I drove around the city with an old Yugoslav friend. Tall buildings were going up everywhere, and particularly in the suburbs. The Yugoslavs have developed a fondness for baby skyscrapers, ten or twelve stories high—they call them "*soliteri*," because many of them stand alone in the midst of low, ramshackle old houses—and put them up even in small towns, where there is plenty of space and no need for such buildings. The younger architects, who are clearly under the influence of their Italian counterparts across the Adriatic, design the skyscrapers with large windows, sun terraces, and gaily colored balconies—nothing like the depressing gray blocks so prevalent in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Russia. The *soliteri*, I learned, by no means encourage solitariness. My guide, who lived in one and considered himself lucky despite its drawbacks, told me that the walls were so thin he could ordinarily hear not only what his next-door neighbor was saying on the telephone but also what the people on the other end of his neighbor's line were saying. Housing is still a major problem here, though the government has unfrozen the former artificially low rents, which my friend called "an unsuccessful Socialist adventure." He added that he must pay twenty thousand dinars a month for his three-room apartment. That's less than thirty dollars, but it is almost the average monthly salary of a Yugoslav worker.

Although Belgrade is situated at the confluence of two rivers, until recently it had not occurred to anyone here that its beauty could be enhanced by its waterfrontage, as that of Dresden is by the Elbe, that of Budapest by the Danube, and that of Paris by the Seine. Now, in addition to brand-new riverport installations along the Danube (which prompted my friend to talk hopefully of duty-free goods from abroad and cheap Scotch whiskey), parks, recreation grounds, new bridges, and a superhighway are being built. "I'm a little tired of being told that Belgrade is only an overgrown village," said my companion. "It's already a city, and someday it may be a *beautiful* city." We crossed a new bridge to Novi Beograd, which is eventually supposed to house more than a million people, as well as all of the principal government

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offices. Now about a hundred thousand people live there, in skyscraper apartments surrounded by supermarkets (copied from one the United States set up at an exhibition in Zagreb several years ago), large playgrounds, and wide avenues. Novi Beograd's tallest structure, which is now under construction, will be twenty-seven stories high and will house the headquarters of the Central Committee of the League of Communists of Yugoslavia.

Novi Beograd may one day be spectacular, my friend said, but even so he wouldn't want to live there. "Too modern, too cold, too impersonal," he explained. He is what I would risk calling a *representative* Yugoslav (or perhaps I should say Serb, since he belongs to this predominating local strain): honest and friendly. Americans who have lived in Western Europe, where honesty and friendliness sometimes seem to be considered a trifle gauche, often find the Yugoslavs a refreshing change. An American woman who in recent years had moved from Paris, where she had had to put up with what seemed to her outright hostility on the part of her neighbors, to Rome, where apathy was the keynote, came to live in Belgrade and was understandably pleased when the Yugoslav woman who lives next door to her paid her a call, asked if she could be of help in any way, and invited her over for coffee. (The coffee date was set for a time some months later—a fact that puzzled the American woman, until she found out that her neighbor could afford to heat only one room in her house and did not want her guest to come until the weather was warm.)

The generally prevalent honesty and friendliness of the Yugoslavs can on occasion be counteracted by a certain tendency toward furtiveness and truculence—traits inevitably nurtured during a long history of conspiracy and rebellion. Conspirators tend to be bad at public relations, and the Yugoslavs rather cheerfully admit to a propensity for saying things that irritate their enemies and dismay their friends. The coffeehouses on Terazije, Belgrade's main avenue, are no longer hangouts for plotters of political assassinations, but men still sit around there in small groups trying to look as sinister as possible while they whisper stories that are locally unprintable for political reasons or unprintable anywhere for the usual reasons. In the former category is the definition of a sardine which I heard in one coffeehouse—"a whale that has gone through all phases of Socialization." Aside from functioning as centers

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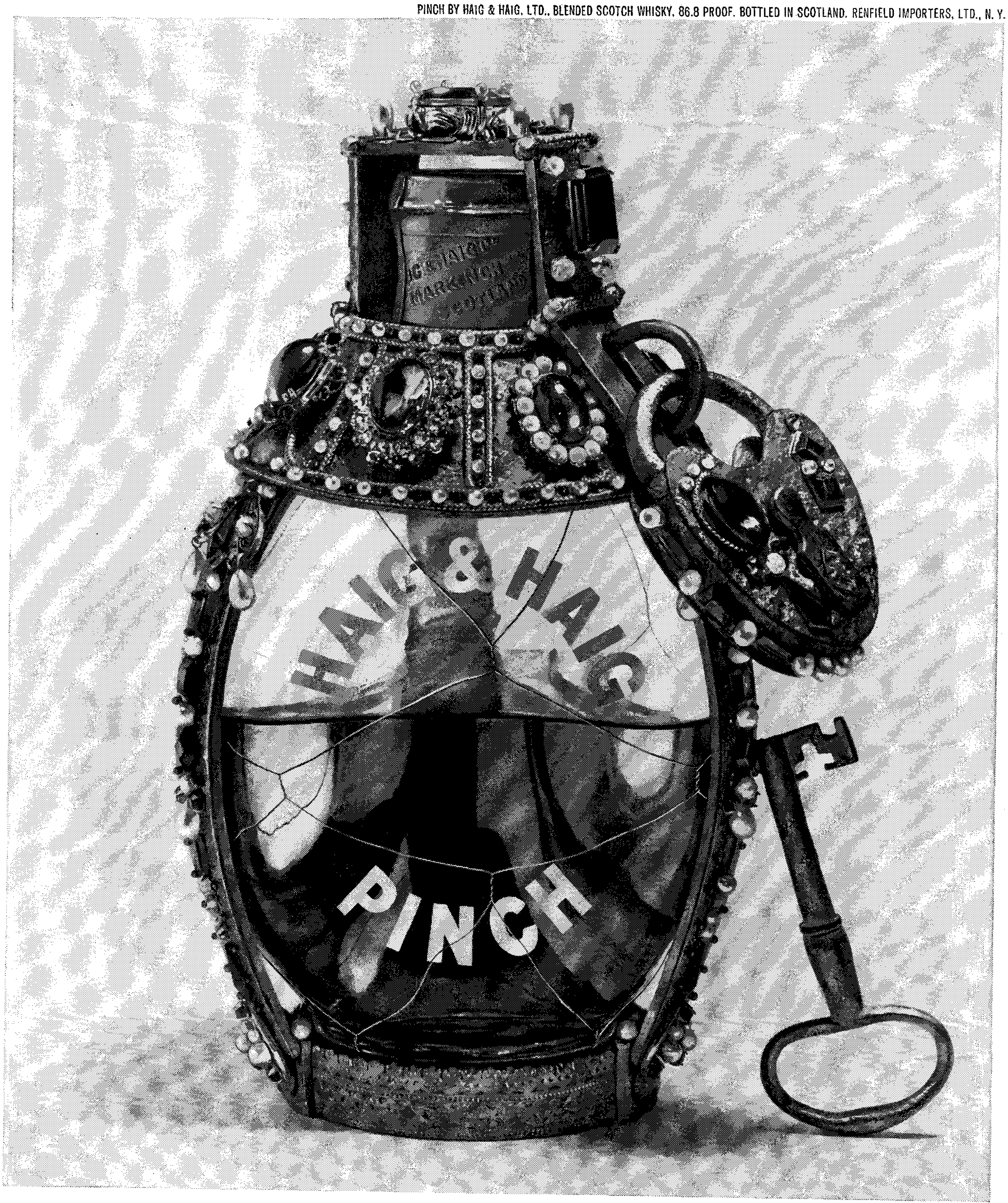

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for this kind of jocular subversion, the coffeehouses are now respectable and dull—the hangouts of business and government organization men. One evening, I hopefully kept my eye on a group of men with impressive beards, only to be informed that they weren't plotters, or even beatniks—just students who had let their whiskers grow in order to work as extras in a joint British-Yugoslav costume film. I spent another evening at a café that had been touted as the rendezvous of the local poets, but everyone I saw seemed to look remarkably bourgeois.

Until shortly before my arrival in Belgrade, I learned, there had been signs in the city's coffeehouses announcing that, according to a local ordinance, anybody who smashed his glass against the wall would be fined five hundred dinars. Since, as I've said, five hundred dinars is only sixty-six cents, the signs had been taken as invitations rather than warnings, and in exuberant moments, after a few shots of slivovitz (plum brandy), smashing one's glass had been considered a highlight of the evening. The waiter would sweep up the pieces, and the customer would pay his five hundred dinars and order more slivovitz. Some weeks ago, however, after there had been a noisy succession of such exuberant moments in one coffeehouse, the manager called the police and had one of the culprits hauled off to court. The accused told the judge indignantly that he had already paid his five-hundred-dinar penalty and couldn't be punished twice for the same misdeed. The judge agreed with this reasoning, and the Belgrade city council, worried lest the verdict prompt a wave of glass-smashing, called an emergency meeting, at which it was agreed that new signs should go up, informing customers that "willful, intentional" smashing of glasses "is contrary to good public behavior and will be treated accordingly." Some Yugoslavs regard this sort of restriction as an indication that the country is going soft. However, large-scale drunkenness is not the problem here that it is in most of the satellite nations. Maybe this restraint has something to do with Yugoslavia's different brand of Communism, or maybe the Yugoslavs simply have fewer fears and inhibitions that they feel they must drown in alcohol.

A YUGOSLAV just back from a long trip through the United States has told me that people there asked him only two questions: "Is Yugoslavia becoming a Soviet satellite?" and "Who will suc-

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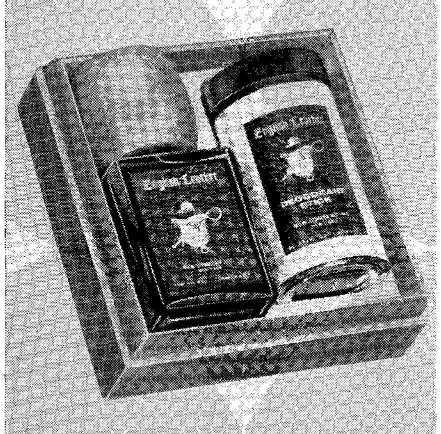

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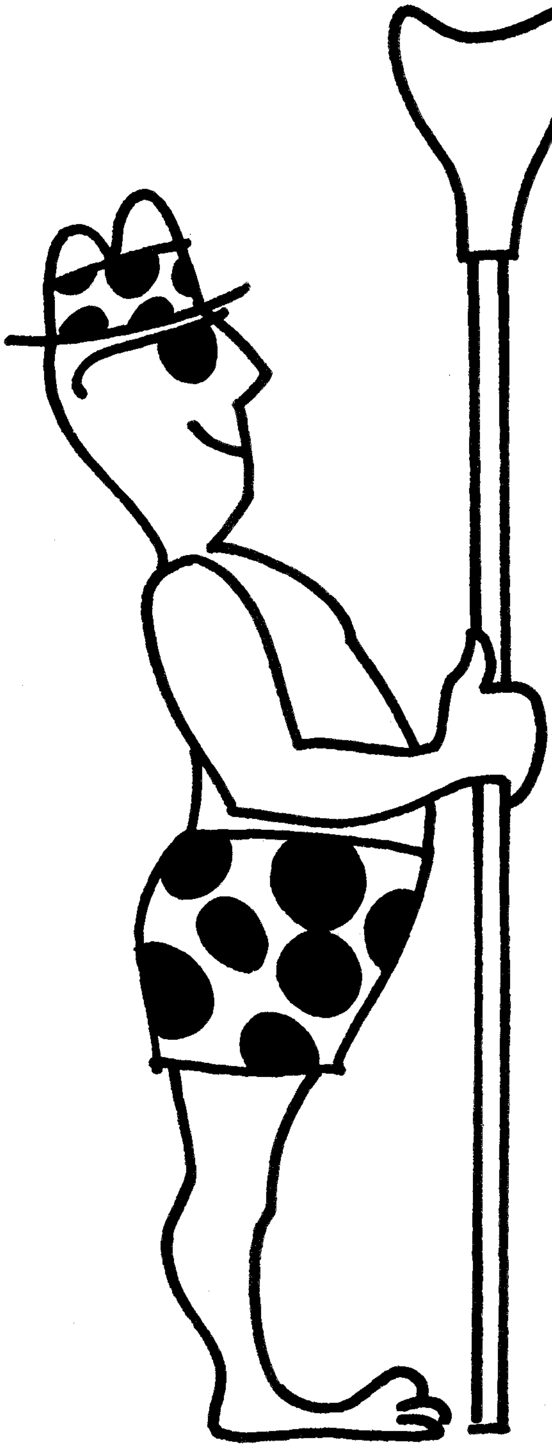

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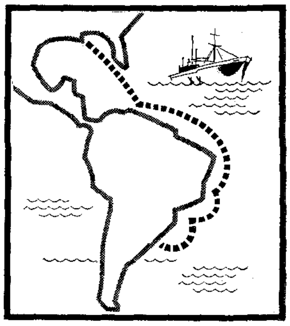

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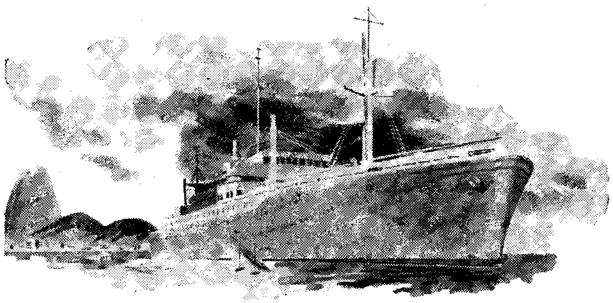

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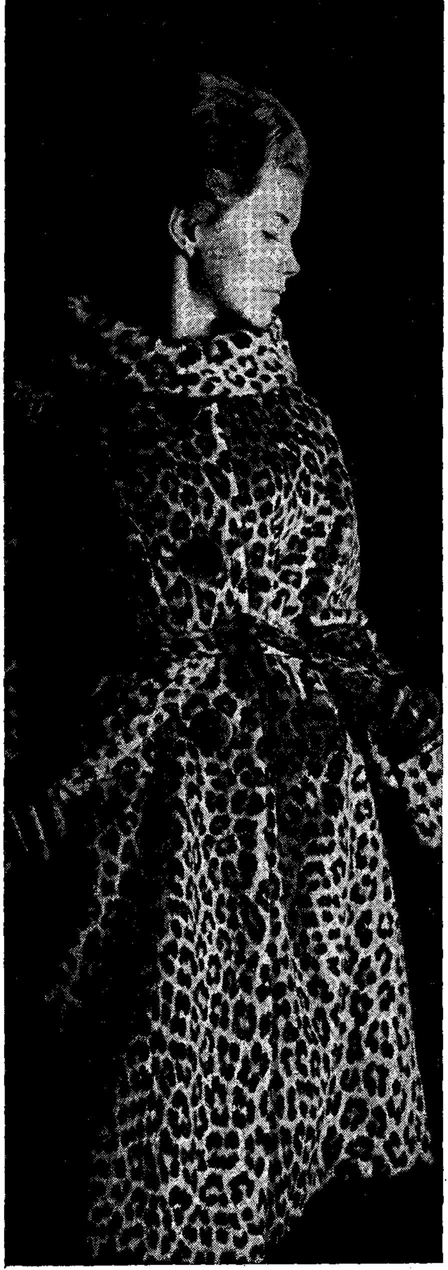

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ceed Tito?" The answers aren't that simple. Four years ago, the Yugoslavs considered themselves a powerful element in the "third," or non-aligned, force, and photographs of Tito and Nehru together were displayed in many shopwindows. Now the photographs have disappeared; no one talks of Nehru any longer, and although officially there is still a certain admiration for Nasser, the Yugoslavs no longer believe in the ability of the third force to influence the destiny of the world. As for the matter of Tito's reëntering the Russian orbit in the wake of his visit to Moscow last December and Khrushchev's visit here this summer, some Communists try to brush the question off by saying that Westerners here seem to be more bothered by it than the Yugoslavs, yet the truth is that many Yugoslavs *are* bothered by it. The official line is "We have always wanted good relations with the East as well as the West, so nothing has changed." More informally, the answer is "We've always had problems and we've lived with them for centuries, so please don't worry about us."

Yugoslavia, or the "Land of the Southern Slavs," which is about the size of the State of Oregon, is actually a poorly stitched-together federation of six republics—Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Slovenia, Macedonia, and Montenegro—plus the autonomous province of Voivodina, in the northeast, and the autonomous Kosovo-Metohija region, in the south, and it is inhabited by five principal ethnic groups (Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, and Montenegrins) and many minorities, including Hungarians, Slovaks, Czechs, Rumanians, Italians, Albanians, Bulgarians, and gypsies (here recognized as a national group), some of whom practice the Roman Catholic, Serbian Orthodox, or Moslem religion, and some of whom practice none. Eighteen and a half million Yugoslavs are loosely held together by the cohesive force of the Communist Party, which has about a million members, and whose Secretary-General is Josip Broz Tito. When one asks a man in Belgrade what he considers himself, he is apt to answer, "A Serb," while a man in Zagreb will probably answer, "A Croat," and a man in Skopje, "A Macedonian"—unless, *that is, the man is a Party member,* in which case he will classify himself first of all as a Communist. No one seems to consider himself a Yugoslav. The Communists always claim that Yugoslavia is a "society," rather than a nation, and certainly the centrifugal forces are still very strong. Back in 1960, when the

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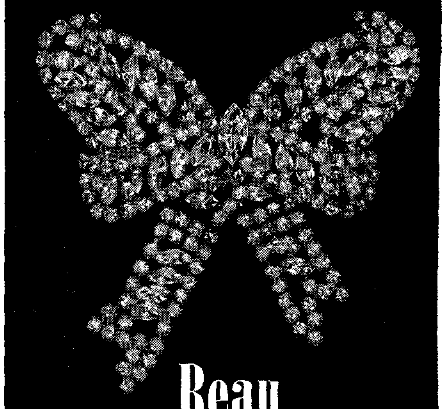

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Party relaxed its controls and decided to encourage more local autonomy, industries in each of the federal republics went their own ways, but those in progressive, well-developed Slovenia, in the northwest, did not go the same way as those in underdeveloped, backward Montenegro, in the south. The Party slapped the controls back on.

The strongest unifying factor is the personality of Tito, whose word is dogma and whose speeches define proper Socialist attitudes, start political trends, and launch cultural campaigns. He stands above the government and above the Party. By Western standards, he is unquestionably a dictator, but I believe that, of all the dictators around, he is the only one to be widely admired, respected, and even revered by his people. When I asked a Western student of Yugoslavia about Tito's present position in the East-West duel, I was told, "You must not forget that Tito has spent almost his whole adult life in the Eastern, Communist world. He first went to Russia in Lenin's time, and has often been there since, but he has made only a few short trips to the West. He has been to France and Britain, and in the fall of 1960 he went to the United Nations General Assembly meeting in New York, after inviting himself. Since that was the year when heads of state turned up in droves—Khrushchev, Nehru, Sukarno, and a dozen others—no one paid much attention to him except some émigré groups, who picketed the place where he was staying with signs reading 'Tito the Thug' and 'Murderer Tito.' Tito has never forgotten it. Aside from that, he made a pilgrimage to Hyde Park, and on the way had lunch in a restaurant where some giggling girls asked him for his autograph. That was practically his only personal contact with Americans on that trip.

"He has never concealed his emotional affinity with the Russians, who are fellow-Slavs and fellow-Communists, and he has always hoped for closer ties with them, once they have recognized Yugoslavia's right to solve its own problems in its own way. He was ready and waiting for Khrushchev to open the door. Now Khrushchev has done it. From the Soviet point of view, the Yugoslavs are still as much 're-visionists' as ever, but Khrushchev, who has much worse problems now with the Chinese and the Albanians, has apparently decided to mend his fences. We mustn't forget that Yugoslavia didn't develop its own brand of Marxism because it was expelled from the Commu-

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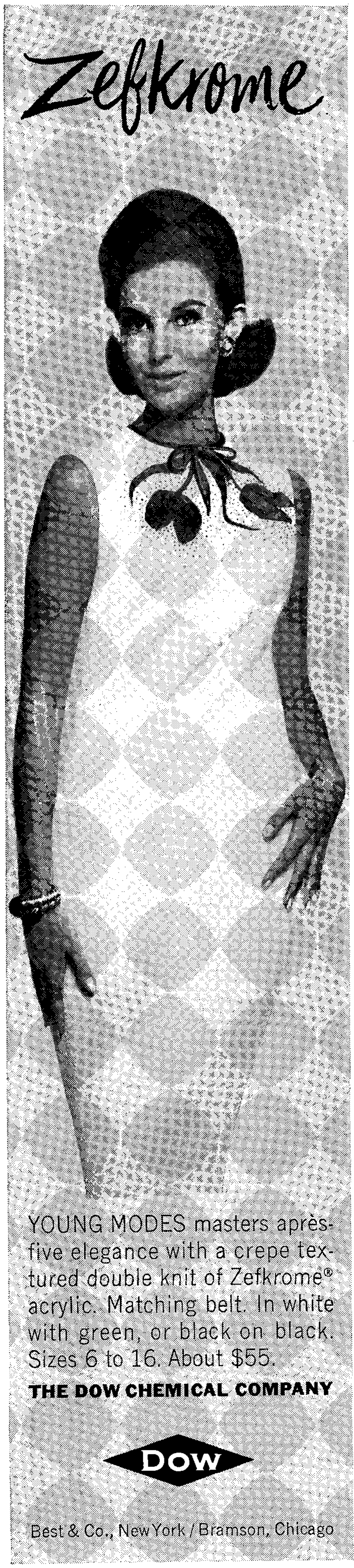

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nist Club but that it was the other way around—Yugoslavia was expelled because it had gone its own way. The Yugoslavs are still going their own way. And their policies toward the West have always been based more on fear of the Russians than on love for the Western nations."

Tito's continuing distrust of the motives and methods of his fellow-Slavs has lately been shown by his refusal, even after Khrushchev's recent trip to Belgrade, to commit Yugoslavia to full participation in Comecon, the Communist trading bloc. He has made another characteristic gesture of independence by announcing his plans for an extensive trip to the Western Hemisphere, including a meeting with President Kennedy. Although Tito may have cherished (and may still cherish) dreams of a great unified Slavic Socialist force, the dreams have come up against some realities that he, as a lifelong realist, cannot ignore. For one thing, the notion of reëntering Russia's embrace is not popular among the ninety-five per cent of Yugoslavia's people who are not Communist Party members, and it has only a limited appeal even in Party circles. It is least popular in the northwestern regions of the country, which were formerly Austrian, and it doesn't have much more appeal in the southeast, where for generations people fought and died for independence from Turkey; their descendants don't want to jeopardize this independence for a few dubious Russian promises. Nor do most Yugoslavs want to turn the clock back on their special, laboriously evolved brand of Communism.

Quite a few people here have not forgotten that a while back the Russians indicated that everything might be rosy if Yugoslavia would only recognize East Germany. In 1957, following long negotiations, Yugoslavia accordingly recognized the Ulbricht regime, after it had agreed to join with Russia in financing a large Yugoslavian aluminum production complex. The next year, after Yugoslavia had formulated some new Party policies that Moscow didn't like, the Russians denounced the Yugoslavs anew as despicable revisionists and a menace to World Communism, making the Yugoslavs feel rather like a bride left on the church steps. The joint Soviet-East German credit to Yugoslavia for the aluminum complex was frozen, and has not been unfrozen yet. The recognition of East Germany has, in fact, brought Yugoslavia nothing but trouble. As a result of it, the West Germans have no diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia,

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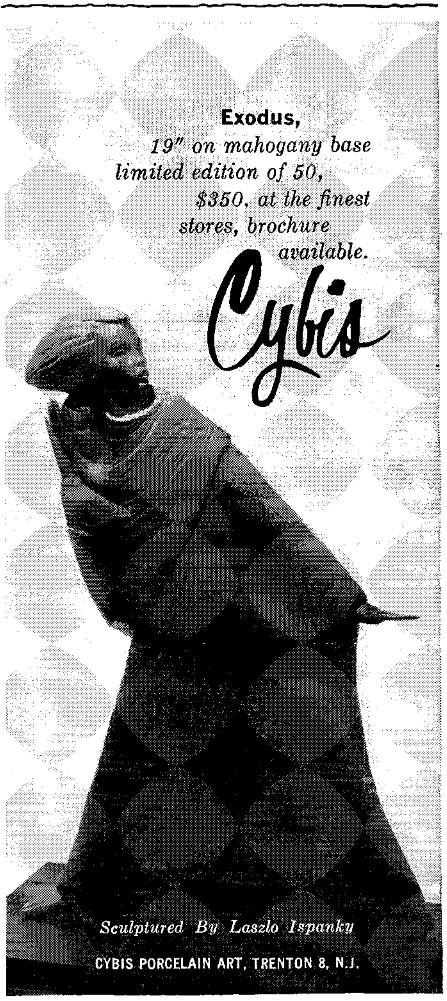
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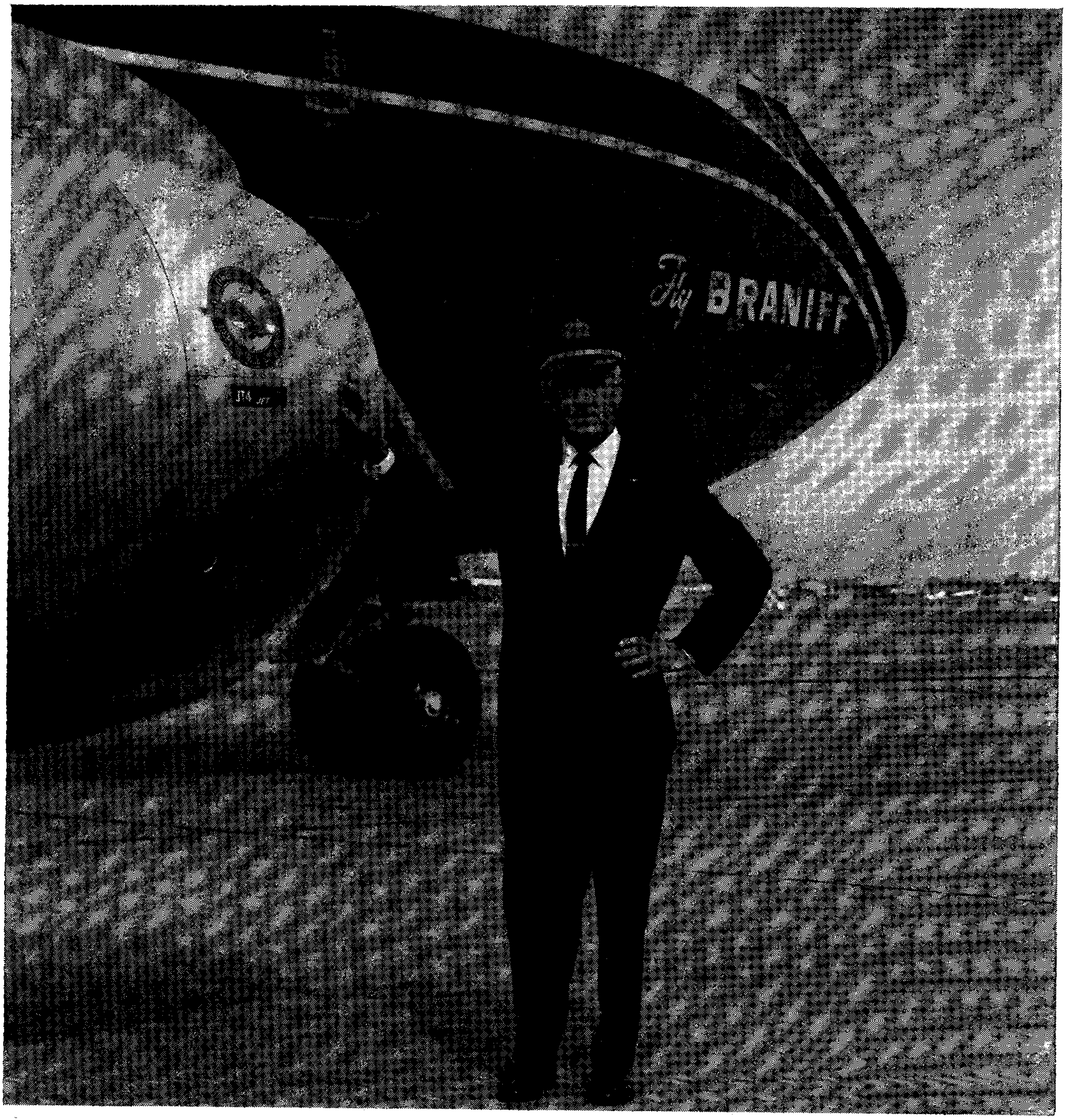

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though Yugoslavia's trade with them is second only to its trade with Italy. Yugoslavia's efforts to get some sort of look-in on the Common Market are up against the strict Hallstein Doctrine (named for the West German presiding officer of the European Economic Community), which, through West Germany's veto, withholds from Common Market benefits any country that has recognized East Germany. Since almost three-quarters of Yugoslavia's exports go to the West, and most of this to Common Market countries, and since the present standard of living depends to a large extent on access to Western techniques and Western machinery as well as on Western trade, there is plenty of cause for worry. An old Communist told me earnestly, "I hope we will never be forced into a position where we must make a final, positive choice between East and West."

As for the question of Tito's successor, the Russians muddied that issue, too, when some months ago a long *Pravda* article took pains to commend both Tito and Second Deputy Chairman Aleksandar Ranković, former Minister of the Interior and now Second Party Secretary. This immediately created speculation here that Ranković, a tough organization man, might favor closer *rapprochement* and that Edvard Kardelj, First Deputy Chairman and First Party Secretary, whom *Pravda* conspicuously failed to mention, might be against it. Since it is taken for granted that Kardelj and Ranković are Tito's heirs, singly or as a team, the *Pravda* article angered many Yugoslavs, who thought that it amounted to meddling in their affairs and might reflect the first signs of a new Yugoslav subordination to the Soviet Union.

SPEECHES this year in which Tito has felt it necessary to make louder than usual Marxist-Leninist noises have upset some members of the United States Senate, and for this reason have caused uneasiness among Yugoslavs. (Some of them are beginning to feel about Tito's speeches the way some Frenchmen feel about de Gaulle's speeches and some Germans feel about Adenauer's: If only the old man would keep quiet!) Relations between Yugoslavia and the West have been further complicated lately by the activities of various anti-Tito émigré groups—a rather dubious collection of former Serbian Chetniks, former collaborators with the Germans, monarchists, various separatists, and, most notably, the former members of the Croatian Ustachi, whose

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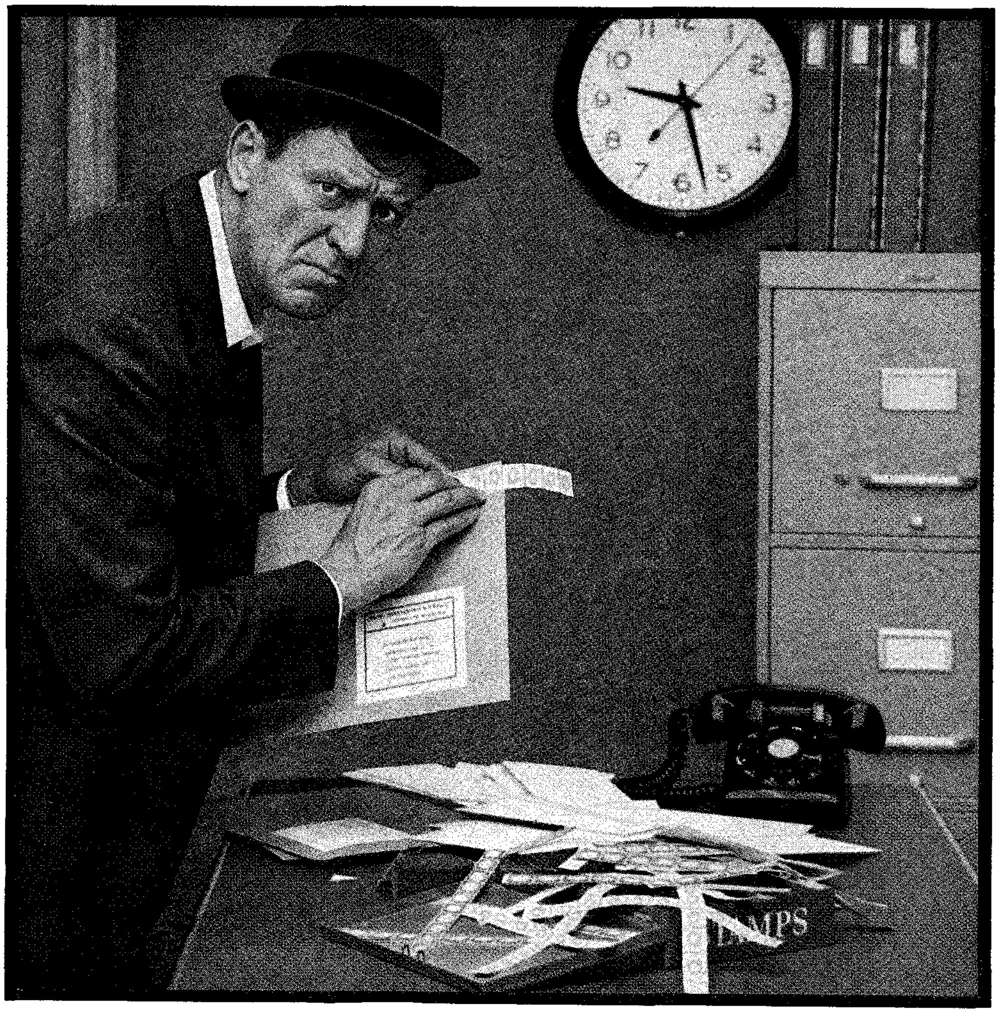

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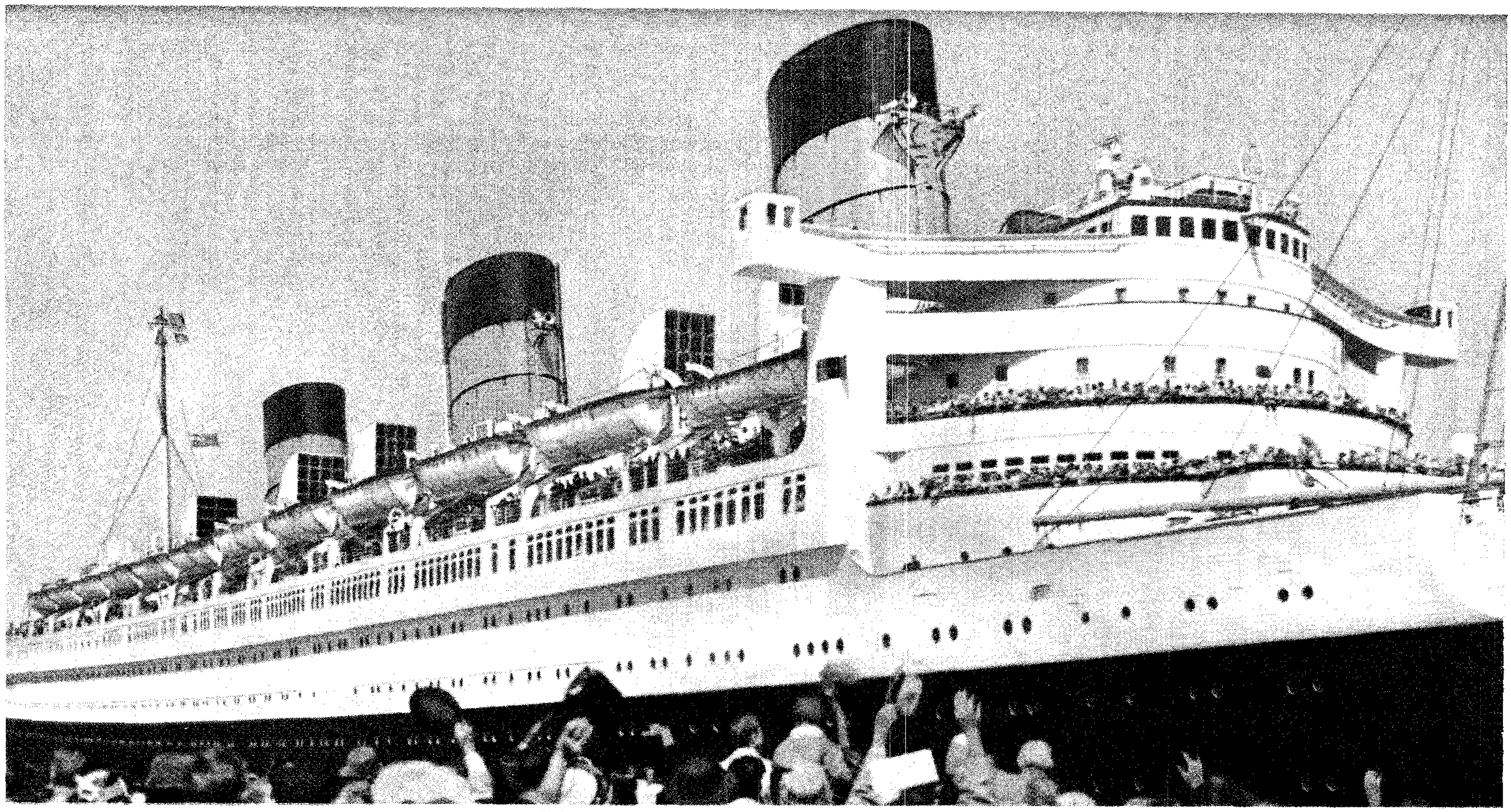

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sorry record of torture and murder in Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina during the Second World War was unsurpassed even by that of the S.S. Some members of these groups live, and propagandize, in West Germany, and others are in the United States. Last year, some of them blew up the offices of an unofficial Yugoslav mission in Bonn, killing one of the occupants; a similar attempt in Chicago fortunately caused no loss of life. Certainly no responsible Western official has voiced approval of such actions, but Tito is said to be deeply irritated by the fact that they have aroused no widespread protest in the West, either.

American assistance to Yugoslavia, in various forms, has so far cost the American taxpayer close to two billion dollars, and is generally conceded to have been a sound investment, but now some Americans here are alarmed lest all this careful work be undone by people back home who have other ideas about what our policy toward Yugoslavia should be. American department stores have cancelled large orders for Yugoslavian goods as a result of what they describe as "public pressure." Members of the John Birch groups have started local boycotts of Yugoslavian merchandise. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, people have publicly burned Yugoslavian wicker baskets. The International Longshoremen's Association has threatened not to load or unload Yugoslavian ships that call at Cuban ports, even though some are used to carry American wheat that Yugoslavia needs for its daily bread. Every time a United States senator makes an angry anti-Yugoslavia speech, the Yugoslavian press wonders who is running our foreign policy. Obviously, the Americans here say, we should ask a fair price for our efforts on behalf of Yugoslavia, but hostile demonstrations will merely have the effect of pushing Yugoslavia closer to the Soviet bloc. They doubt very much whether Communism can be severely set back by the public burning of wicker baskets.

The United States government allayed such misgivings last November, when it signed an agreement for the shipment to Yugoslavia of some one million two hundred thousand tons of American surplus agricultural commodities (mostly wheat), an arrangement similar to those it had made every year since 1955, when Yugoslavia suffered a disastrous drought. These American agricultural commodities are sold in Yugoslavia for dinars, a substantial percentage of which are then used for loans or grants for the construction of such

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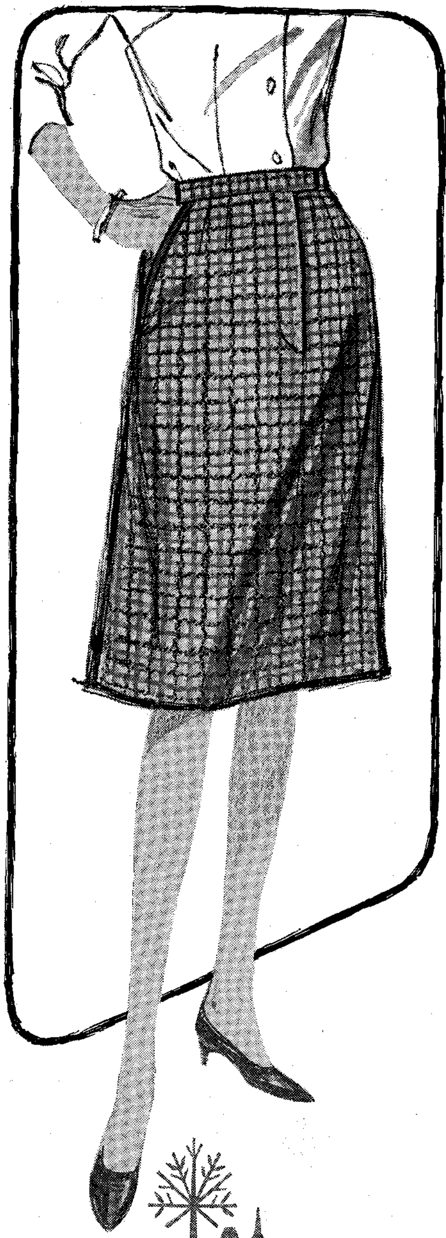

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things as power plants, irrigation systems, fertilizer plants, railroad lines, highways, sugar mills, and factories to make such things as agricultural machinery, plastics, and paper. Though there are no special plaques around to advertise the American contributions to these projects (as there were in the case of Marshall Plan projects in Western Europe), the people of Yugoslavia know about them. And, of course, they know about the wheat. The continued dependence on American grain was the theme of a story I was told about two peasants discussing the weather. One was worrying about a drought that threatened Yugoslavia's wheat harvest, and the other said, "I'm not worrying about the drought. I'm worrying that a frost might ruin the plum crop. The Americans will send us wheat for our daily bread, but I don't think they'll send us plums for our daily slivovitz."

Yugoslavs in responsible positions wish that their country's economic relations with the United States depended more on trade and less on aid, but in this area another difficulty has arisen with Washington. Trade relations are based on an 1881 treaty between the Kingdom of Serbia and the United States, which established "reciprocal most-favored-nation privileges," meaning that each nation shall apply to the other's goods the lowest tariffs that it applies to similar categories of imports from other nations. Even when political relations between Washington and Belgrade were badly strained, as they were after the end of the Second World War, neither side considered abrogation of the treaty. However, a new and critical situation arose last October, when President Kennedy signed the Trade Expansion Act of 1962, Section 231 of which says, "The President shall, as soon as practicable, suspend, withdraw, or prevent the application of the reduction, elimination, or continuance of any existing duty, or other import, restriction, or the continuance of any existing duty-free or excise treatment . . . to products, whether imported directly or indirectly, of any country or area dominated or controlled by Communism." Poland and Yugoslavia are the countries to which Section 231 particularly applies. Yugoslavia's exports to the United States had increased in value from thirty-nine million dollars in 1961 to fifty-two million dollars in 1962, and had included lead and zinc, wooden furniture and furniture parts, wooden household articles, wickerware, tobacco, and miniature electric motors for razors and

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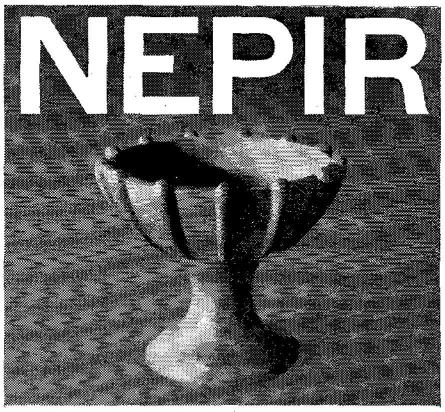

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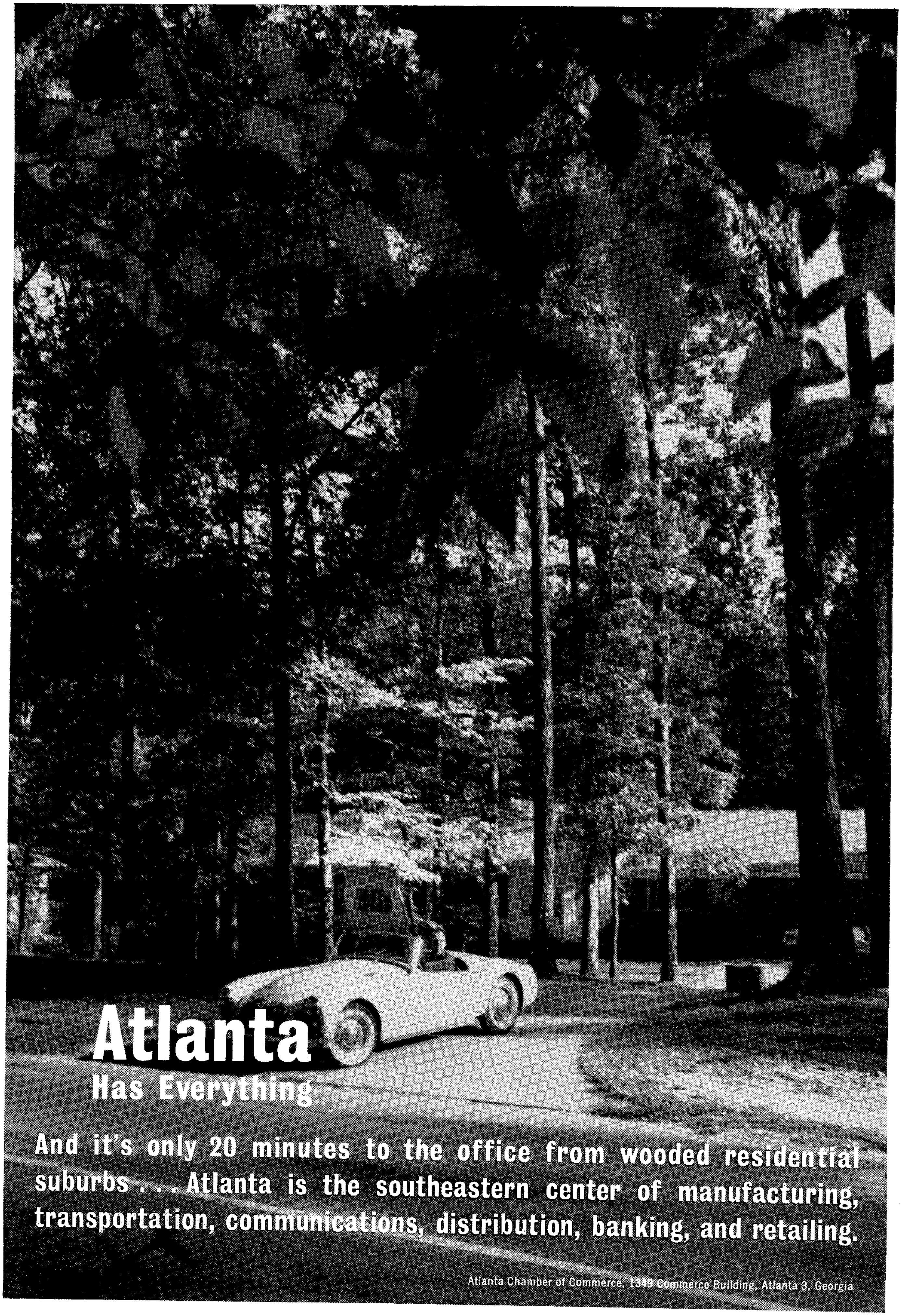

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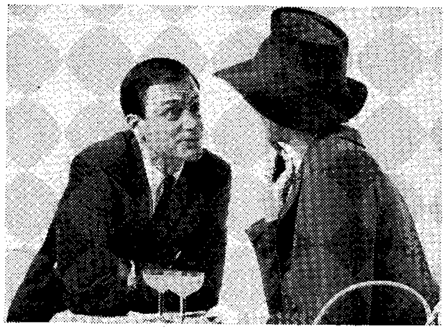

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mixers. (Some Yugoslavian factories have an excellent reputation for their electrical goods, and send motors, telephone switchboards, and such, to West Germany as well as to the United States.) Ending the most-favored-nation arrangement would double, and in some cases triple, the price of Yugoslav goods on the American market, and hence those goods would no longer find buyers. Abrogation of the old United States treaty with Yugoslavia has to be preceded by a year's notice, which so far has not been given, yet some large American orders have already been cancelled, and the Yugoslavs have been forced to consider reducing their dollar imports of American machinery. Adverse effects have been felt in many sections of Yugoslavia's economy, which went through a period of uninterrupted growth from 1952 right up to 1961, when some industries missed their production targets and various soft spots developed. In a capitalist country, this would have been known as a recession, but here it was called a "deceleration." As always happens in a Socialist country, the deceleration led to a shift in planning. Stricter investment controls were imposed, along with stricter limitations on raises for workers, and last year still more controls were announced. In 1962, there was a slight upturn, and this year production has been increasing at a rate about as healthy as that of 1959 (thirteen per cent) and of 1960 (fourteen per cent).

Yugoslavia's best customer, and also the most popular style-setter here—in the arts, in fashions, in literature, in entertainment, and in the country's way of life in general—is Italy. Examples of Italian design were recently exhibited in Belgrade, and the show was a great success. Of the quarter-million Yugoslavs who travelled abroad last year, more than half went to Italy. The feud over Trieste, which brought the two countries to the brink of war in the early nineteen-fifties, has been forgotten. The border at Sežana, near Trieste, which then bristled with guns, is now a friendly, busy place. And the atmosphere along Yugoslavia's border with Austria—always a barometer of official feelings toward the West—is more relaxed than ever before. Tourists from a large number of countries can now obtain entry visas at the frontier, and in order to enter the border areas of Gorenjska and Planica, in the Austrian-Yugoslav Alps, where there is good skiing, tourists from any country whatever need no visa at all, pro-

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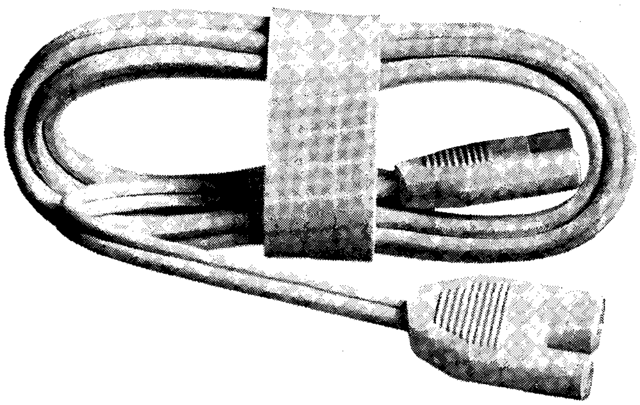

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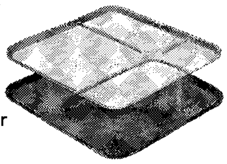

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vided they stay only thirty days and do not want to continue farther inland. At Maribor, where I crossed the border aboard the Balkan Express, Yugoslav customs officials walked through the train in a perfunctory manner and did not ask anybody to open his luggage. No written declarations of foreign currency or checks were requested, and no one was asked to show his wallet, as travellers must in all satellite countries. Since 1960, when Yugoslavia pegged its currency realistically at seven hundred and fifty dinars to the dollar, there has been no black market in dinars. Visitors are not permitted to bring in more than fifteen hundred dinars (two dollars), and Yugoslavs who are lucky enough to accumulate sizable savings must account for them. Some months ago, a tailor in Belgrade who catered to some sartorially conscious members of the city's *jeunesse dorée* and to some foreign diplomats was unable to explain how he could have accumulated eight hundred thousand dinars while still abiding by official tax regulations. The government confiscated five hundred thousand for back taxes, and the tailor left town and has not been heard from since, much to the sorrow of his well-dressed customers. Private enterprise is now virtually nonexistent. In some cities, there isn't a single plumber or cobbler, and even in Belgrade the name of a good private auto-repair shop is passed on much as a hot stock-market tip is in New York.

Even so, the Yugoslavs have done some fairly unorthodox things, from the Marxist point of view, to improve the quality of consumer goods. When it was noticed that Yugoslavian shoes were too drab and shapeless to compete with Italian styles, the government began to import Italian shoes, thereby forcing the local factories to raise their standards. Now Yugoslavian shoes are so good that they are exported to Italy. Old-fashioned Western-style competition has also been introduced into the textile business, with good results, and some Yugoslavs who for years bought only English or Italian cloth have switched back to the Yugoslavian product. Recently, to bring down the high price of Yugoslavian eggs (then thirty-eight dinars, or five cents, each), the government began importing eggs from Denmark (thirty dinars, or four cents, each).

The most serious economic problem is low productivity. There is a large supply of unskilled and semi-skilled workers, but a very small supply of skilled ones to run the many factories that

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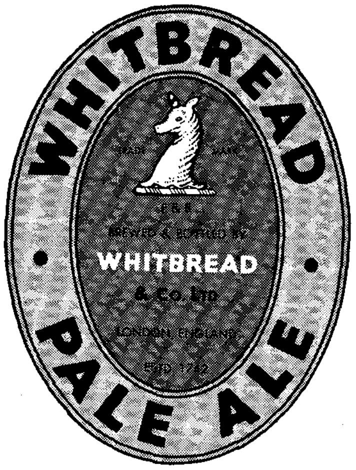

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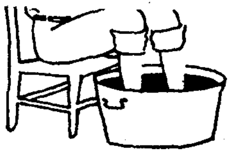

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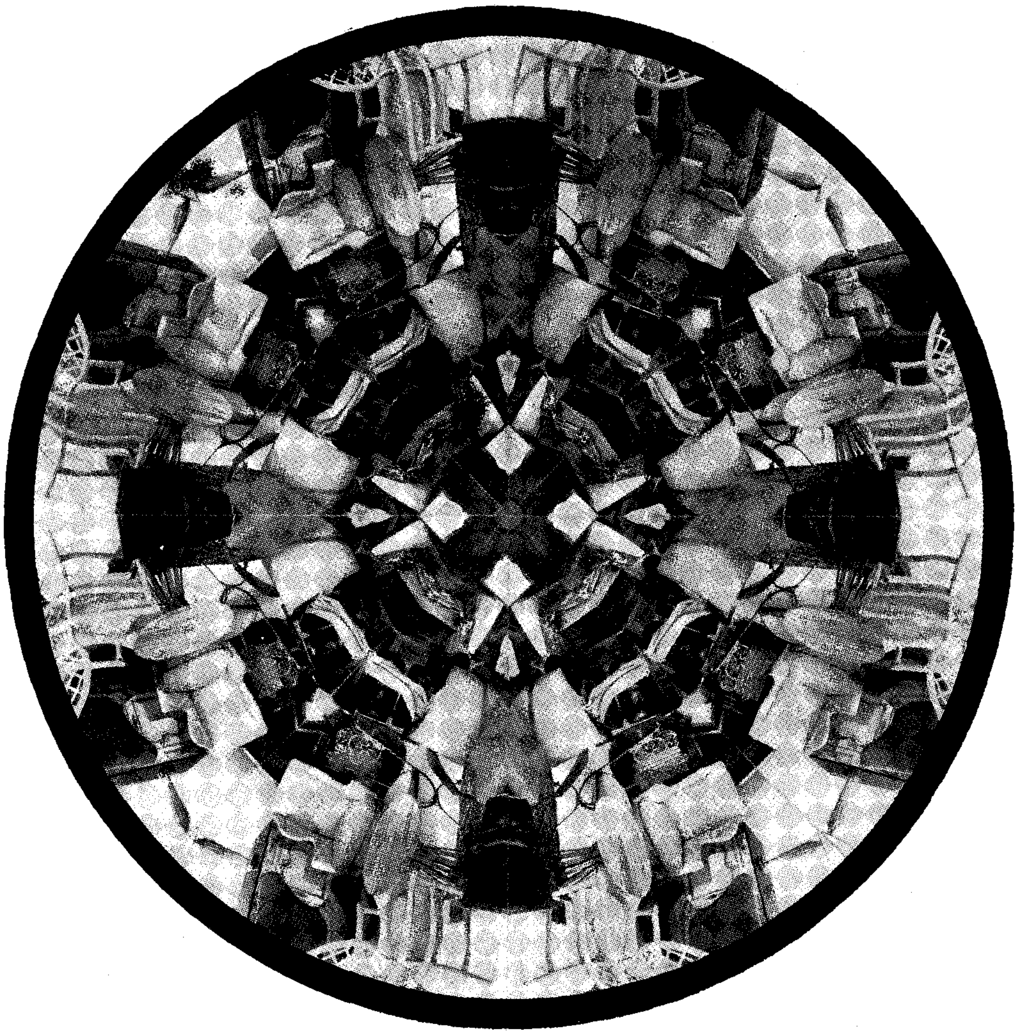

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were set up, perhaps too hastily, in the nineteen-fifties. In the cities, unemployment—or, more precisely, underemployment—has been so serious that many unskilled laborers have been sent back to their villages, where they get unemployment insurance if they can prove that there is no one who will help support them. The lag in productivity is also partly due to the country's failure to solve its housing and transportation problems. A good many of the factories are situated in newly developed areas where there is not enough adequate housing, so the workers must spend hours commuting to and from neighboring villages on crowded buses or on bikes. Many factories are building housing for their workers and are giving their semi-skilled labor intensive training courses, but it is all going to take time.

Another serious problem is what the government calls "economic regionalism." Productivity and the standard of living are highest in the northwestern, formerly Austrian, parts of the country—especially Slovenia and Croatia—and sometimes very low in the southeastern, formerly Turkish, ones. To help correct this imbalance, the government has concentrated on economic development of the backward regions. Naturally, the Slovenes are not happy to see a large share of their national income turned over to the Macedonians, Bosnians, and Montenegrins. "Why should we build steel mills in Macedonia?" they ask, to which the Macedonians reply that it certainly wasn't *their* fault that their region was ground under the Turkish heel for five hundred years. It is also pointed out that Slovenian industry makes good use of raw materials, such as Bosnian bauxite, that it gets from the backward parts of the country. Within the top Party councils, "regionalism" has been a subject of long and heated discussion, and it is hoped that the Slovenes will be appeased when they are given a larger voice in Yugoslav economic affairs through the new constitution, ratified last spring, which establishes not only a Federal Chamber (or Parliament) but also four special chambers—one for Political Administration, one for the Economy, one for Education and Culture, and one for Social Welfare and Health. The Second Chamber (Economy), which is to be made up of "people employed in the manufacturing industry, transport, commerce and trade, and other industries, as well as agricultural workers," with each republic's numerical representation based on its proportionate contribution to the na-

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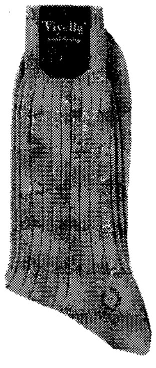

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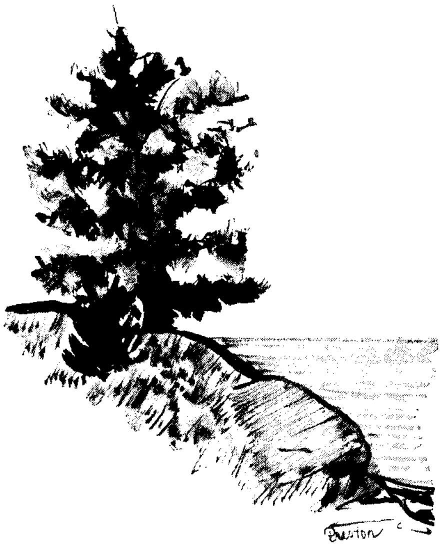
tional income, will be dominated by the Slovenes, who will thus be given a certain degree of control over their economic contributions to the rest of the country.

STATISTICS on living standards in Communist countries are often deceptive, but there can be no doubt that the people of Yugoslavia live better than the people of most Communist countries. What I have seen in Belgrade has convinced me that life has improved a good deal in the past four years. The people look healthy and are better dressed and better fed. In the shops, I have seen all the necessities and even some luxuries. In addition to the American-style supermarkets, which are very popular, there are many smaller self-service grocery stores, which are modest by Western standards but whose heaps of oranges and grapefruit (about sixteen cents a pound), chocolate bars (about thirty cents apiece), and meat, cheese, butter, and vegetables must look wonderful to visitors from the satellite countries. In the liquor stores, French cognac is sold at six thousand dinars, or eight dollars, a bottle, and for connoisseurs there is something labelled "Fine Dalmatian Artificial Viski, called Diocletian's Delight," at nine hundred dinars a bottle, though I, for one, would rather have a good bottle of plum brandy, which is the same price and is an authentic Yugoslavian tipple. People are infatuated with consumer goods, and in Belgrade window-shopping seems to be the favorite pastime. I keep seeing young couples standing in front of stores and earnestly discussing what they can afford to buy (radios, forty thousand dinars; TV sets, a hundred and thirty thousand; men's shoes, seven thousand). The per-capita income is still below that in most Western countries—the month-



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ly average now stands at about thirty thousand dinars, or forty dollars—but it is definitely higher than that in any of the satellites in terms of purchasing power. A lot of people have refrigerators (a hundred and fifty thousand dinars), and everybody has a radio. The only rationing is that decreed by the size of the pocketbook. A Russian girl athlete who was here recently with a Soviet track-and-field team went into a store and asked to look at some underwear. She liked what she was shown so much that she asked timidly whether she might buy two sets. When she was told that she could buy as many as she wanted, she blinked, bought six sets, and walked out looking as happy as if she'd just won the decathlon. The relative abundance of consumer goods has unfortunately been accompanied by inflation, that decadent capitalistic invention, and housewives complain bitterly about the fact that the prices of most consumer goods went up ten per cent in the past year while wages went up only between two and three per cent. Even so, they admit that the consumer's lot is improving. Four years ago, a woman I know here—the wife of an important official—was much distressed because she couldn't get decent stockings or cosmetics. Now she can buy good Yugoslavian stockings in any number of stores, and she can buy such cosmetics as Elizabeth Arden's in drugstores that sell imported goods. (According to a persistent rumor, which I couldn't verify, spurious Elizabeth Arden products made by village chemists in the Voivodina region are much in demand among the rural population.) Saturated with stockings and cosmetics, my Yugoslav acquaintance is now distressed by the fact that none of the dresses obtainable here, however expensive, is "exclusive." The other day, she was about to pay twenty-five thousand dinars (a secretary's monthly salary) for a handsome white topcoat she had seen in a store window when she discovered that similar coats were for sale in three other stores. People who were complaining four years back about the high price of radios are now complaining about the high price of automobiles. "A few years ago, I wouldn't have dreamed of buying a car," one such man told me. "We must be doing better." On my previous visit, I met a man who was the envy of all because he had turned over his summer house in Dalmatia for two seasons to "friends" from abroad who, instead of paying rent, gave him a Volkswagen. The importation of foreign cars is strictly forbidden, but people who can

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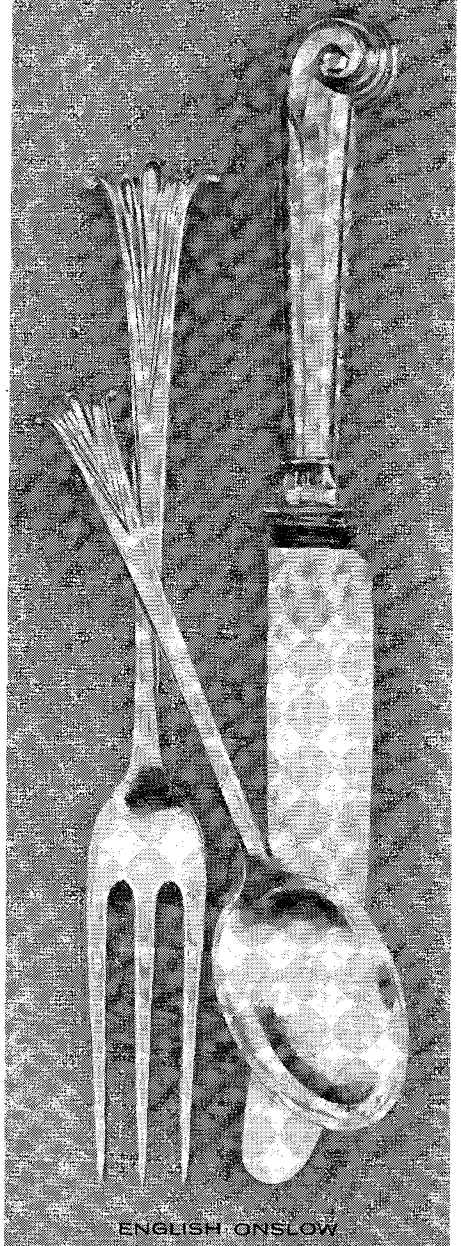

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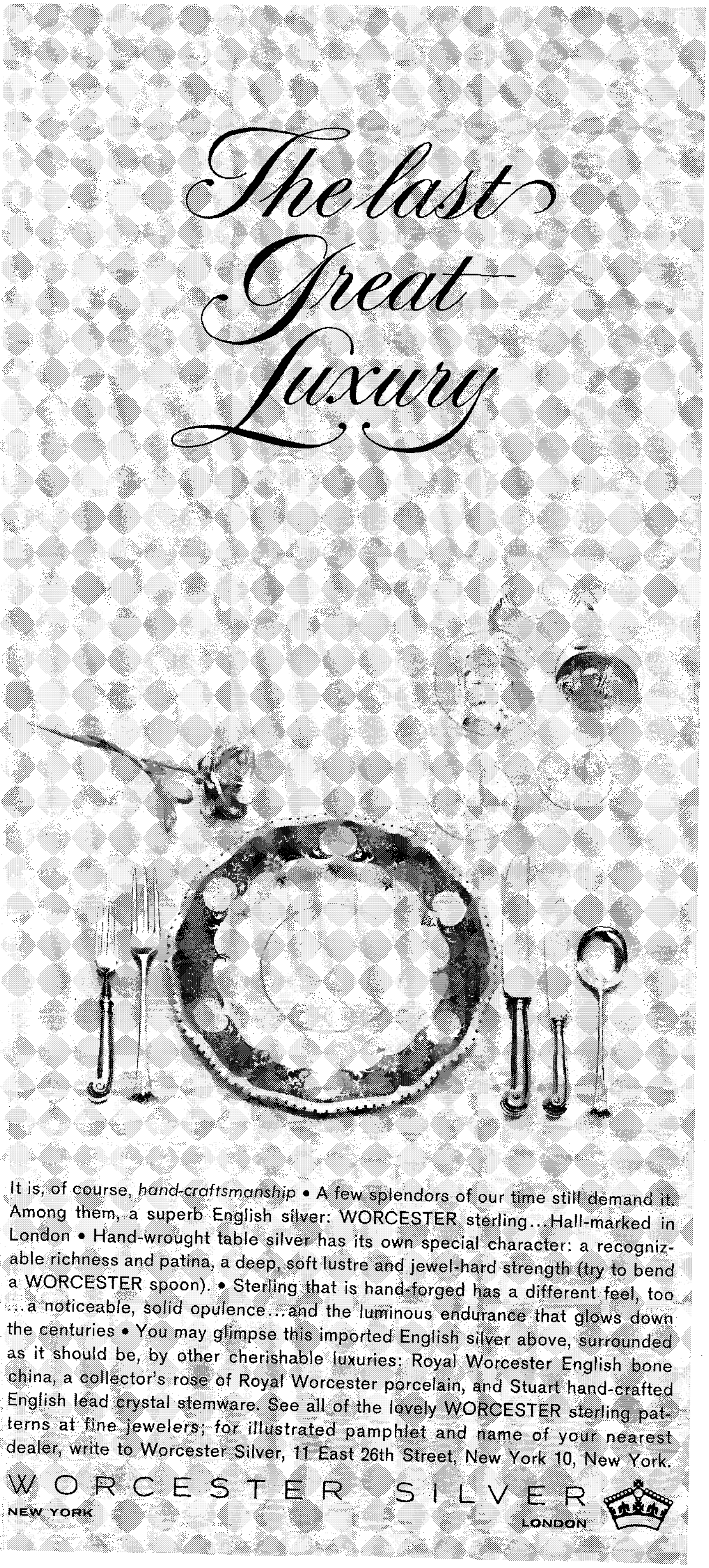
afford a car have a choice of several models of Fiat, which are made under license in Serbia, and several models of Citroën, which are assembled under license in Istria. Many Party people are in favor of importing foreign automobiles again, to give these more or less local products some healthy competition. It *is* a strange Socialist country.

The cheapest Fiat now costs a million dinars (thirteen hundred dollars), or about two years' wages for a highly skilled worker, and the down payment is two hundred thousand dinars—a lot of cash in Yugoslavia—but a great many people, notably plant managers, engineers, artists, writers, highly trained workers, and some government employees, own cars. There is talk of permitting two or three people to buy a car together by putting down their signatures jointly for an installment loan. Not long ago, *Politika*, one of three Belgrade dailies, published a story about a young husband and wife, both working in a Kraljevo factory, whose combined monthly income amounted to forty-five thousand dinars, and who had just made a down payment on a Fiat. When they were asked how they could afford it, they admitted that they would have a hard time saving any money for gasoline, not to speak of insurance, while making their installment payments, but they would rather have a car than a baby. Next to owning a car, the greatest dream of every Yugoslav is to own a television set, and half of the country's hundred and twenty thousand sets, most of them locally made, have been acquired in the last twelve months. Another current status symbol is antique furniture, and many Belgrade people have been making forays into the countryside in search of old peasant items.

Yugoslavia is one of the few countries in Europe where domestic servants are still comparatively plentiful, but this state of affairs is not likely to last. Foreign residents pay a cook with impressive references as much as twenty-five thousand dinars (thirty-three dollars) a month, but Yugoslavs pay a peasant girl about a third of that. Two years ago, one Yugoslav family I know hired a girl from a Bosnian village who, when she arrived in Belgrade, did not have a decent pair of shoes, could hardly read or write, and was terrified of city traffic. Soon she was reading a newspaper every day, and not long afterward she invested her entire monthly salary of eight thousand dinars in a pair of fancy Italian shoes. Shortly after that, she gave her employers notice; she had got herself a passport and was off to Lausanne, Swit-



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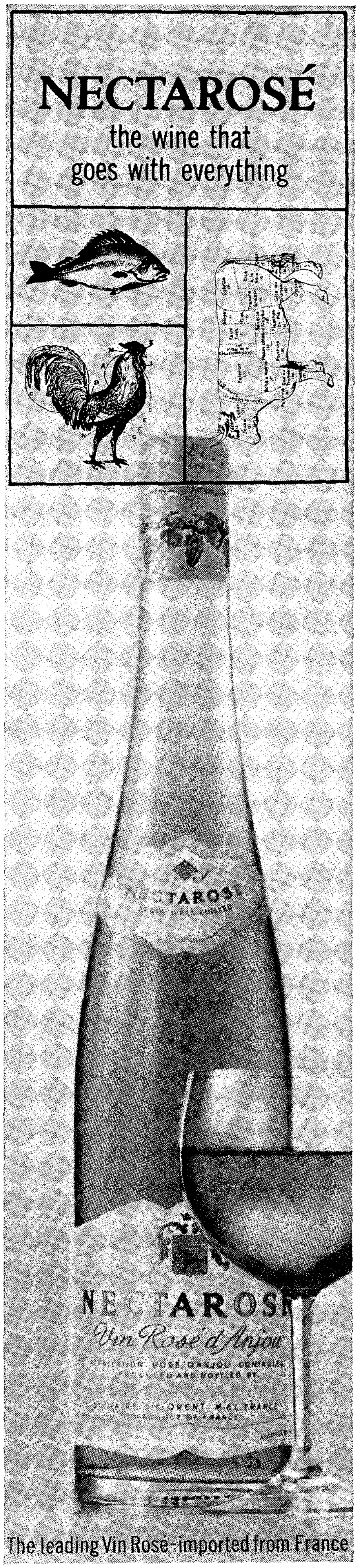

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zerland, where she could get eight times as much pay.

LIKE its Communist neighbors, Yugoslavia still has a secret-police force, which is known as the U.D.B.A., and although there is little current evidence of its activities, one hears a story every once in a while that proves it to be far from dormant. Yugoslavs who are considered to have too many Western acquaintances are told to keep away from them. A man in a small town who had had several visits from Yugoslav-born Americans was warned by the local police to watch his step, and later a police official told him that there was no objection to his talking with friends and relatives from abroad, provided he would report what had been talked about. A Yugoslav student who made friends with a couple from the West was interrogated by the police, and after a while he stopped seeing his Western friends. A Yugoslav doctor who had treated a foreign patient for several months was ordered to wind up his treatment whether it was completed or not. All this doesn't mean that Yugoslavia today is a police state, but the police are undeniably watchful. In these latitudes, police are always watchful.

In most cases, though, the tradition of surveillance does not affect cordial relations between individual foreigners and individual Yugoslavs, and it certainly does nothing to alter the Yugoslavs' strong cultural affinities with the West. The other night, at the Hotel Metropol, whose guests at any given time may include Germans, Britons, Italians, Americans, Russians, Czechs, and Indonesians, the orchestra in the dining room played a selection from "The Merry Widow," followed it with a selection from "My Fair Lady," and then played a few Yugoslav folk tunes. People here like American jazz, but even the younger generation also likes the old folk songs. Last year's big hit song was a Bosnian folk number called "Kavu Mi, Draga, Ispeci" ("Darling, Make Me Some Coffee"), and another hit was a sentimental Macedonian song, "The Kiss." In the record stores, one finds local folk-song recordings displayed among recordings by Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong. (Another popular ditty is called "Noć u Manhatanu"—"Night in Manhattan.") No up-to-date dance has surpassed the kolo, a national round dance, in popularity. There may be "regionalism" in politics and economics, but in the field of entertainment the various ethnic groups get along very

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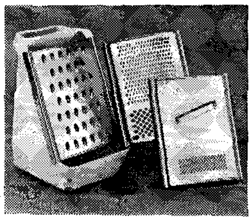

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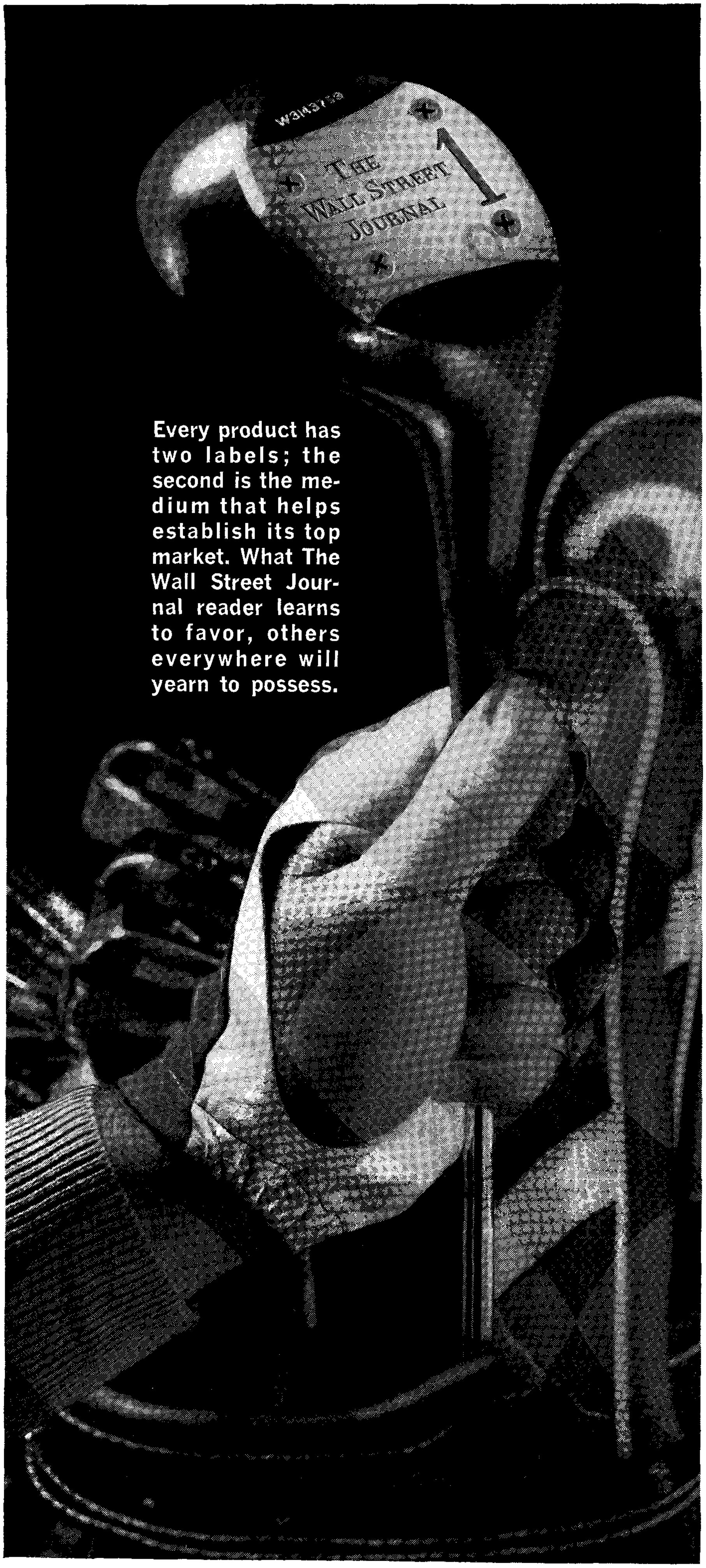
well, even though they cannot always understand the words of each other's songs. Of the country's eighteen and a half million inhabitants, some fifteen million, in Serbia, Croatia, Montenegro, and Bosnia-Herzegovina, speak Serbo-Croatian; a million and a half Slovenes speak Slovenian; and a million four hundred thousand Macedonians speak Macedonian. All these languages have a common Slavonic origin but now bear little resemblance to each other, and the situation is complicated by the fact that each has numerous dialects. There are also minorities who speak Hungarian, German, Slovak, Czech, Italian, Bulgarian, Albanian, and Rumanian. And further complications arise from the fact that the Serbs, the Montenegrins, and the Macedonians use the Cyrillic alphabet, while the Slovenes and the Croats use a modified Latin alphabet. Macedonian is the world's youngest recognized written language; its origin dates from 1952, when the first complete Macedonian grammar and dictionary were compiled and published. (The very existence of such a language is indignantly denied by the Greeks, who consider the Macedonian minority in their country Greek and claim that Macedonian is nothing but a Greek dialect. There is yet another Macedonian minority, in Bulgaria, where Macedonian is classified as nothing but another Bulgarian dialect.)

Unlike the neighboring People's Republics, Yugoslavia permits the United States Information Service to operate quite freely. There are American libraries and reading rooms in Belgrade, Zagreb, and Novi Sad, and their visitors annually number many thousands—none of whom, apparently, are afraid to be seen in such surroundings. The American Embassy in Belgrade issues a daily press bulletin in Serbo-Croatian, and thousands of people in Belgrade and Zagreb read it. *Pregled*, a monthly Serbo-Croatian magazine dealing with American life, has a nationwide circulation of twenty-five thousand. The television station in Ljubljana has had great success with a U.S.I.S. series called "Let's Learn English." The Robert Shaw chorale and the Martha Graham dance company both toured Yugoslavia recently and were enthusiastically received. Several American attractions on the same evening are not unusual. The week I arrived in Belgrade, an American string quartet gave a concert and an American poet gave a lecture. One of the most valuable American activities is a program for translating American fiction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and nonfiction works into Serbo-Croatian and Slovenian and for publishing translations of American textbooks, selected by Yugoslav committees. More than eighty thousand people came to see the American exhibit at the International Book Fair in Belgrade last year, and an exhibition of contemporary American art was shown in six Yugoslavian cities and was widely attended.

Painting is the most popular art in Yugoslavia now, and there is far more talk about painting than there is about sculpture, which was once considered the country's national art form. No modern music of any particular value seems to have been composed here, but opera—mostly the traditional European repertory—flourishes, mainly in Croatia and Slovenia, where people became addicted to it under the old Austrian regime. Even such small towns as Osijek, with a population of seventy thousand, in Croatia, have local opera houses functioning ten months of the year. Yugoslav literature is represented internationally by the 1961 Nobel Prize winner Ivo Andrić, whose novel "The Bridge on the Drina" has been published in forty-odd foreign editions. Andrić, a shy man, has been much upset by the public attention he has received since he won the Nobel Prize. He is said to be happiest when he is walking alone in Kalemegdan Park, high above the confluence of the Sava and the Danube. Another internationally known writer here is Miroslav Krleža, whose novel "The Return of Philip Latinovicz" has also been widely translated, although it is not yet available in English. And two other novelists, Branko Ćopić and Dobrica Ćosić, are especially popular in the Soviet Union. Poetry does not have the impact that it has in Poland and Russia, and satire, which is an old tradition in some other Communist countries and is still tolerated in them as a safety valve, has never flourished in Yugoslavia.

In some villages—Hlebinje, in Croatia, and Kovačica, a Slovak village in Voivodina, are the best-known—almost the entire population paints. (Works from these two places will be shown at a New York gallery next month.) In many Serbian villages, there are talented primitives among the peasant women, whose paintings have found their way into the homes of affluent city dwellers and members of Belgrade's diplomatic corps. The Communists claim that the peasant women took up painting in the thirties as a means of "social expression," but neutral observers think that they paint simply because they have an aptitude for it. In Belgrade

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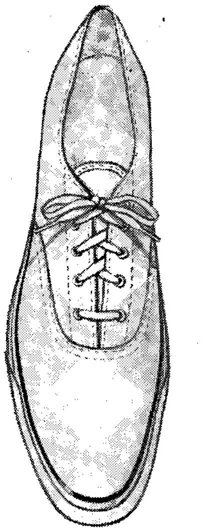

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itself, the painting community has lately been cultivating abstractionism and a certain amount of self-conscious eccentricity, the latter exemplified by a man who insisted on showing his paintings only at midnight. Japes of this sort would probably go unnoticed if they were not coupled with flagrant departures from Socialist Realism. This development has met with a rumble of disapproval from Marshal Tito, who, though he did not sound as pungently critical on the subject as his Moscow counterpart, has nevertheless made clear his displeasure at what he calls "intellectualism in its negative sense." Some people here have read Tito's remarks so often they almost know them by heart:

> I had in mind that very small number of barren intellectuals—particularly in literature, painting, the film, et cetera—who are hovering somewhere outside our Socialist reality and who are, on the whole, the carriers of negative influences from abroad. . . . These are usually people who withdraw into themselves. Everything is too vulgar and dull for them. They look down upon everything and are becoming, to an increasing extent, unsociable beings. They show no interest in anything except their own thoughts. For them, Marxism is outdated. They want something "new" and . . . the effect is often very harmful. They get excited about foreign decadent art and literature. . . . I am not opposed to the creative search for something new, say, in painting, sculpture, and other arts, because this is both necessary and good. But I am against the spending of public money on certain quasi-modernistic works of art which have nothing to do with artistic creation, to say nothing of our reality. . . . Who is, then, to blame for the present prevalence of this quasi-art? People who buy such quasi-artistic works and spend public funds on them, sometimes even awarding prizes and so forth. . . . Does not our reality supply sufficient subject matter for creative artistic work? Yet a large number of our young artists escape into the field of abstract art, instead of showing our reality. . . .

Characteristically, though, Tito followed up his critical remarks a few weeks later with an appeal for moderation:

> We take action now in the field of culture . . . but it cannot be a question of a campaign—rather of incessant political and ideological work. In some places it will be necessary to undertake some other measures, too. But any kind of witch hunt [*lov na vještice*] could only spoil the whole thing. . . .

This sober second thought did little to allay the apprehensions that Tito's pronouncement gave rise to. Nor was the artists' uneasiness soothed by the Party-run press, whose first comments, made after the interval of stunned silence that follows all major Party statements, were all curiously alike, as if the editorial-

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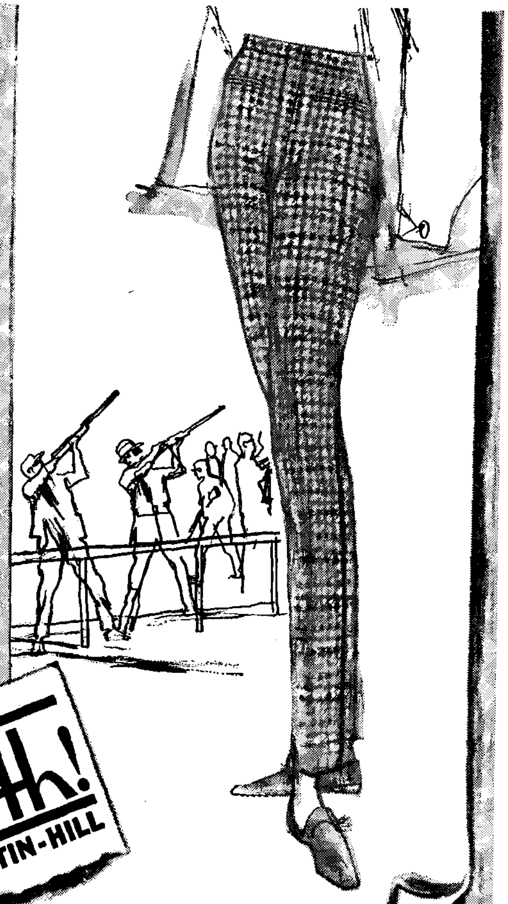

Ah! AUSTIN-HILL

ists had been very carefully briefed. Their line was that in the past few years abstract painting had become too much of a craze, and that workers' councils, community groups, and various state-run enterprises had bought too many such paintings, while the work of realistic painters had been almost ignored. The editorialists insisted that the fad stemmed from a national feeling of inferiority. "People here feel that we must *épater le bourgeois* in Paris and Rome. They seem to have the curious idea that if it's abstract it's got to be good," one paper said, and went on to point out that some able realistic painters had been forced to produce abstract paintings in order to make a living. The editorialists emphasized that Tito did *not* want to ban abstract art but that he did not see why public funds should be spent on bad abstract art. To judge by some specimens I have seen in offices, Ministries, and hotel rooms, I think Tito may have a point, but, of course, the main, and old, question is: Who is going to decide what is good and what is bad? There is talk of the possibility that "cultural commissions" and members of academies will decide exactly which Yugoslav paintings are to be exhibited abroad, and it is pointed out that such self-appointed censors are quite capable of interpreting Tito's remarks in ways that he didn't intend. "Once they begin, you never know where they will stop," one worried painter told me.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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•

We were taken to the Cawdor Castle of "Macbeth," the Bosworth battlefield of "Richard III," the Tower of London of "Richard II," the Forest of Arden of "As You Like It," the Agincourt of "Henry V," and many other historic sites, as distinguished actor Michael Redgrave and a splendid company spoke the deathless prose associated with them.—*Boston Globe.*

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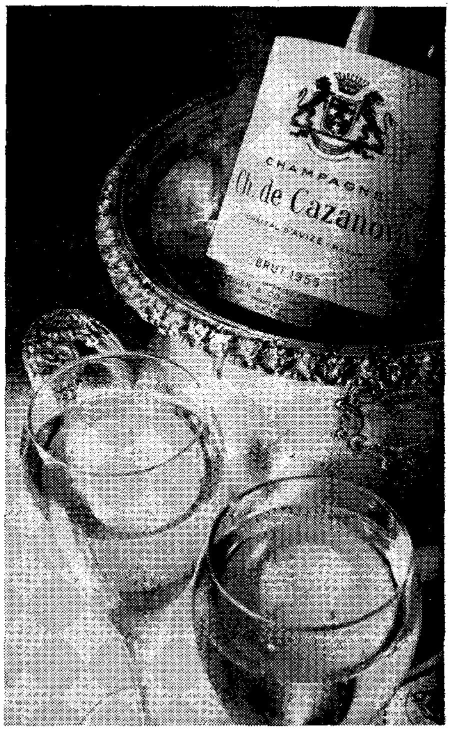

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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ON Wednesday evening last week, I went to the City Center mainly to get a second look at two fairly recent Balanchine ballets—"Bugaku" and "Movements for Piano and Orchestra"—but I stayed to enjoy "La Valse," which has always seemed to me one of those Balanchine works that have the earmarks of immortality. It was not as brilliantly performed as it has been in the past, though Patricia McBride danced the role of the doomed maiden beautifully. Francisco Moncion, as the spectre of Death, did not project the macabre character of his part as well as I have seen him do it before, and while the conductor, Hugo Fiorato, is a talented and energetic young maestro, he was no substitute for Robert Irving, who is still away on a tour with Martha Graham. All the same, "La Valse" seems to me one of the great ballets of our time, and I expect it to take its place among such classics of the standard repertoire as "Swan Lake," "Giselle," and "Les Sylphides." Its construction differs from that of most classical ballets in that the divertissements come first and the drama comes later, but this scheme only increases the effectiveness of "La Valse." Also, like all ballets of permanence, it has a beautiful score, consisting of Ravel's original "La Valse" with some additional music from his "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales"—a score that, in fact, may be the most beautiful of all twentieth-century ballet scores.

As for the two other ballets, "Bugaku" struck me somewhat differently from the way it did on first acquaintance. Its music, by Toshiro Mayuzumi, seemed both more vigorous and slightly less distinguished. Its *mise en scène*, by David Hays and Karinska, again seemed utterly charming, and Allegra Kent was disarmingly lovely in the principal female role, but I was even more aware that the exoticisms of the work give it a rather phony flavor—something like the illustrations Maxfield Parrish might have done for a Japanese fairy tale. "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," on the other hand, made

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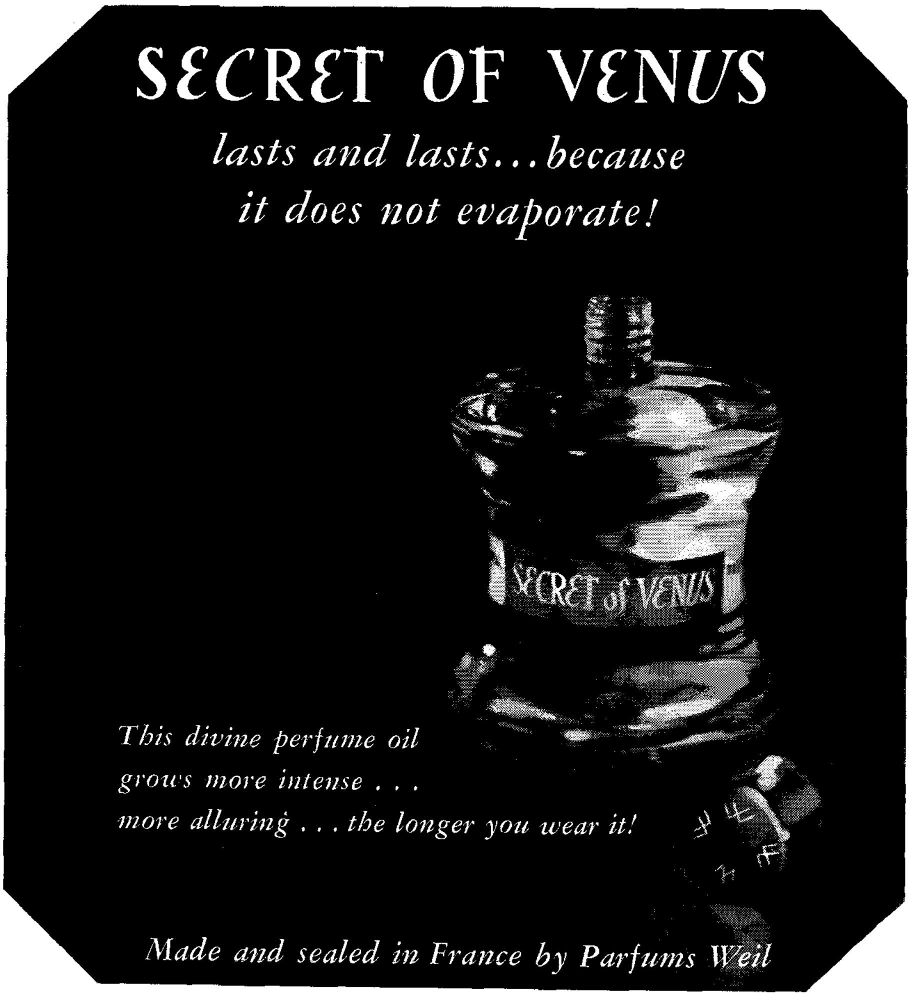

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the same impression on me as before. Stravinsky's music, despite the title, doesn't move but, on the contrary, serves as a bit of aural cactus on the thorns of which the choreographer has impaled some extremely intricate abstract inventions. The protean Mr. Balanchine can, of course, make anything interesting. But the Stravinsky score (a recent one) reminds me again of the remarks by Leonard B. Meyer that I discussed last week. Teleologically, Stravinsky has never been a very strong composer, and this is by no means the strongest of his works.

THAT still astonishing, morally ambiguous, and musically hypnotic work, Wagner's "Ring," has been discussed and interpreted in various ways for nearly a century, and I am sure that the discussions and interpretations will go on for centuries to come. It is not unpopular in the opera house, as some have claimed. Whenever the Metropolitan's Mr. Bing, who is reported to dislike it, deigns to put it on, the box office is overwhelmed with customers. Yet it still goes on being analyzed and explained as if it were a bad conscience. George Bernard Shaw tended to regard it as a political allegory. Ernest Newman saw it as an almost incredible masterpiece by a remarkably unlovable man, and spent a good deal of his life taking it apart in a very scholarly manner, to see, and to show others, how it worked. More recently, William Blissett, a Canadian scholar, has been tracing its influence on Proust, Joyce, and Thomas Mann, the last of whom never really got free of it, though he often treated it with irony in his writings. People who are interested in music have always loved and hated it in about equal numbers. I love it, but I invariably get a headache after listening to any one of its four parts—a sacrifice that, I am sure, many Wagnerians willingly make. I bring all this up because I have just read a book entitled "Wagner's 'Ring' and Its Symbols," by Robert Donington, and published last summer by St. Martin's, which propounds what seems to me the most convincing rationale that has so far appeared.

Mr. Donington is an Englishman who has been for many years an authority on the music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a period of the art that certainly had its romantic aspects, and he is quite at home—indeed, greatly learned—where Wagner is concerned. His book interprets the "Ring" from an entirely new angle—that of the psychological researches of Carl G.

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Jung, which, as you probably know, involve a combination of depth psychology with anthropology and the universal myths of what the Jungians call the "collective unconscious." The book is not easy reading for those unacquainted with the special Jungian meaning of such terms as "persona," "ego," "self," "anima," and "libido," and the reader must be willing to accept, for instance, Siegfried's slaying of the dragon as an example of the mythological ritual of killing the Devouring Mother, along with some incestuous implications. However, once one has got oneself *en rapport* with Jung's and Donington's strange dream world of mythological fantasy, and its archetypes (of which the Devouring Mother is one), Wagner's "Ring" slips into place not as a drama in the rational sense but as a projection of a sort of mythical thought that is unconsciously perceived by most of us, though many of us are reluctant to bring it to the surface of our minds. This goes a long way toward explaining why Wagner is thoroughly disliked by many people. "So strongly does his music release the corresponding emotions in ourselves," writes Mr. Donington, "that it can be exceedingly distasteful or actually dangerous to some temperaments and in some states of mind. People who find this so, or who have a saving premonition that it might be so in their case, are justifiably prone to defend themselves either by forming a powerful dislike for Wagner's music or by subjectively filtering down its effect on themselves into an innocuous insignificance. People, on the other hand, who have no objection to being swept off their feet by a current of tremendous strength and vitality are rewarded by a singularly rich experience." I do not recommend the book to readers in the former category, but those in the latter will find in it an extraordinary feat of analytical virtuosity, embracing the myths of the "Ring" itself, the old Norse Eddas and sagas from which they are drawn, the relation of these myths to beliefs widespread among primitive and now extinct peoples, and, finally, the sources of the power that Wagner's music exerts over the unconscious mind of many a listener.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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but must resist the temptation to use more notes than he needs. For there, in smiling symmetry, are eighty-eight notes, each calling out to be struck at least once in every solo. (Lucky saxophonists and trumpeters and trombonists, who cannot see their notes but can pursue them at will through the maze of their imaginations!) For a long while, the magnetism of their instrument divided jazz pianists into two groups. The first, nurtured principally on ragtime, which dictated five notes where one would have done, were flamboyant and multi-note. Among them were the great "ticklers"—James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, Luckey Roberts, and Fats Waller. Their descendants were Art Tatum (who checked each note on the keyboard two or three times a number), Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, Lennie Tristano, Erroll Garner, and Red Garland. In addition to being show pianists, these men used a lot of notes that were simply to be felt rhythmically. The founder of the second group was probably Earl Hines. A revolutionist, he skirted ragtime and the stride pianists and advanced the proposition of the spare, single-note melodic line. Teddy Wilson, his main admirer, was even more economical. He was followed by Billy Kyle and Nat Cole and Clyde Hart. (Count Basie, at first profligate, became thrifty early in his career, when he discovered that one judiciously placed note easily implied four or five.) Then Bud Powell arrived, to combine the best of these two schools with the teachings of Charlie Parker. He borrowed the brilliant melodic bone hidden in the steam and smoke of Tatum's style and joined it to the dry, logical skeleton of Wilson and Cole and Hart, and he covered this with Parker's freer rhythmic and harmonic approach. He also farmed out the left hand, allowing the drummer and bassist to divide its work between them. His immediate students were Al Haig, George Wallington, Duke Jordan, and George Shearing, who have been succeeded by Hank Jones and Jimmy Rowles and Tommy Flanagan and Bill Evans. Of these, Evans, who is thirty-four, is the most impressive as well as the most elusive.

A pale, shy, emaciated figure, Evans wears glasses and long hair combed flat, and when he plays he hunches like an S over the keyboard, his face generally turned away from his audience, as if the struggle of improvisation were altogether too personal to be practiced in public. For Evans, improvisation is obviously a constant contest—a contest

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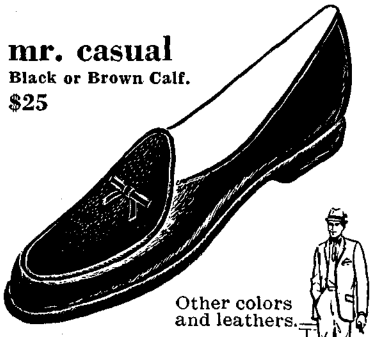

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between his intense wish to practice a wholly private, inner-ear music and an equally intense wish to express, loud and clear, his jubilation at having found such a music within himself. When Evans edged into sight five years ago, as a sideman in experimental and modern-jazz groups (one was led by Miles Davis, who has long waged a war similar to Evans'), his extrovert tendencies were uppermost. Already a finished pianist, with a sure touch, perfect rhythm, and a superb dynamic sense, Evans was marked by Bud Powell and Lennie Tristano. At medium and fast tempos, he played long, uniquely shaped single-note phrases that were distinguished by staccato figures, sudden on-the-beat or double-time clusters, and short, purposeful arpeggios. (Most jazz pianists exude arpeggios the way a squid exudes ink; by the time the clouds of sound clear, a new idea has been found and the danger is over.) These three attacks were rhythmically and melodically exciting because they were beautifully juxtaposed, and they were the means of building within each solo a series of bright climaxes. That is, Evans would play six or seven close-together, ascending, on-the-beat notes, abruptly accenting the last one, and perhaps repeating it several times; he would then quickly fall into a little run, would pause, and would begin climbing another slope of the hill, this time in a staccato onetwothreefourfive manner, until he again reached the top note, which he would again accent before lightly rolling away through both soft and loud notes. These undulations had a wind-blown sound, and their most insistent sections pulled tenaciously at his listeners, making them strain to hear what surely came from Evans' depths. At slow tempos, he turned inward, playing pedalled Debussy chords, and his single notes were filigree. It was a wistful, aeolian-harp music.

When Evans formed a trio, late in 1959, with Scott La Faro on bass and Paul Motian on drums, a peculiar thing happened: The burden of being *the* soloist instead of *a* soloist appeared too much for him, and he became increasingly ruminative and withdrawn. He experimented endlessly with slow, cloudy numbers whose notes had a pale hue, and the singing climaxes all but vanished. Then, in the spring of 1961, La Faro, a stunning musician who tried to draw Evans out by working contrapuntally with him and by playing daringly executed solos, was killed in an accident, and Evans' work became even more closeted and gloomy. The

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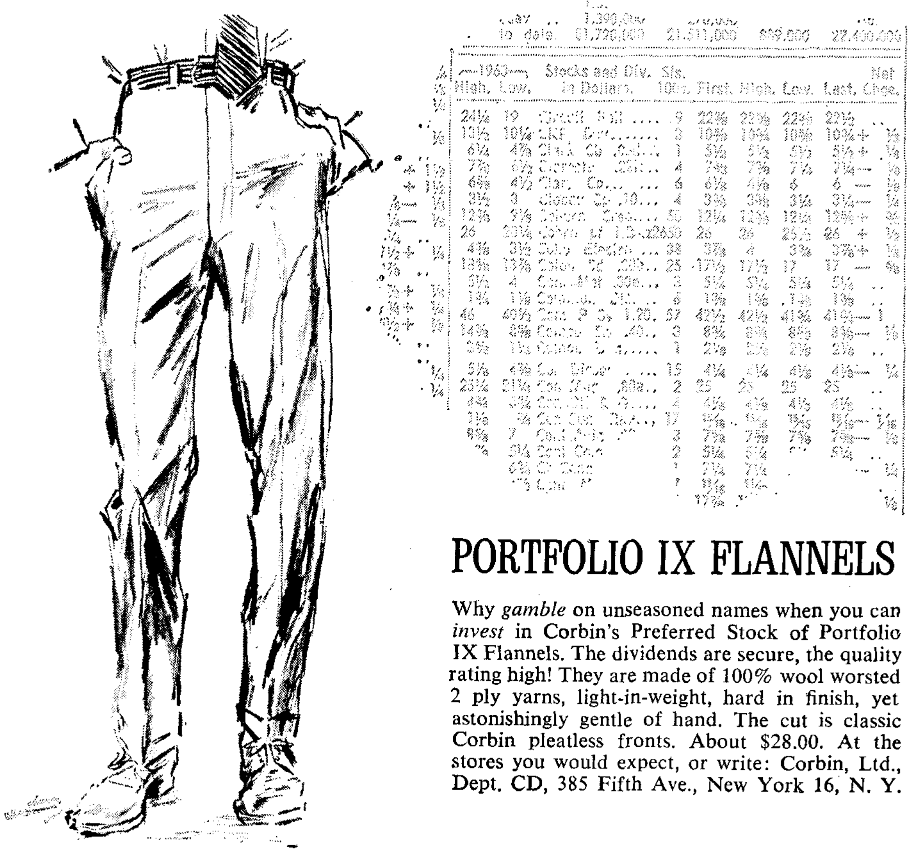

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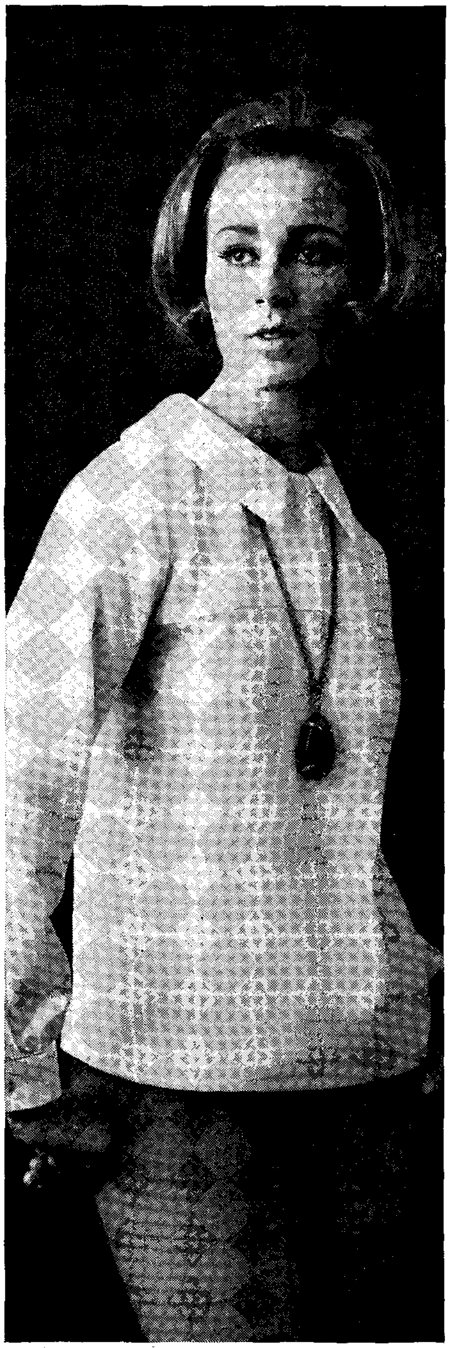

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irony was uncomfortably plain: Evans, shy to the point of pain, had become a young Werther. But in the past year Evans has unexpectedly made three quite different recordings—a duet with Jim Hall, a trio effort with Shelly Manne and Monty Budwig, and a small-band date with Freddie Hubbard, Hall, Percy Heath, and Philly Joe Jones—which suggest that he is again doing battle with himself.

"Undercurrent" (United Artists UAJS 15003), which he recorded with Hall, resembles two close friends talking quietly late at night. There are six standards, one of them Hall's "Romain," and each consists of gentle ensemble passages, sometimes with and sometimes without a lead voice, and brief solos in which the accompanist moves into the background. Nobody bothers about steady tempos, but if one seems appropriate, it is sounded discreetly and then abandoned before it becomes assertive. "Romain" and John Lewis's "Skating in Central Park" work out best; the two men are in clearest accord, and Evans even goes through the motions of setting up and knocking down several climaxes. These moments invigorate Hall, who in turn cheers Evans.

Unlike Elvin Jones and Philly Joe Jones and Billy Higgins, who use the drums as polyrhythmic engines, Shelly Manne accomplishes his infinite colorations through implication. His work, particularly behind pianists and bassists, abounds in odd, pleasant, oblique sounds—fingers and hands on cymbals, a silver dollar spinning on a drumhead, ruffling wire brushes, and occasional tom-tom or cymbal-top pongs. In four of the six numbers (all standards) in "Shelly Manne/Bill Evans with Monty Budwig: Empathy" (Verve V-8497), Evans responds to these touches with vigorous solos, full of up-and-down figures, startling rhythmic and harmonic turns, and an iron *mot-juste* concentration. (No other contemporary jazz musician relies as little on intuition as Evans does when he is improvising.) Manne takes a couple of delightful solos ("The Washington Twist" and "With a Song in My Heart"), which, as is usual with him, are partly contrapuntal exercises with either piano or bass and partly pure solo. Indeed, they are refreshing offshoots of the ensemble rather than look-Ma exhibitions. Budwig is a skilled bassist and a sufficient soloist. And, near the end of "With a Song in My Heart," Evans reveals a new side by dropping in a heavy, mock-pompous statement of the melody that comically evokes every-

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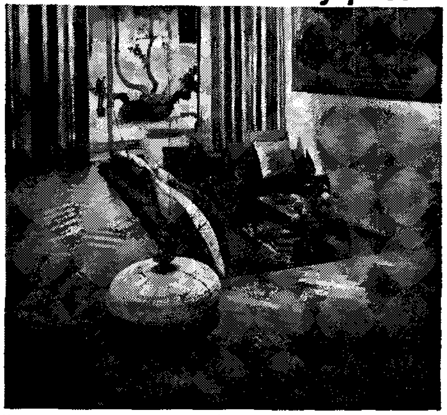

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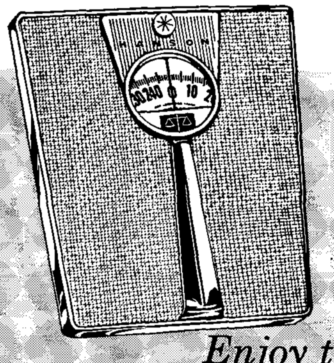

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Evans responds almost as well to Philly Joe Jones in "Interplay: Bill Evans Quintet" (Riverside RM 445) as he does to Manne. Jones can be overweening, but he restricts himself here to precise pushing. (His loudness is caused by recording imbalance.) Listen to his worrying but exact ride-cymbal patterns behind Hall in "Interplay," an ingenious medium-tempo blues by Evans (the *five other numbers are* standards), and to his pumping high-hat work during the ensembles. Hall is in good form, and Heath, as always, is safe and polished. Unfortunately, Hubbard, who is still an overblowing admirer of Miles Davis and Art Farmer, tends to jar the easy communion of the rhythm section. His presence, in fact, induces wishful thinking. Had either Davis or Farmer been on hand, Evans, who has made some of his best recordings with them, might have shaken off the last of his melancholia.

Since the release of these recordings, Evans' new trio (Gary Peacock on bass and Paul Motian on drums) has been taken on as the house band at the Village Vanguard. On the basis of its showing one night a week ago, it is an intense, welling-up group. It works contrapuntally a great deal of the time, with both Peacock, a superb bassist in the tradition of La Faro, and Motian developing their own "melodic" lines instead of acting as mere timekeepers. Evans, more of a ghostly figure than ever, seems freer and has perhaps found the median between his Werther musings and open, selfless playing. In a long, medium-slow rendition of Monk's " 'Round Midnight," which has the sort of imperious melody that almost commands note-for-note repetition, he attacked from every point—with loose chords, rising and falling single-note clusters, and excited rhythmic turns. The tune gradually softened under these pressures, and became a perfectly harmonious composition by Monk *and* Evans. Similar happy collaborations took place during the evening, giving the impression, all in all, that Evans' celebration of himself *has* resumed.

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•

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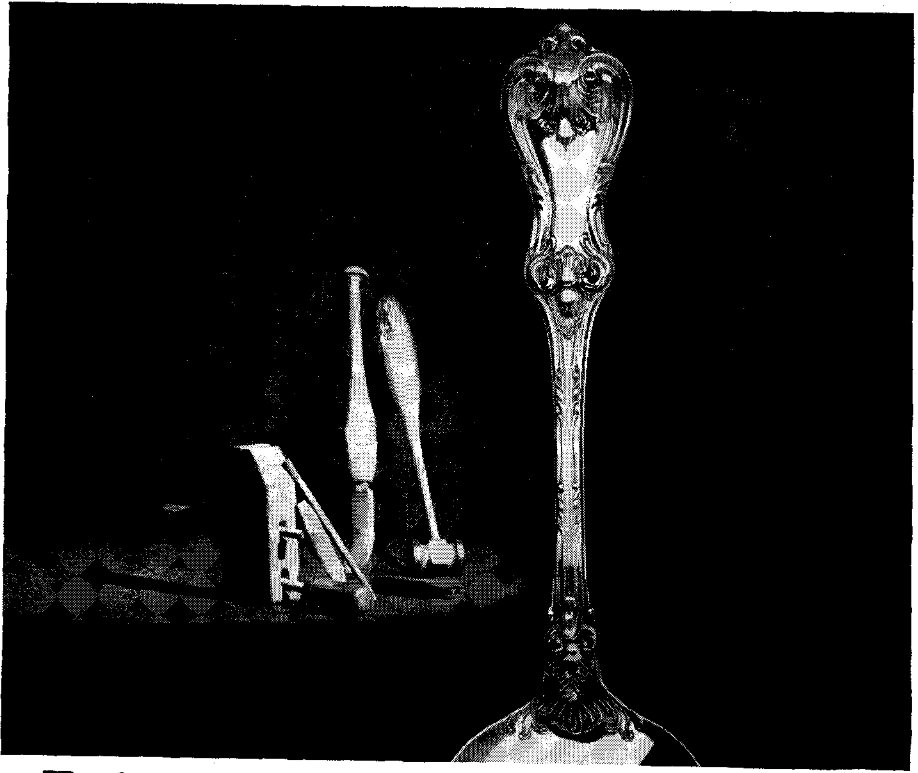

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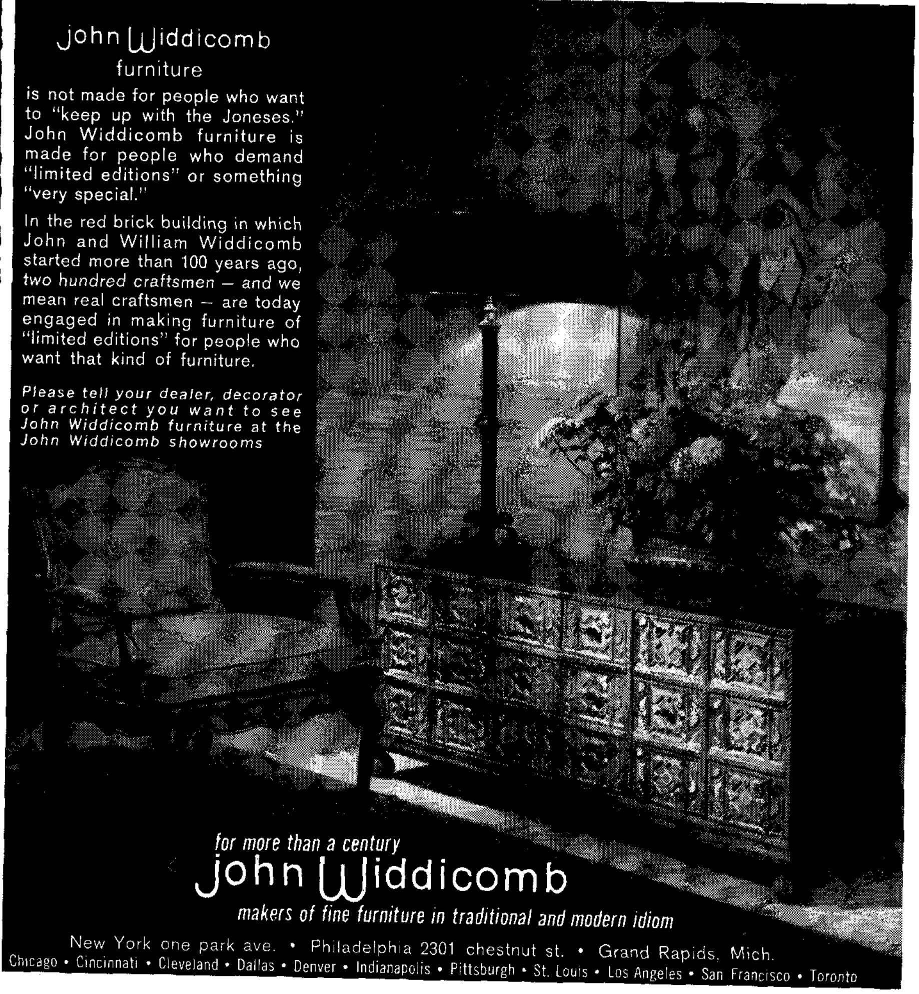

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THE MAIDEN LADIES

One afternoon many years ago, when my father and I were on our way from our home in Rome to the resort island of Rügen, in the Baltic, we stopped off to visit a great-grandaunt of mine who lived not far from Neustrelitz, in the former duchy of Mecklenburg, a part of Prussia north of Berlin. It was in the days of the Weimar Republic; I must have been eight or nine. Our stay was brief—between trains—but I have never forgotten it. For years I would call it back to mind in bed at night when I was told, in order to put myself to sleep, to think of the most pleasant events of my life.

My great-grandaunt lived, with a number of other ladies, in a foundation, or *Stift*, established by a grand duchess of Mecklenburg, long deceased, for the unmarried daughters of the aristocracy in her court. Whether the *Stift* has survived to our day I do not know—it seems unlikely—but institutions like it still exist in Denmark. I visited one there last year.

What I remember best of the visit to my great-grandaunt is the automobile in which my father and I rode from the railway station to the *Stift*, and the glorious food that we were served there. Luxury impressed me; I was a greedy little girl.

When we stepped off the train at Neustrelitz, a little provincial capital with a charming lake and a castle, the chauffeur of the *Stift* was waiting for us in an enormous and ancient automobile that, I realized later, must have been custom-made in the early days of the internal-combustion engine. It was a splendid car. Its maroon enamel and its metal trimmings were as highly polished as a general's boots. The fringed and scalloped roller curtains on the side windows in the rear were half drawn against the sun, and next to each window was a silver cornucopia filled with roses. What overwhelmed me, however, was the chauffeur's insistence on tucking a fur-lined lap robe around our knees, though the sun shone hotly on the flat fields of the countryside. But the chauffeur himself was not formal at all. Speaking the local dialect, he told us that his father and his grandfather before him had been the coachmen for the *Stift;* he bitterly regretted that the ladies had had to give up their coach for a machine.

The *Stift*, I remember, was a long, low, pale-yellow building, standing in a modest little park that petered out into fields. A few shallow steps led to the front door, which was opened by a

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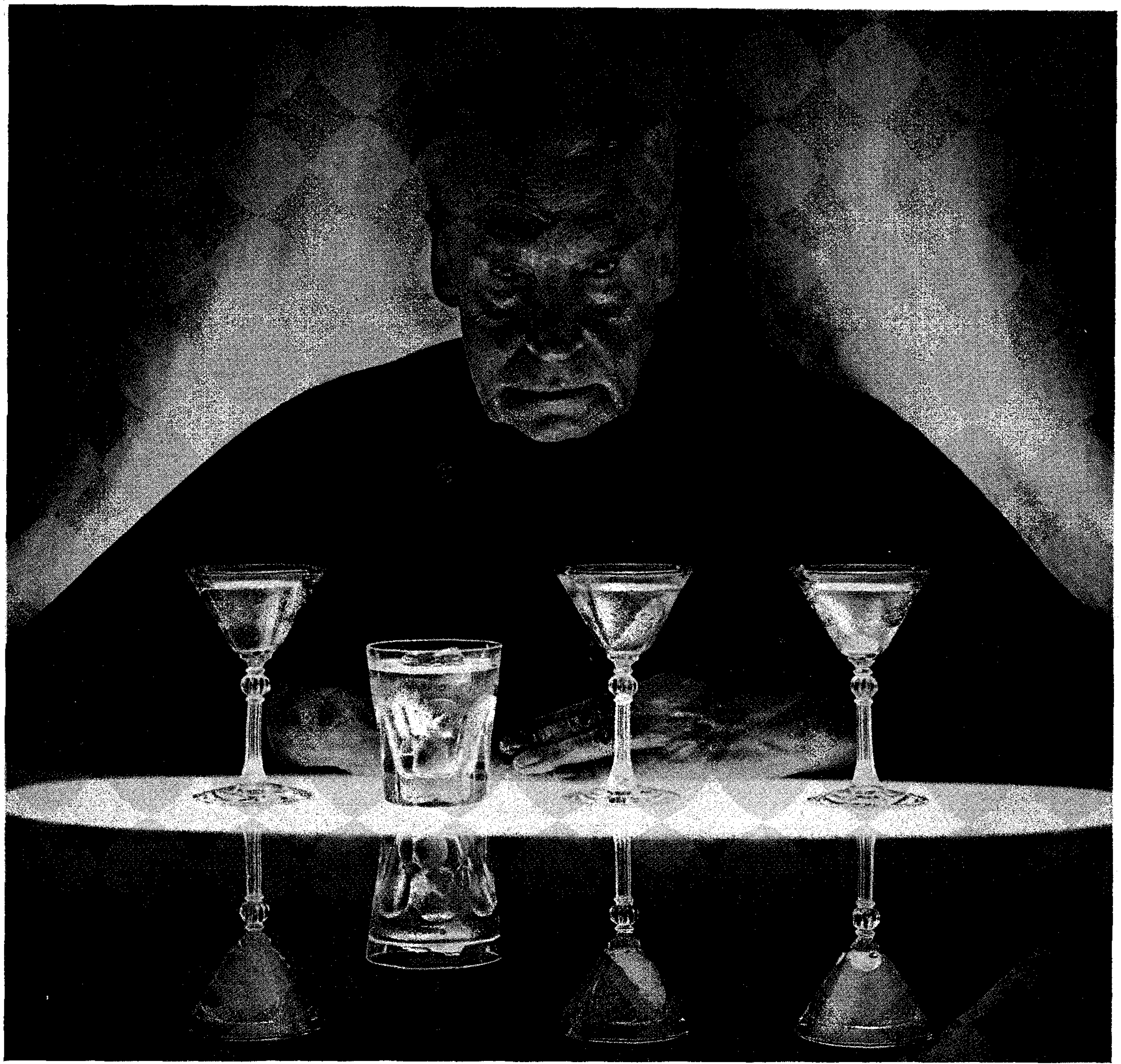

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I had never seen an old woman as imposing as my great-grandaunt. She was tall and well rounded, so firmly corseted that she creaked when she moved. She wore a long-jacketed, strictly tailored suit that I recognized as a "tailor-made," since my mother had one, too, and referred to it by its English name. A high, boned collar made of net rose from her décolletage to her chin. Just below her Adam's apple she wore a brooch with the initials of the *Stift's* founder, as she told us; it was outlined with diamond splinters and moved up and down as she talked. She carried long gloves and a reticule, and she wore her hat—a large, round structure covered with ostrich feathers—indoors. I was amazed at the sight. She greeted my father with the utmost formality, and he kissed her hand. I curtsied as I was introduced. My great-grandaunt patted my head, remarked that I must look like my mother's side of the family, and paid no attention to me thereafter. She then announced that her best friend, who also lived in the *Stift*, had invited us all for coffee.

The *Stiftsdamen*—I don't know their number—lived in stiff-necked Prussian decorum in their own apartments. Each was looked after by her own maid, an old family servant. Each managed her own household, and went out and entertained as much as she wanted. On Sundays, after the service in the chapel of the *Stift*, the ladies lunched together in a big hall, entertaining the pastor. At other times, they invited each other for lunch or coffee. Evening invitations were rare, for the ladies were old and grew tired at night; they were apt to nap before retiring. No lady ever saw another without a formal, written invitation, taken around by her maid. And even for a short visit across the hall a lady would be as fully dressed as if, in earlier years, she had driven for an hour or two across the country to another estate.

The old ladies spent their days—so my father told me many years later, when we spoke of this visit—devoting themselves to the old-fashioned charities and pieties of their youth. They knitted for the missions and sewed little garments for the children of unwed mothers—local peasant girls whom they helped to rise again and become faithful house servants. They listened to frequent edifying talks from their pastor and, as often as they were invited, they

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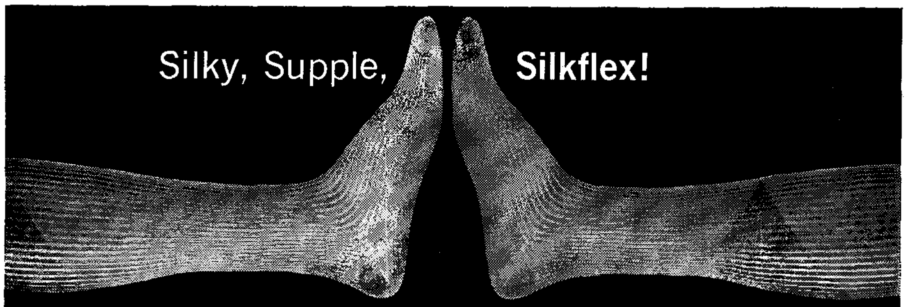

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visited those relatives who still had their estates. Once a week, they went shopping in the same automobile we had arrived in. Once a year, most of them took a trip to Berlin for an orgy of umbrage at what had become of the beautiful city of their dear Kaiser. The greatest day of the year was Founder's Day, when a member of the Mecklenburg grand-ducal family came to inspect the *Stift*. (The current—though retired—Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg was the patroness.) The occasion was celebrated with a service in the chapel, a large luncheon, a visit to the local poor, and a coffee party for friends of the *Stift* who lived on the surrounding estates. All in all, the old ladies led a touching, seemly existence that had little to do with the present.

I remember everything we had to eat. The round table that stood in the middle of the room had been set with a lace cloth and a big bunch of roses. This was for the three grownups; for me, a little table had been made ready, also with a lace cloth, where I sat by myself. I did not mind at all, and admired my cup; I can still see it—pink, and painted with fat little cupids. An old woman, who must have been the maid of my great-grandaunt's friend, poured the coffee from a silver pot, and included me in her round. This made a great impression on me, for at home I was not allowed to drink coffee. She also served a great spoonful of whipped cream into my coffee, and three lumps of sugar. Then the maid cut two large cakes, one chocolate and one a cherry tart, and passed them around, with more whipped cream. As a side dish she offered us a variety of cookies from a silver tray. I especially remember the vanilla pretzels, because they were new to me.

The maid then took away the cups and plates and the grownups talked. I was handed Doré's illustrated Bible to amuse myself with, and was otherwise ignored. As the afternoon progressed, the maid appeared again, this time with a large glass bowl full of *crème vanillée*, which was decorated with candied violets and swirls of still more whipped cream. It was wonderful. A short time before my father and I had to leave to get on with our trip, a veritable tapestry of open-faced sandwiches appeared. Addressing me for the first time, my great-grandaunt told me that I could not have any with capers, anchovies, or olives, because they were bad for children. Madeira was served with the sandwiches, and a thimbleful was poured out for me in a little glass. And then, with the fur-lined lap robe tucked

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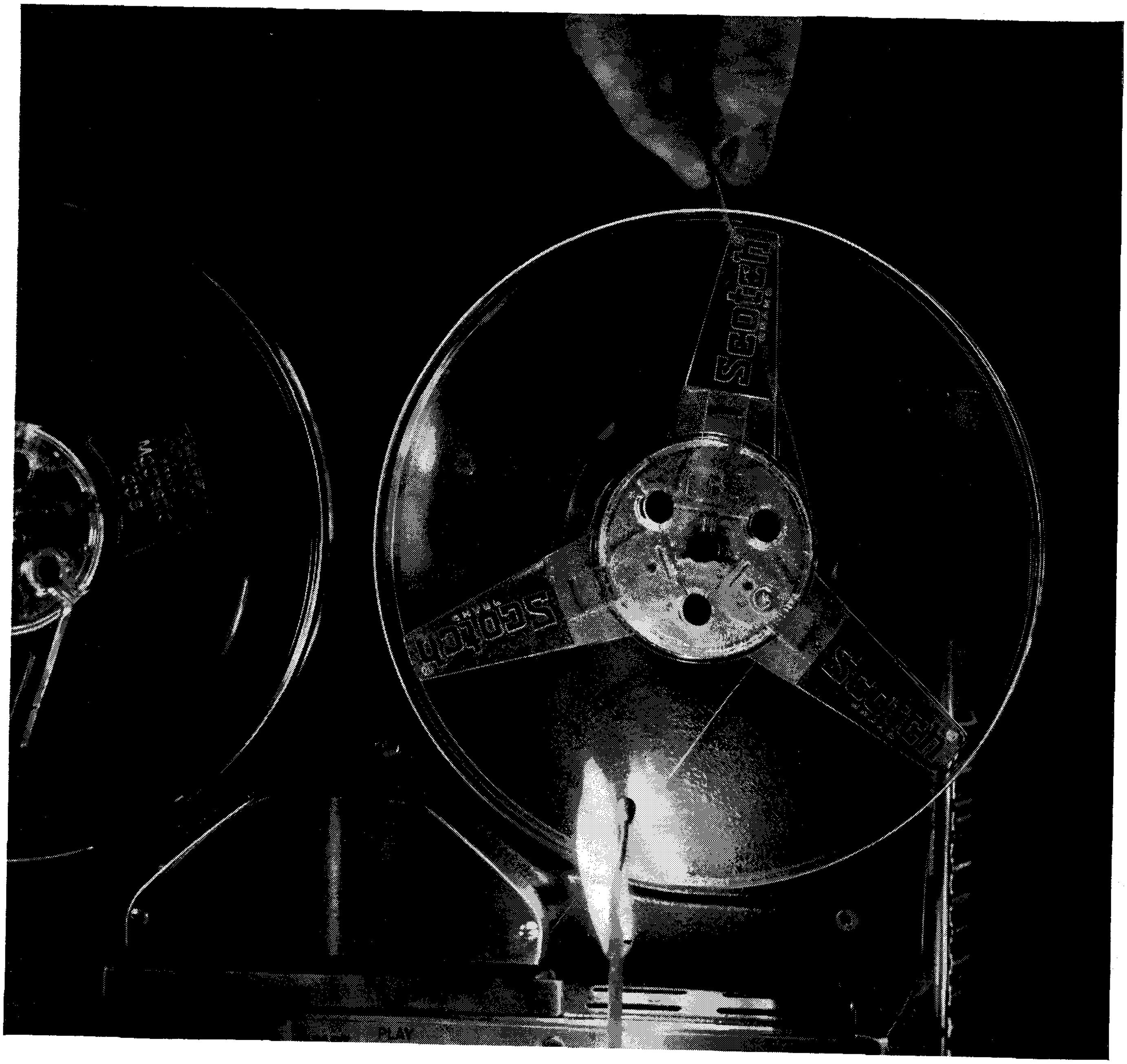

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Just lay recording tape inside this new reel and start your recorder. This exclusive new Scotch® brand Self-Threading Reel holds tape firmly, but gently, as recorder starts—actually threads up automatically. No hooks, no slots, no attachments—no tape fumbles. This reel does away with thread-up problems. (You wouldn't really need the light of a match to use it!) Now, this reel is offered as a take-up reel for only 39¢ in a special offer from the granddaddy of all tape-makers, 3M.

New reel threads up with all tape thicknesses or with leader tape. Tape rewinds off reel freely and easily. Solid sides protect tape against dust and damage. Reel comes complete with write-on labels and snap-tight plastic collar that seals reel edges against dust, makes reel self-storing without a box.

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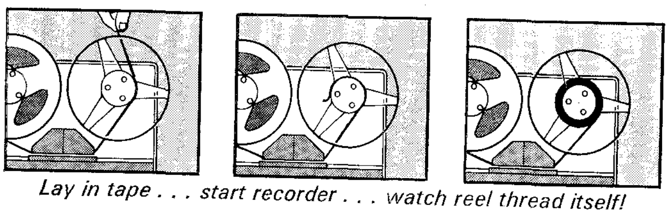

Lay in tape . . . start recorder . . . watch reel thread itself!

Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

SCOTCH
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SPECIAL OFFER
NEW
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around us once more, my father and I were driven to the train.

LAST year in Denmark, by a happy chance, I came upon a *Stift* again. Denmark was new to me—I went there to collect recipes for a book on Danish cooking—and I had no personal associations in the country but one, which could hardly have been more tenuous. It was a Danish countess, a close friend of my mother in the first decade of this century. My mother, who is now almost ninety, lived in Rome then, the countess spent her winters there, and they had become friends. Now my mother had forgotten the countess's name, and could remember little of what had happened to her except that she had never married, and that she had once lived in a castle in a place called Vallø. All my life I had heard tales of this Edwardian charmer who, though no longer young even at the time my mother knew her, could twist men and women alike around her little finger. She could no longer be living, surely, but I promised my mother to do my best to discover what had become of her. I forgot my promise then, until one evening when I was chatting with a new-found friend in Copenhagen—I had been in Denmark several weeks—about the memorable meals of childhood. I told him of the coffee party at my great-grandaunt's *Stift* in Mecklenburg. There were *Stifte* in Denmark even now, he said; the most famous was a castle in south Zealand, not far from Copenhagen, called Vallø. And then I remembered my mother's old friend and my promise, and told him of it. Vallø was not open to the public, he said, but he would do what he could to make it possible for me to visit there and inquire after the long-lost countess. A few days later, he called me to say that I would be welcome; Countess Benedicte Moltke, who was in charge of Vallø's maiden ladies, would receive me at three the following Sunday afternoon.

I hired a car and chauffeur for the eighteen-mile drive to Vallø from Copenhagen. The road leads southward through the flat fields of south Zealand, which look like well-tended gardens. The manor houses and castles of the region are hidden in their parks, and Vallø, too, is invisible from the main road. Branching off on the side road that leads to the castle, we came first to the castle inn, a low-slung building with red brick roofs and ochre walls, and then to the castle, which stands in a large and handsomely groomed park, famous for its rare trees. The flower gardens

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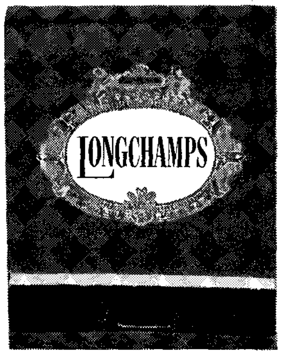

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are equally renowned; both are open to the public, though the castle is not.

Two great towers, a round one on the east side and a square one on the west, are Vallø's most salient features. They are eight stories high, and topped with tall, rounded roofs crowned with cupolas. The towers, with one or two small windows on each story, have a medieval air, but the part of the building that they flank, two stories high and four windows wide, topped by a steep dormered roof, reminds one of the Renaissance buildings of the Hanseatic League. On the clear spring afternoon of my visit, the towers glowed like roses against the water-color blue of the sky. In the park, the first buds had sprouted on the trees, and tulips were poking their heads through the earth of their orderly beds. A few self-contained Danish families in their Sunday best were strolling around, studying the signs of beautiful flower displays to come.

Vallø is not at all like a French château. It is thoroughly Danish, with the characteristic round tower and the serene massiveness of its square building, where orderly rows of windows march under stepped Gothic gables. The castle is surrounded by a moat; indeed, there are two moats, and the day I was there they mirrored clearly the rosy-red brick of Vallø's turrets and crenellated walls, set against the sky.

I was to arrive at three, and I arrived on the dot, for punctuality, I had learned, is the foremost of Danish social graces. The chauffeur would not let me linger on the way to see the countryside, for fear we might be a few minutes late. We turned into the castle drive a few minutes early, and these I spent gazing at Vallø from the far side of its two moats, which are crossed by a bridge decorated with lions bearing shields that carry the crest of the castle's builder.

On the stroke of three, we drove across the bridge and up to the gateway, which is so deep and high that it is almost a room, and which leads to the cobbled yard. On our left, in the round tower, we found two small wooden doors; one had the name of the caretaker on it. I had come with flowers. In Denmark, a guest brings flowers; it is, after punctuality, the second of the Danish social graces. The flowers had been carefully nursed in the front seat—so that the wrappings should not be mussed, the chauffeur told me. He put them into my arms after he had helped me out of the car. Then he pulled a bell, and a young woman opened the door, curtsying as she did so. The chauffeur almost pushed me into the entrance,

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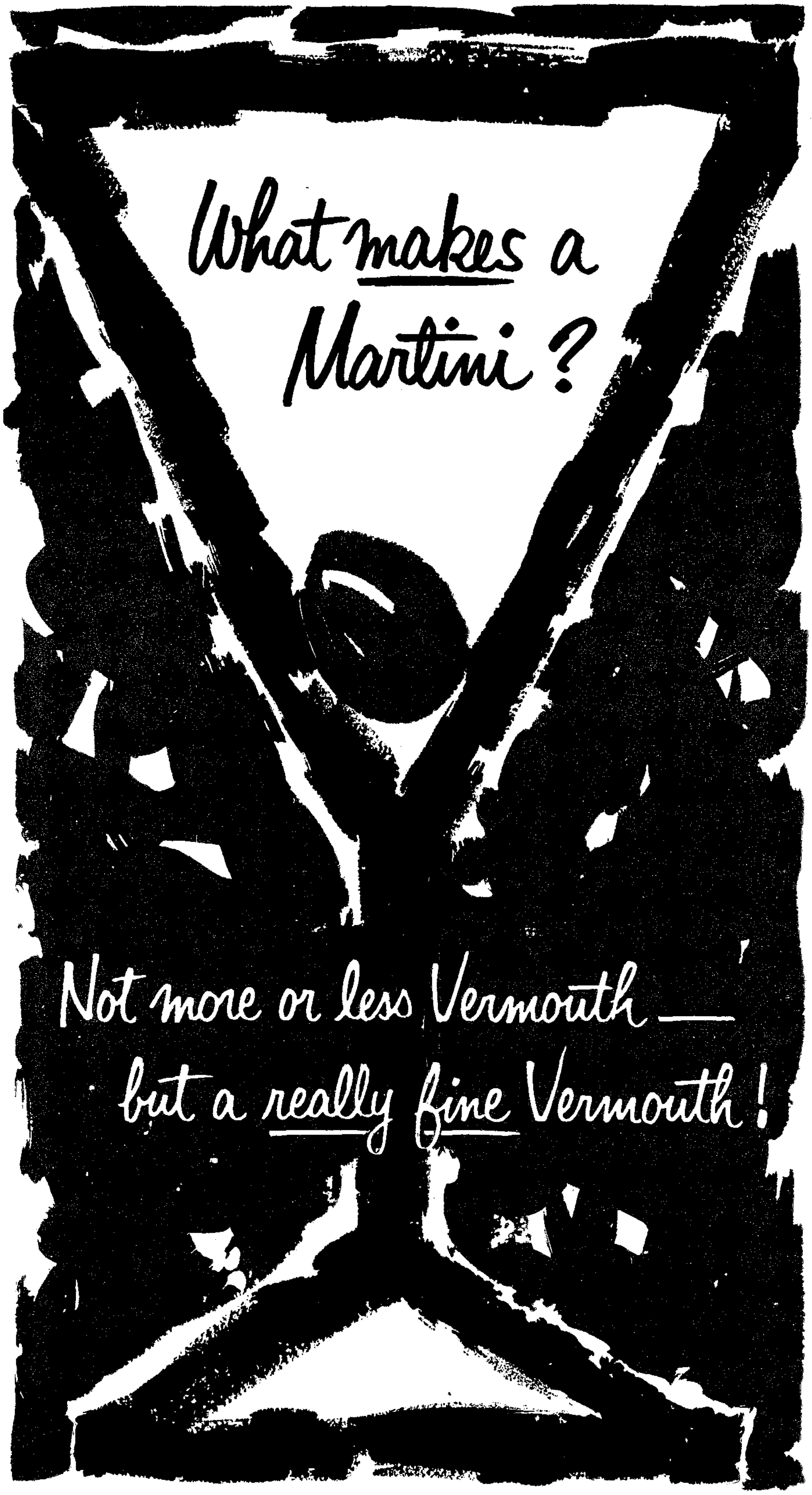
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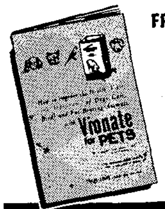

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fearing I might be late. The young woman led me up a shallow flight of stairs and along a narrow hall, carpeted with a long runner and made light by many tall windows. At the end of the hall, she knocked on a tall door, and the Countess Moltke herself opened it. She was a lady in her early sixties, I should judge, and not very tall. She bore not the slightest resemblance to what I had known a *Stiftsdame* to be, but reminded me instead of some member of an old, conservative New York family who belongs to the Colony Club and the Colonial Dames. She led me into her sitting room, which was round. We might have been in an old family house in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, or in England, for, though the room's proportions were far loftier, it clearly belonged to someone who had never had to worry about the impression she made on others and who did not lead an idle life. Books and magazines, some in English, were scattered through the room, and a low table was laid for tea.

The Countess first asked me to sit down and then asked my leave to arrange the flowers before she joined me, lest they die for lack of water. She was utterly polite, but it soon became clear that it had not been explained to her why I had come. I told her, then, about my mother's Danish friend, and the *Stift* I had visited in Mecklenburg long ago, and my own rather selfish wish to fit two small pieces of the past—one of them only dimly glimpsed—together. What she thought of all this, I do not know, but my admission cleared the air, and we spent a delightful afternoon. There was no trouble understanding each other, for, like all upper-class Danes, the Countess spoke fluent English. As it happened, we talked very little of my mother's old friend, for there was no way, really, to puzzle out who she might have been without going into a great deal of research. It all belonged to a time so long before us.

We talked about America for a while, and then the Countess, as I had hoped she would, told me about Vallø, of which she is the Dekanesse, or Mother Superior. Her title, she explained, has no religious connotation. The Dekanesse is in charge of the *Stift* and its residents, and takes part in its many charitable activities. She has the title of Excellency, and is appointed by the King upon the Queen's recommendation. She must be the widow of a man who belonged to the highest ranks of the nobility, and she must be nobly born herself, and Danish by birth. The Queen of Denmark is the patroness of Vallø, and has the last word in all decisions concern-

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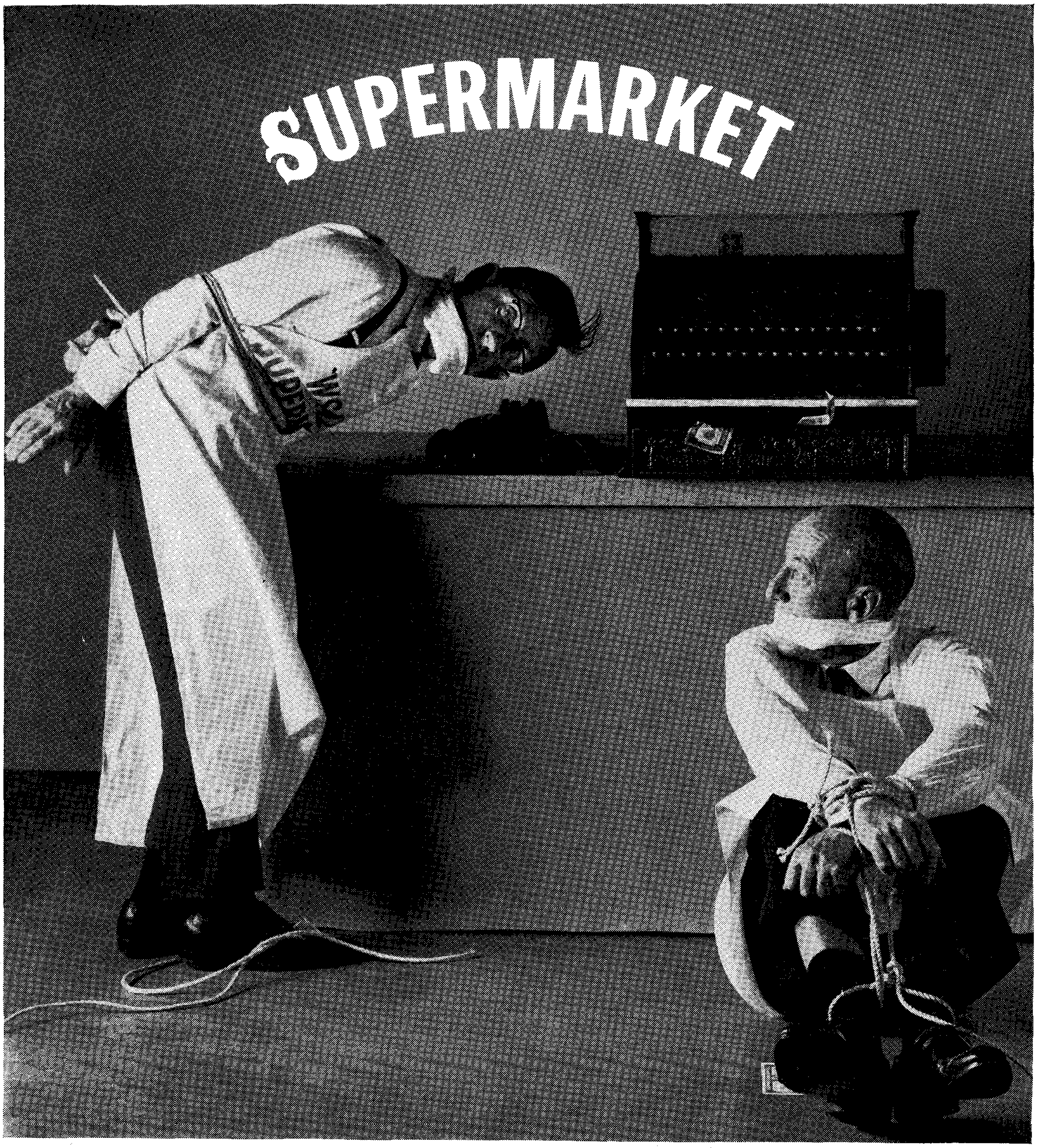

Helnph! Helnph!

What the boys are desperately trying to tell you is this: some smart advertiser has sneaked into Supermarket, availed himself of the facilities of WSAZ-TV, and made off with part of a 4-billion-dollar payroll *again!*

"Why does it always happen to us?" muse Tom Garten[1] (right) and John Sinclair.[2]

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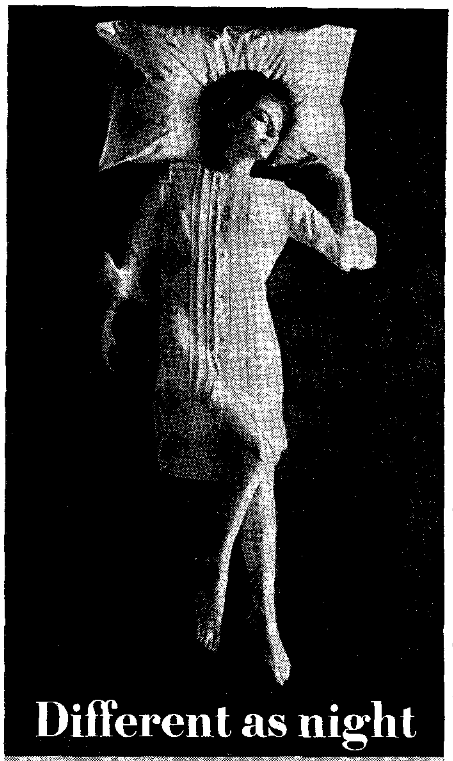
What truly dedicated advertiser could resist?

And how can *you* resist taking advantage of Tom and John while they're bound and gagged? Call your Katz agency man. (1. Vice President, General Manager, WSAZ-TV. 2. Manager, Charleston Operation, WSAZ-TV.) *ARB Coverage study (fall, 1960) **SRDS (Population—1/1/63)



Snuggle off to sleep in a challis shift and pop on a quilted cotton jumper to face your wake-a-day chores! Two young, bright-eyed day-and-night compatibles by Gotham. The yellow shift, the deep green jumper sprigged and lined in yellow. In petite, small, medium, large. Shift 8.00 jumper 13.00

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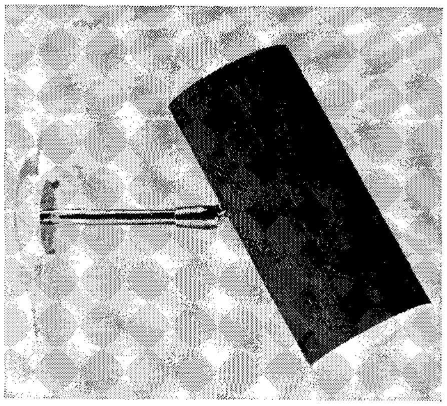
ing the well-being of the residents, as well as the responsibility for many of the business affairs that concern the different annuities the foundation distributes. In addition to the Dekanesse, who is the supreme authority in internal affairs of the foundation, Vallø has a Kurator, appointed by the King, who is in complete charge of Vallø's external affairs.

Though there was a castle of Vallø as far back as 1332, and the present main building was erected in 1581, the castle did not become a *Stift* until 1738, when Sophie Magdalene, the German-born queen of King Christian VI, established it as a foundation for the unmarried ladies of the Danish aristocracy, in the manner of the *Stifte* of her native country. Vallø is generously endowed, and today it is a flourishing financial institution. Apart from its endowments, it owns some ten thousand acres of land, and land is precious in Denmark. Its properties include five manors, four farms, a sawmill, and valuable forests. The Vallø foundation supports two homes for old-age pensioners and two day nurseries, and gives considerable help to the needy in its neighborhood.

The unmarried ladies of Vallø profit from all this wealth. The foundation pays annuities to a number of non-residents, and in the castle itself there are eleven apartments, each of five or six rooms, occupied by permanent residents. Apart from her housing, a Vallø resident receives free medical care and nursing, a free telephone, and a generous amount of game, fruit, vegetables, and flowers from the estate farms. She also receives an annual income, and the right to wear two orders—the foundation's red ribbon with a white cross decorated with the initials of Queen Sophie Magdalene, and a star with the monogram of a later queen, Juliane Marie. Both orders are worn on ceremonial occasions and in the presence of royalty.

A Vallø resident has no obligations, because her parents assumed her obligations long before she became a resident. Prudent parents of girls make a payment of four thousand Danish kroner (about five hundred and eighty dollars, a sum that has a considerably higher purchasing power in Denmark than in America) at the time of the birth of their daughter, which goes into the Founder's Fund. Interest is compounded on the investment, and amounts to nearly as much as the original principal by the time a lady enters the castle. There is no specific age for this; vacancies are offered to the oldest lady on the waiting list. A Vallø resident has the right to live in the castle as long as she



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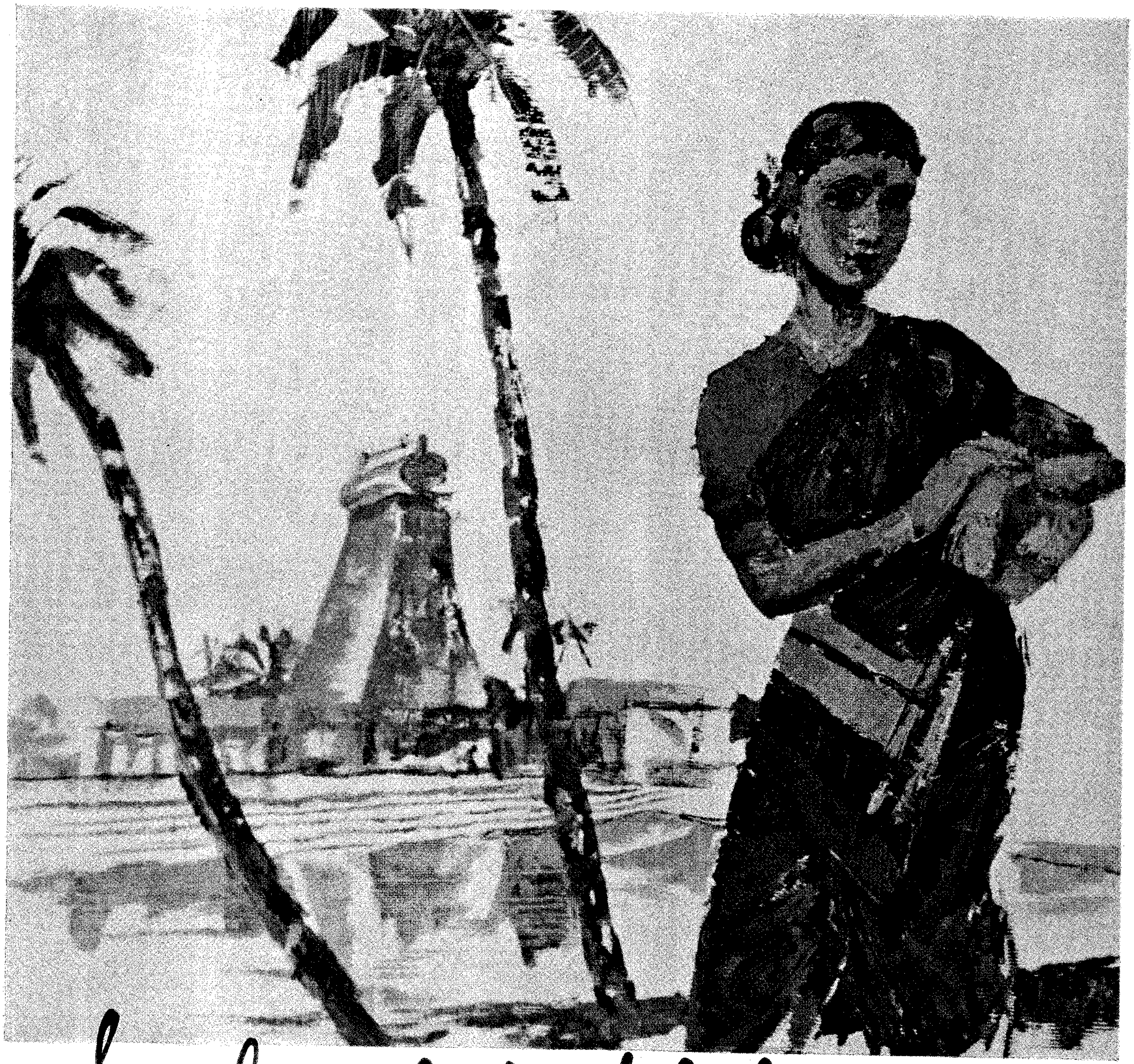

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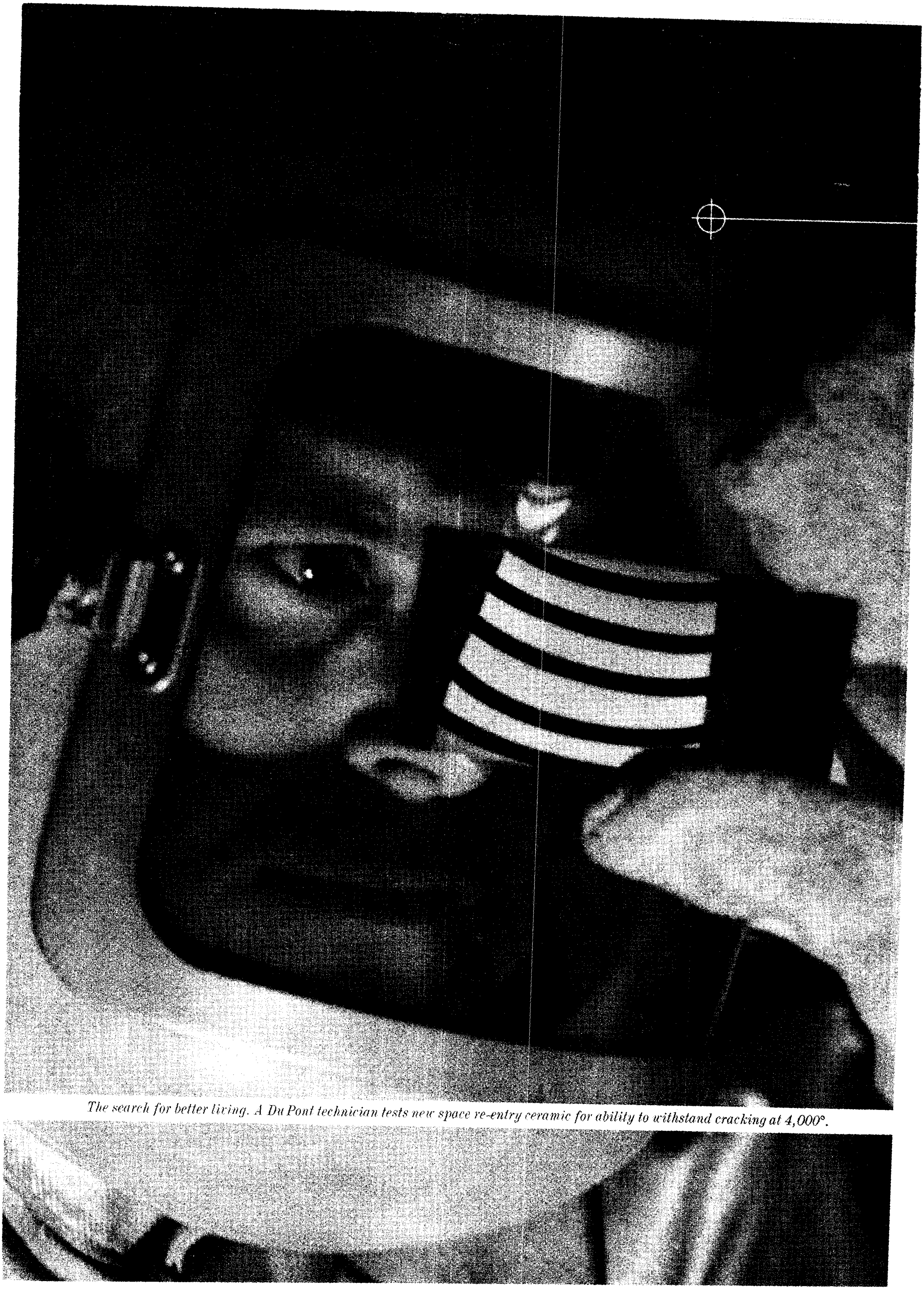

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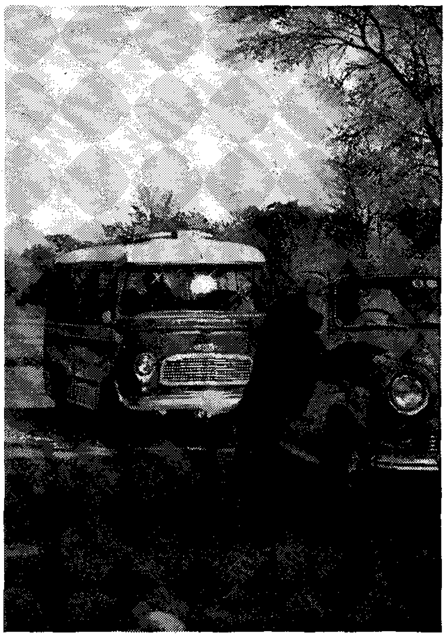

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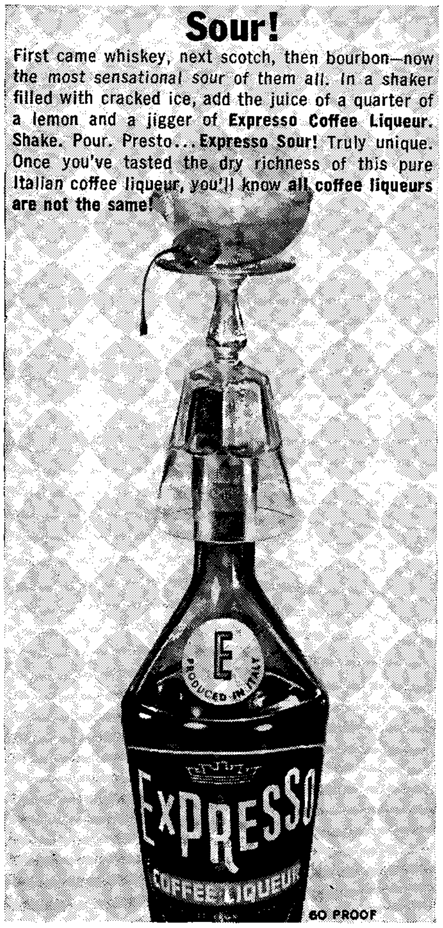
remains unmarried. If a lady marries, she forfeits all rights to the money invested in her behalf, as well as all right to live eventually at Vallø.

The Vallø resident may lead her life as she pleases in the most charming surroundings; she may pursue her hobbies and her social life among her own friends and the gentry of the neighborhood. She is even given her transportation—though, as in the *Stift* of my great-grandaunt, the automobile has taken over. In 1958, it replaced the coach in which the ladies drove to town, a coach that had belonged to a former queen of Denmark. The shiny vehicle, a famous tourist sight, was drawn by two brown Oldenburg horses and driven by a coachman who sat high on the box in a blue, brass-buttoned coat, wearing a black cockaded top hat. Now the ladies drive to town in a black limousine.

I had heard that servants were as scarce in Denmark as in America, and, thinking of the five- and six-room apartments at Vallø, I asked the Dekanesse how her old ladies managed. They had to make do with part-time help, she said, unless they were lucky enough—and few were—to have kept an old family servant. The young lady who met me at the gate had not been a maid, I remembered; and the Countess had come to the door herself. I asked, too, about the cooking, since it seemed unlikely that a Vallø resident had been brought up to do her own. That, too, was a problem, the Dekanesse said. One or two servant women went from apartment to apartment to cook dinner, and on the servants' nights off, the ladies had to manage as well as they could. I was surprised that it should be so difficult to find help for a place that is not only a national institution but also dispenses considerable local charity. The Dekanesse shook her head sadly. There was little she could say. Vallø could not compete with industrial wages; the local women preferred to work in the Copenhagen factories. I could hardly ask her why Vallø, rich as it was, could not afford to pay more.

Later on, and in another place, a Vallø candidate told me that the lack of help had indeed brought things to a sad pass. When the foundation informed her that she had become eligible for residence, she was asked about the state of her health. She told me, wryly, that she took this to mean that she had to prove she was well enough not to need much looking after, whereas she had been brought up to believe that it was one of the functions of Vallø to look after incapacitated old ladies.

The Countess Moltke and I had tea,



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and I remember the tea itself to be outstandingly good. There was toast and jam, and a cake and some cookies. I thought at the time that tea in Vallø was very much like tea in Boston or Philadelphia, and not at all like the coffee party in my great-grandaunt's *Stift*.

The Countess Moltke suffered, too, she told me, from the shortage of servants. She has an apartment of no less than fourteen large rooms, for her own living and for her ceremonial entertaining. They are too expensive to heat, and too difficult to care for, and practically all of them are shut off except for receptions. As I was taking my leave, the Dekanesse showed me two rooms she reserved for her personal use, a charming round salon opening off the room we were sitting in, and a formal dining room dominated by a portrait of Ingrid, the present Queen of Denmark. It was a portrait, perhaps, that reminded her of the greatest event of Vallø's year, when all the rooms are opened and heated once more, and something of the old magnificence returns. It is the Queen's Dinner, on November 28th—the Queen in this case being Sophie Magdalene, who founded Vallø on that date, her birthday, in 1738. Some forty to fifty guests are invited, including the eleven residents, the Kurator, and other officials connected with the foundation, together with their wives. The event follows a traditional plan. The castle's porter and watchman are stationed at the entrance holding lighted candelabra for "lighting in" the current Queen of Denmark. The Queen is then greeted in the hall by the Kurator and the son of the Dekanesse and escorted to the Dekanesse's rooms, to which two liveried footmen carrying candelabra precede her. Here she is greeted by the Dekanesse and led to the waiting residents, who are wearing the orders of Vallø. At the dinner, the Kurator delivers the annual address in honor of Sophie Magdalene, and the fashionable assembly then toasts the Founder in champagne.

—NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

•

> District Attorney Howard Thomson appeared in Putnam Valley Court Friday night to represent the people in the case against Thomas Cavanaugh, 21, of Lake Peekskill, who was charged with petty larceny. It was claimed he took a Putnam Valley Central School.
>
> —*Peekskill (N.Y.) Star.*

Petty larceny, perhaps, but a grand design.

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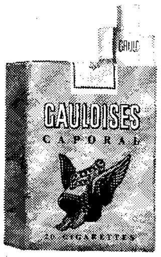
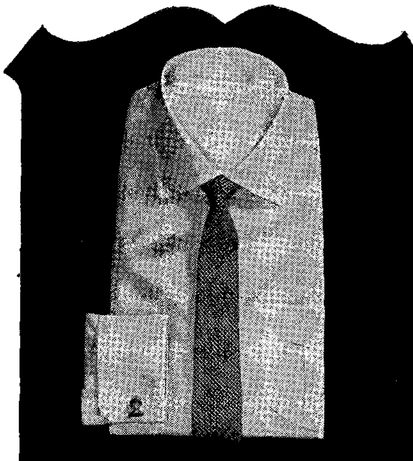


Ask for "Goal-waz"



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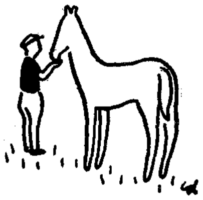
THE RACE TRACK

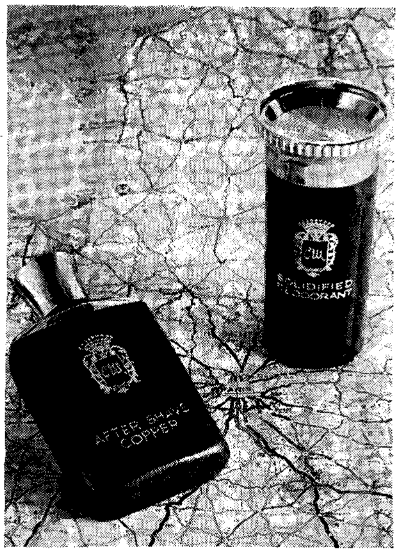
A Couple of Quick Ones



THERE were two fine races last Saturday afternoon, as noteworthy and as interesting as you could want. At Aqueduct, Chateaugay gave weight and a beating to half a dozen other three-year-olds in the ninety-fourth running of the Jerome Handicap, and at Atlantic City an hour later Mongo won the United Nations Handicap for the second time.

By the style in which Chateaugay, carrying 128 pounds, mowed down the leaders—Accordant, to whom he gave eleven pounds; Crewman, to whom he gave three; and Pack Trip, to whom he gave seventeen—he stamped himself as the best of his age this season. Since he's a slow beginner, and always has to make up a lot of ground in the stretch, he was handicapped not only by weight but by the distance of the race, which was just a mile. He was never worse than fifth, though, and that was close enough, for when he got going he bounded quickly to the front and finished half a length ahead of Accordant. Outing Class was third, another half length behind. Accordant, a chunky chestnut colt, winner of the Fall Highweight Handicap on opening day, led from the start, followed by Crewman, whom everybody kept expecting to scoot to the front, the way he likes to do. But Crewman didn't. Perhaps it was because Pack Trip crowded him on the turn for home. In any case, Crewman wound up fourth, and his effort was far from matching his winning one in the Travers at Saratoga last month.

I caught the United Nations Handicap on television, and it was a good show. As you've probably heard, it had a purse of $125,000, it brought out ten runners, and Mongo won it by two lengths from Never Bend, with Carry Back third, three-quarters of a length behind. Never Bend, who had worked very fast on the grass at Belmont—six furlongs in 1:10⅖, if you please—led as they passed the stand the first time, and fought off challenge after challenge until he was a furlong from home, where Mongo wore him down. Perhaps the biggest surprise of the race was the showing of The Axe II, a star on turf courses for two seasons; he moved up threateningly on the turn into the stretch, but then he seemed to tire bad-



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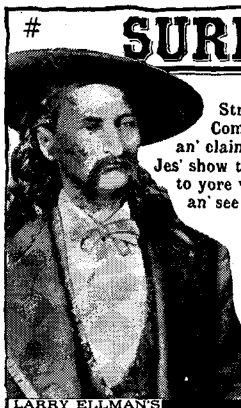

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ly, and finished ninth. The biggest disappointment—at least to those who made him favorite in the betting—was Carry Back. I thought he made a nice try, and although he was carried wide most of the way, he would have been second with the least bit of luck. Mongo, whose only appearance at Aqueduct this year was in the Brooklyn Handicap, in which he was fifth, will skip the Woodward here a week from Saturday. He's better on the grass, so he'll wait for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel.

TO get back to Aqueduct, where the racing was above average throughout the week, I liked the Brighton Beach Handicap, and especially the finish, in which Quick Pitch beat David K. by a neck; the Broad Hollow Steeplechase, in which The Sport brought off a mild surprise by winning from Barnabys Bluff and Badge of Honor, the favorite; and the riding of Shoemaker on a couple of afternoons. But the Gazelle Handicap, for three-year-old fillies, topped everything. In this, twelve ran, and Lamb Chop came from lengths back of the leaders in the last quarter to win going away. Delhi Maid, who set most of the pace, barely saved second money from Smart Deb. Spicy Living, the favorite, was tenth; it seems that she bruised an ankle. On the spur of the moment, I'd put Lamb Chop top of the list of her age and sex; after all, she has won half a dozen stake races, among them the Coaching Club American Oaks.

THE Futurity, which was the Blue Ribbon for two-year-olds when it was inaugurated at Sheepshead Bay in the eighteen-eighties, and a big event at Belmont Park's autumn meeting for forty years, will have its seventy-fourth running this weekend. No doubt it's the changing times, but since the race was transferred to Aqueduct it seems to have lost its glamour. At the moment, however, the horse watchers are all of a flutter over a high-spirited colt named Black Mountain, who won impressively at Aqueduct the other day after getting into every kind of difficulty. It was his fourth victory in as many starts, and, stringing along with the wise money, I'd say he might make it five in the Futurity.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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—*Headline in the Morristown (N.J.) Daily Record.*

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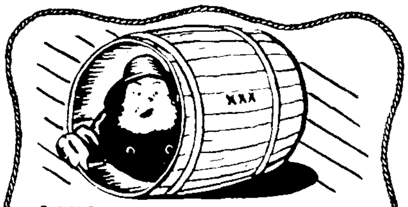

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WITH CARE
BOOKS

The Collector
The Collector
JOHN FOWLES

HERE IS HOW IT HAPPENED

Dec. 1962 **A manuscript arrives** • A blue-covered manuscript by an unknown novelist, John Fowles, arrives from England in the Editorial office of Little, Brown.

The Collector tells the story of a friendless, withdrawn clerk who wins a large amount of money and kidnaps a girl he has been worshipping from afar, in order to make her love him. The body of the novel concerns the two months during which the girl is held prisoner in the cellar of an English country house. The story is revealed first as the clerk tells it, then as the girl secretly records it in a diary.

The manuscript of *The Collector* passes rapidly from hand to hand, electrifying everyone who reads it. *The Collector* is scheduled for publication in July.

Jan. 1963 **Excitement begins to mount** • Excitement about *The Collector* begins to mount as word comes from the English publisher that all signs point to it as a fiction sensation. John Braine (author of *Room at the Top*) reads Fowles' novel in proof and writes:

> "I was shocked and fascinated by *The Collector.* I felt that my compassion had been most powerfully evoked. There is not a word too much here, nor a word too little."

Feb. **Columbia plans major motion picture** • Film rights to *The Collector* are sold to Columbia Pictures. Columbia starts planning a major production for release in 1964.

April **Excitement continues to mount** • Word about *The Collector* begins to travel faster when *Publishers' Weekly* flashes "a groundswell of excitement on both sides of the Atlantic" and describes *The Collector* as "a highly original, fascinating and harrowing first novel that haunts the reader long after it is finished."

May **Immediate best seller in England** • With the publication of *The Collector* in England, every important newspaper and magazine critic pours out praise for John Fowles and his novel. Overnight it becomes one of England's top best sellers.

> "A new writer of real originality who, with a single book, establishes himself as an artist of great imaginative power."
> — *Sunday Times*

June **Second large printing ordered** • *The Collector* becomes the talk of the book trade. "Not since *Rebecca*," writes one bookseller, "have I felt the temptation to turn to the last page before I had finished the book but *The Collector* did it again." And another: "Congratulations on a find — a rare first novel." While the *Library Journal* says:

> "A book which has created a stir in England, John Fowles' remarkable first novel, has a gimmick as arresting as those of Defoe or William Golding. A distinguished novel, recommended for all fiction collections."

A second large printing is ordered two months before publication!

July **Dazzling sensation predicted** • With publication three weeks away, *The Collector* is ready for a flying start in the United States.

> The *Insider's Newsletter* says: "Most gripping anti-love story since *Lolita.* You can count on *The Collector,* a dazzling first novel, to stir up as much excitement as the Nabokov masterpiece did — and for many of the same reasons."

And the *Cosmopolitan* carries a full-page review by Gloria Vanderbilt calling Fowles "a never-to-be-forgotten first." Of *The Collector* she says, "Its impact is such that, once read, it becomes a part of you. Mr. Fowles has looked into the human soul and what he knows is more than most of us are able to face."

> Orders continue to roll in as Little, Brown goes to press with a 3rd large printing before publication.

August **Reviews proclaim a smash hit** • Every important paper in the country picks *The Collector* as a winner and its author as the most exciting and original author England has given us in many years.

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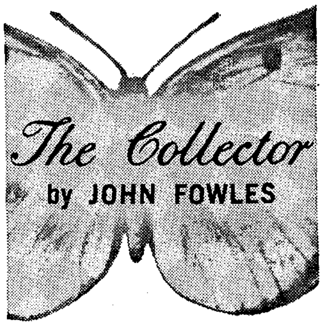


LITTLE, BROWN • Boston

BOOKS

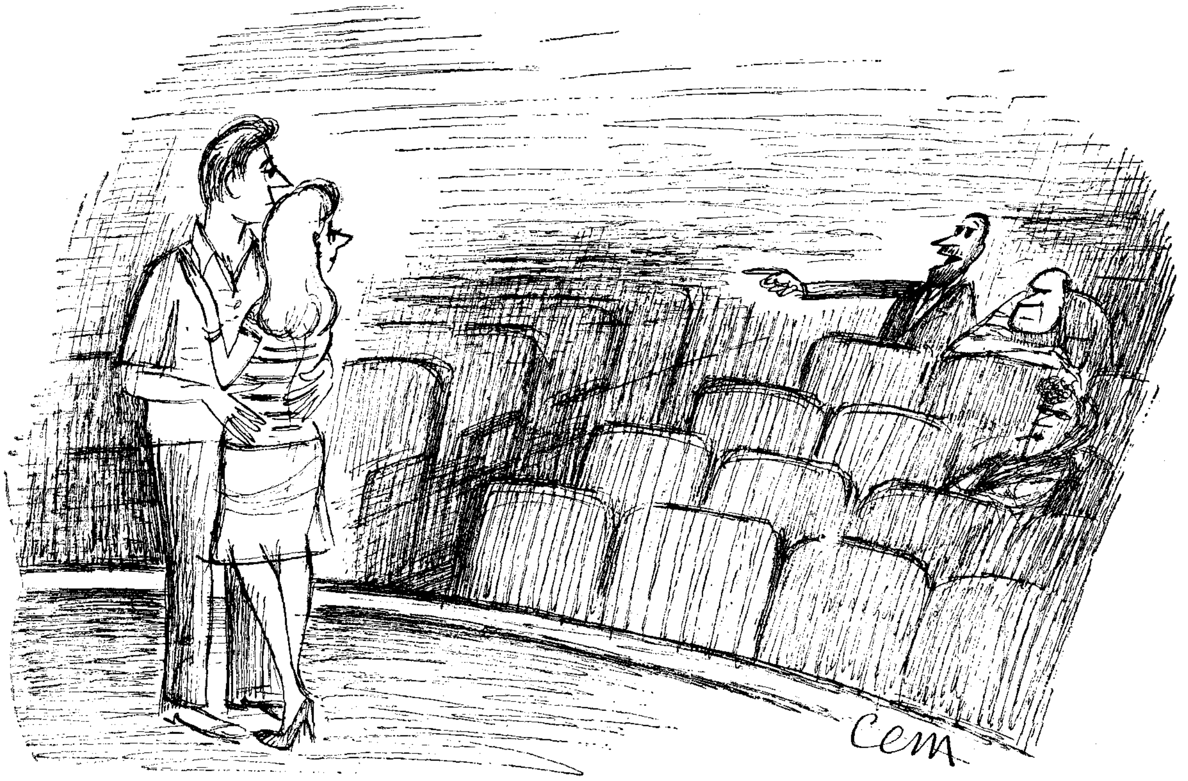
Inside the Wrong Skin

ALTHOUGH Albert Memmi's brilliant first novel, "The Pillar of Salt" (Orion), was well spoken of when it was originally published here, in 1955, it was lost from view before many people had discovered how good it was. It is a fine piece of writing, and its tight and beautifully organized French has been put into firm and admirable English prose by Edouard Roditi. The reason for the neglect that has led to its reissue by the present publishers, who believe that its virtues entitle it to a second chance, is probably its subject matter, which is painful in itself and which Memmi handles without evasion. Memmi is a Jew, and his novel, which is in some measure autobiographical, is remorselessly about what that can mean to someone who was born and brought up, as he was, in the North African city of Tunis. Memmi's more recent work, notably "Portrait of a Jew," has dealt obsessively with this theme in a way that many Jews have found offensive and many other people markedly unsympathetic. This is because Memmi is obsessed with an aspect of the racial trap that is often and conveniently ignored. The hero of "The Pillar of Salt," Alexandre Mordekhai Benillouche, wishes to have a part in the ordinary life of the place where he was born, but he cannot because he is heir to a pattern of observance and custom that had been designed with some care to separate him, as a Jew, from any non-Jewish community in which he might find himself and to prevent his assimilation by it. The God of his fathers makes absolute demands, or, as Memmi's hero puts it, "The religion of the ghetto does not lend itself to delimitation; it permeates all the gestures of life, as do all other religions in our medieval city. From morning to night, from birth to death, you must pray and thank God." This God who is so demanding is also a God of apartness. Every small challenge to his rules and regulations leads to a confrontation with the invisible wall that hems in the ghetto. The hero tells the story of a dispute with his family over one of these rules, from its beginning to its end. The beginning has a deceptive, folkloric charm; all parties concerned are being endearingly absurd:

> The problem of the night lamp had already been solved by her mother and her grandmother, and my mother knew instinctively the level of oil with extraordinary exactness. The little wick crackled angrily and died a few minutes after the meal. But electricity, too new a gift from civilization, puzzled all the people in our building. How was it possible to prevent the bulb from burning all night and yet avoid committing a sin? Ritual forbade the touching of fire throughout the Sabbath, from Friday evening to Saturday evening. Was turning a little switch the same as handling fire? The rabbis vehemently asserted that it was.

The problem is solved, but in a dangerous way. "There was one shop, a grocery store, in our building, and Boubaker, the grocer's clerk, a young Negro from the South, slept in the store during the night. It was unanimously agreed to offer Boubaker the job of turning the Sabbath lights off." Memmi's hero is overwhelmed by the blatant hypocrisy of this proceeding, and by the sinister implications lurking in the unstated thesis that it does not matter if Boubaker can be persuaded to do something that would be a sin if it was done by a Jew. The danger in it becomes apparent in the course of a family row that begins when the hero's father is needled into saying, "Everyone wants his Sabbath present except Mordekhai! It's all the same to him, he's not a Jew!" This passes on to the loaded inquiry "If you were alone in the world and had your own home, would you light a fire on the Sabbath?" From that question it is only the briefest of distances to racism: " 'Perhaps,' he went on hesitantly, 'you would even marry a gentile?' "

Memmi's hero receives the usual brutal shock when he attempts to break with all this and to join the race of men as just another man. The outsiders from whom he seeks acceptance identify him with a group whose members consider the outsiders' foods unclean, reject their customs, and won't breed with them. Refused by the Moslems and by Mediterranean Africa, which he thinks



"Let's take it from the beginning of the scene again, and this time kiss her as though you really hate women."

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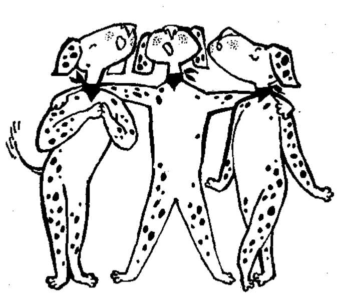

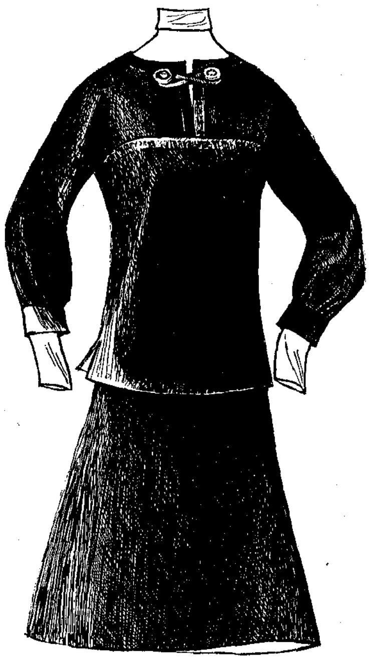

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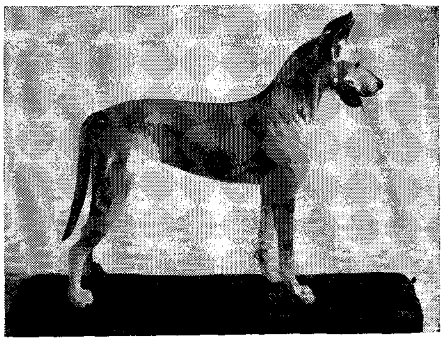

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of as his place, he turns to the French and to the ideas of Western European civilization, which he has encountered in the colony's schools. As he reaches out in this new direction, the chain of events has already begun that is to lead to the arrival of the Nazis in Tunisia. The second-rateness that is an inevitable feature of colonialism manifests itself in the crypto-Fascism of certain teachers in the hero's school, who present the ideas of Western civilization with an admixture of poisons that make them meaningless and lethal—notably that of racism. Even those teachers who appear to be not simply Frenchmen but civilized men fail when they have to meet the test of the German arrival; this is the dilemma that they present to Benillouche:

> Poinsot said nothing, nor did he smoke; he seemed to be in a cage behind the wooden beams. He and his wife exchanged glances, communicating with each other in silence. At last, she spoke:
>
> "You know, I'm terribly sorry we can't offer to hide you here. It seems the Germans search French homes too."

In the dreadful loneliness of his complete alienation, Memmi's hero attempts to retrace his course. Although he is exempt from forced labor, because he is an intellectual and a sufferer from tuberculosis, he voluntarily enters a work camp. What happens there, inside the ring of German guards, is horrifying. Class divisions split the community of prisoners, and he discovers that he is doubly isolated—from the mass inside the middle-class minority, and within himself inside that. When he tries to impose himself as a moral force on his fellow-prisoners and to reanimate them by reviving their religious observances, he finds himself paying the price for—in the first phase of his rebellion—confusing the synagogue with the ghetto:

> Sooner or later, we had to come to that part of the ceremony which was our excuse for holding it. I made a gesture to signify that it was time to start the ritual. It turned out to be even more painful than I had expected. I had quite forgotten the ritual words and gestures; not only did I have to simulate fervor, but also to watch my neighbors and copy their gestures, sway to and fro, nod my head, mutter and answer at the right moment. I would be lost if the men guessed my ignorance. But the last Amen of the service delivered me from this unbearable situation.

The bogus communal spirit of the camp is destroyed when the place is engulfed in the swirling confusion of the final battles for Tunis, which Memmi describes with extraordinary clarity and power. He conjures up with skin-crawling accuracy the sense of powerlessness and irrelevance that overwhelms the

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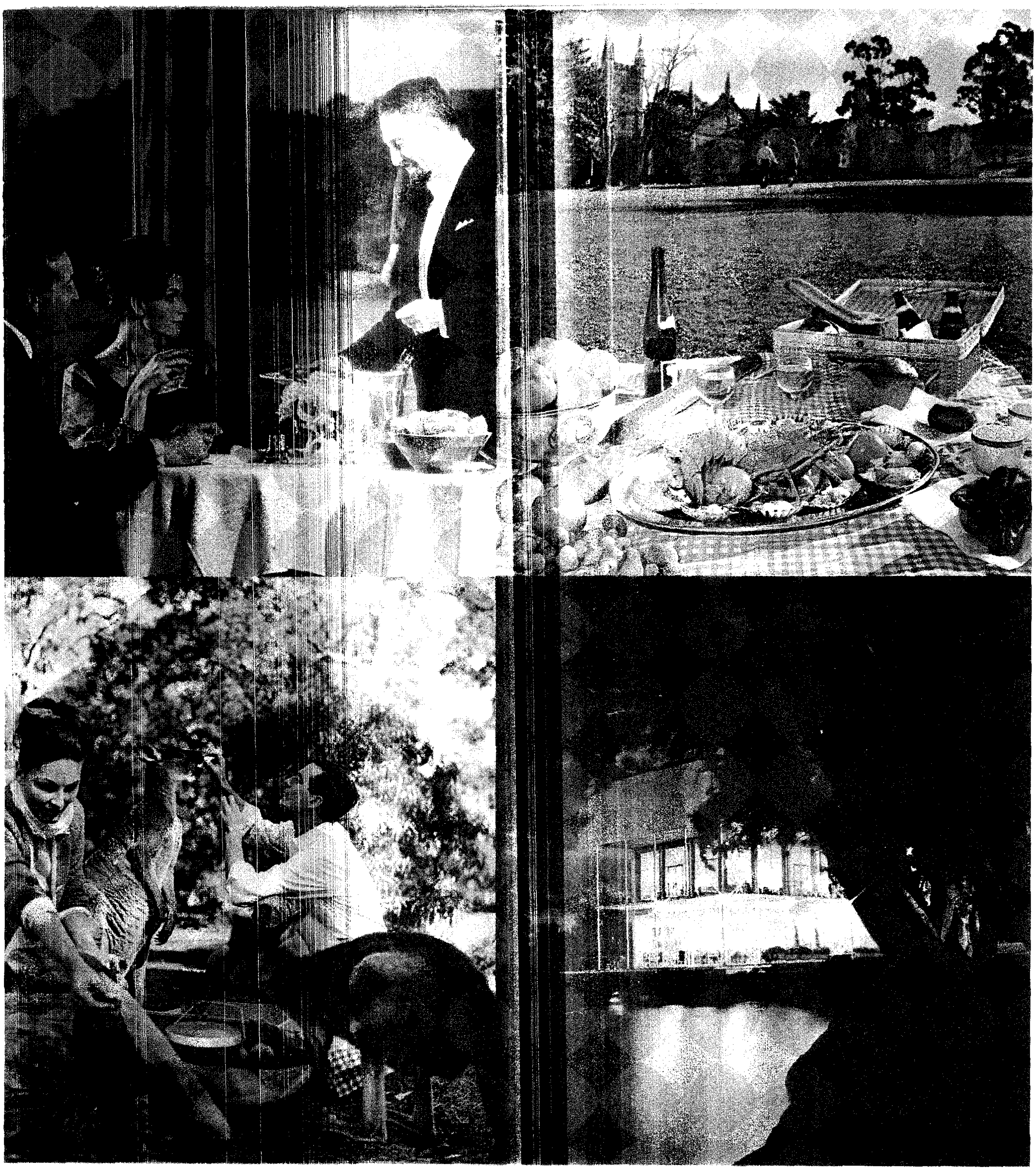

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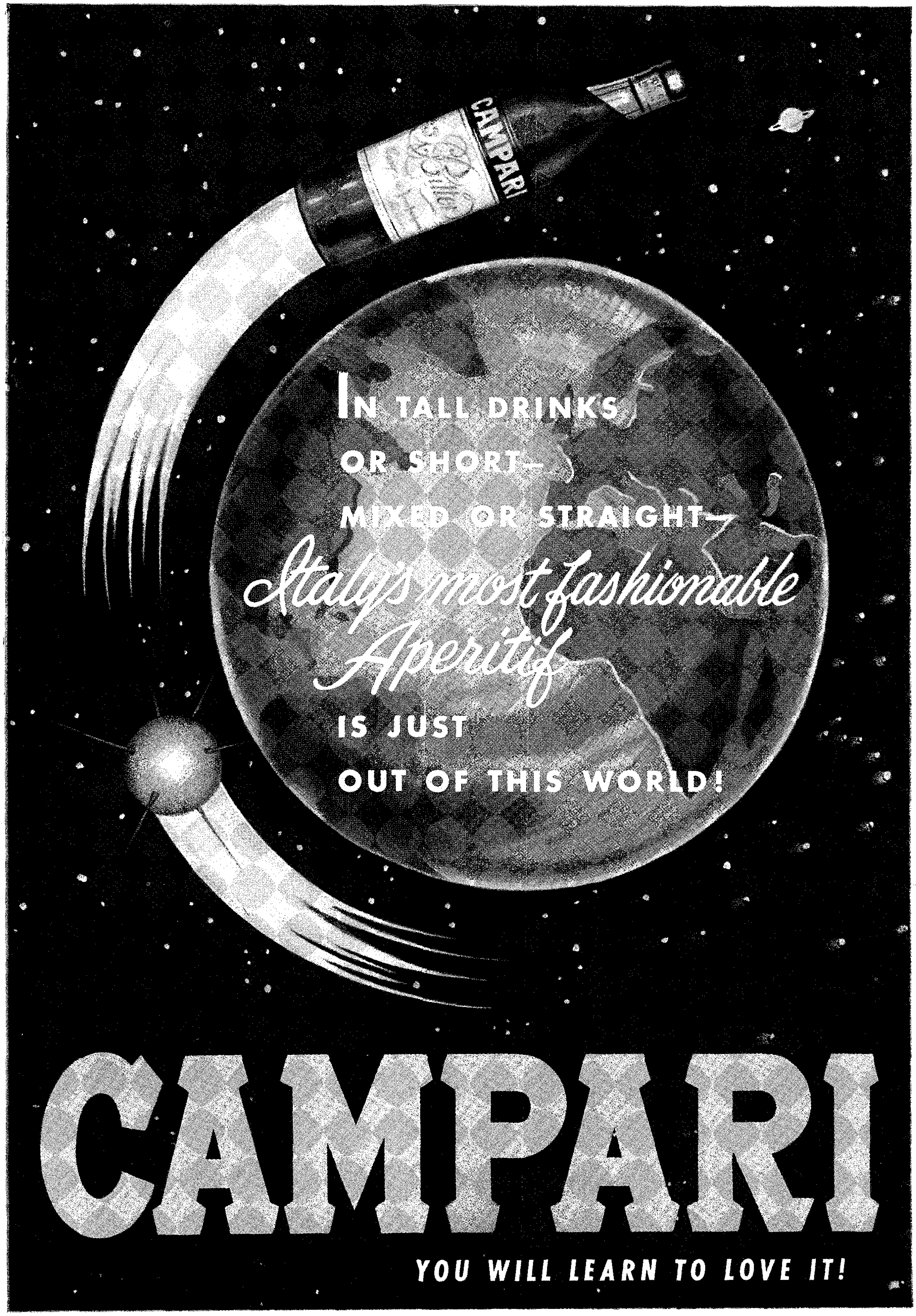

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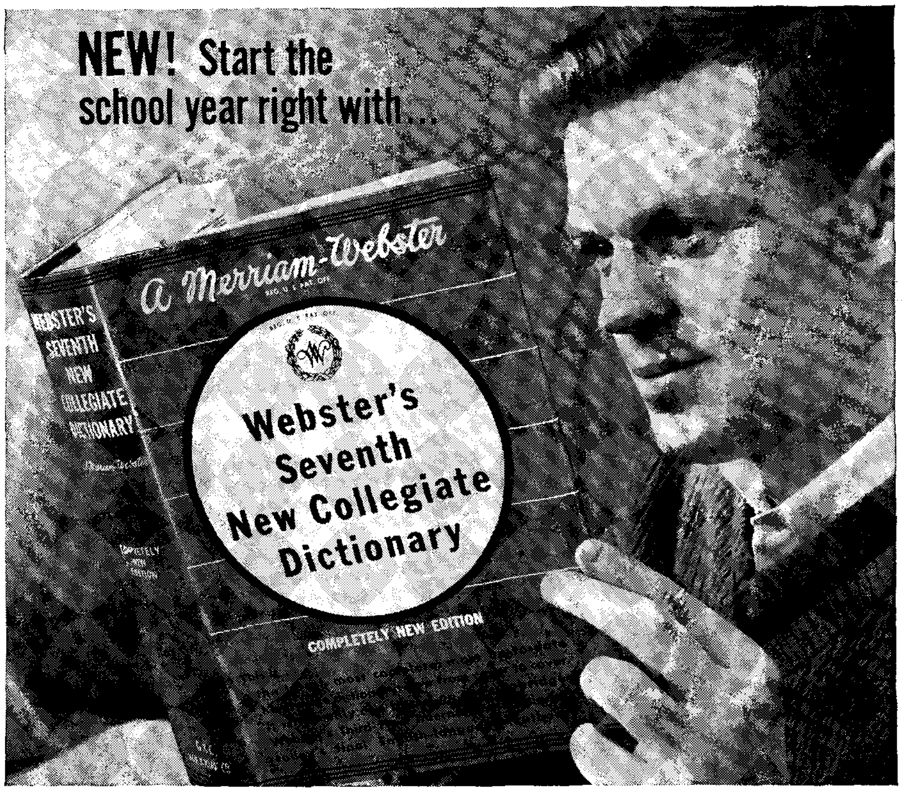
noncombatant who is flung aimlessly about by the incomprehensible but purposive movements of armies fighting a dispersed modern war, and he skillfully makes the photographic realism of his account do double duty as a metaphor of the psychologically damaging experience of being liberated by an oversight and released into a void:

> Where would I go now? I followed the old ramparts with their white battlements that cut the sky in equal slices of blue. Then I went through the great green door with its useless, rusty gates. The setting is unreal and absurd, like pasteboard in a provincial theater. I went into the covered bazaars, between rows of low houses leaning against and climbing over each other. This was the architecture of my native country. Would I agree to live in one of these houses, without water or light, in these muddy streets? . . .
>
> I would have had to rediscover everything for myself, build it all up again, and reconsider every proposition. Is it possible to build with anger and passion, indignation and envy, shame and a sense of being alien? If my principal had only known how I envied him! This average Frenchman from Burgundy, with his old culture and good background, a university man and a Republican of good family, suffered because he was in a foreign land! I am ill at ease in my own land and I know of no other. My culture is borrowed and I speak my mother tongue haltingly. I have neither religious beliefs nor tradition, and am ashamed of whatever particle of them has survived deep within me. To try to explain what I am, I would need an intelligent audience and much time: I am a Tunisian but of French culture. ("You know, the art of Racine, an art that is perfectly French, is accessible only to the French. . . .") I am Tunisian, but Jewish, which means that I am politically and socially an outcast. I speak the language of the country with a particular accent and emotionally I have nothing in common with Moslems. I am a Jew who has broken with the Jewish religion and the ghetto, is ignorant of Jewish culture and detests the middle class because it is phony.

The end of this haunting novel, which so effectively conveys the essence of a modern form of anguish felt by many people who are not Jews, is disturbing. Memmi's hero has, since childhood, shared a fantasy of escape with a close friend, and on the book's last page they turn their dream into a reality:

> We should have sailed at five o'clock, but the job of loading the ship seemed interminable and we weighed anchor only at sunset. As soon as we came out of the channel that leads into the harbor of Tunis, Henry was sick and went to lie down. I stayed on deck till we were out at sea, leaning on the rail. I lost sight of the coastline as night descended on the ship. It seemed to ooze from the holds, to fill the hatches, and to stain the blue sky with gray. First one star shone, then a second, then thousands. I grew uneasy gazing at the violet sea which attracted me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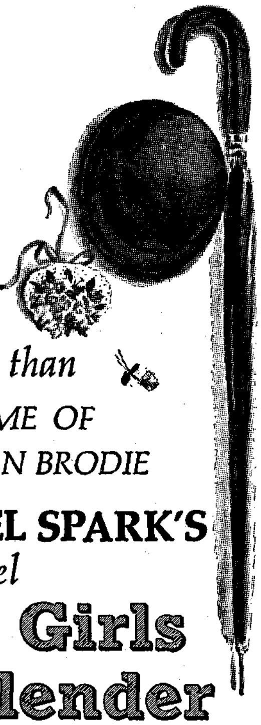

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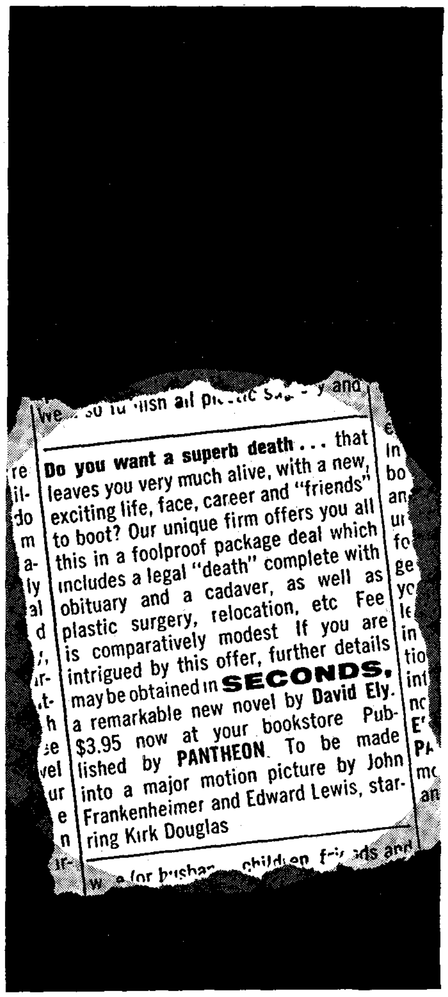
like a sorceress while it heaved and settled, so I went down to the hold to sleep.

The bow of this ship, which is carrying the two young men away from their tainted heritage, is pointed toward the Argentine, once the refuge of Eichmann.

OSCAR PINKUS's first novel, "Friends and Lovers" (World), is another work of brilliant promise that has pain as its subject and that has a strongly autobiographical flavor. Its author was almost the sole survivor of the community of eight thousand Jews in Losice, in Poland, who were murdered in 1942 by the Germans. He is now an engineer in the United States. His novel describes the suffering of a man with a very similar experience behind him who is in a manner his own ghost, and who cannot with conviction believe in either his private or his professional life. Mr. Pinkus's hero works for one of those scientific firms that thrive on defense contracts in the shadow of M.I.T., and he leads his arid and anguished personal life on the fringes of Cambridge's academic bohemia. The story is full of the sunlight that falls out of the wide skies that spread themselves so enormously and—to a European—with such an unfamiliar transparency over Boston and the Massachusetts shore, and it captures with a marvellous fidelity the etiolated quality of life among the technical intelligentsia who inhabit the region. There are beginners' mistakes in the organization of the novel, but these, and the occasional flatnesses in the writing, are trifling defects when they are set against Mr. Pinkus's ability to pin down the essence of the particular kind of desolation he has set out to describe, so characteristic of the world without boundaries and without locations that is coming into being.

THE collection of little pieces of flummery by Abram Tertz, "Fantastic Stories" (Pantheon), induces an unkind reflection. It appears that in the present state of world affairs an old barrier in the path of the literary aspirant—a conspicuous lack of skill in writing—can be easily overcome. All the aspirant has to do is to persuade someone in a publishing house that the stuff has been smuggled out of Russia and, as the saying goes, Bob's your uncle. "The Trial Begins," an earlier novel by Mr. Tertz, was a confused mess with little more to be said for it than that it was not acceptable to the authorities in Russia. If anything has to be added to that questionable recommendation, it is the observation



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that there are formulas and formulas in fiction, and that the "opposition" novel, which answers all the expectations of what such a thing should be, belongs in the category of lifeless works that are turned out to meet the requirements of the lending libraries or the women's magazines. "The Trial Begins" reads as if it had been written with an end in view rather than as a result of the inner necessity that creates aesthetic value. The suspicion that Mr. Tertz is a carpenter of ideologies, not a writer, was further encouraged by his essay "On Socialist Realism," an extract from which serves as preface to "Fantastic Stories." Unimpressive as this "document for our time" was on first sight, it is now even more so; the extract from it is a mishmash of rhetorical phrases like this:

> After the death of Stalin we entered upon a period of destruction and reëvaluation. It is a slow and inconsistent process, it lacks perspective, and the inertia of both past and future lie heavy on it. Today's children will scarcely be able to produce a new God, capable of inspiring humanity into the next historical cycle. Maybe He will have to be supplemented by other stakes of the Inquisition, by further "personality" cults, and by new terrestrial labors, so that after many centuries a new Purpose will rise above the world. But today no one yet knows its name.

It will be noticed that the period of the first sentence becomes a process in the second, and that the inertia of what does not yet exist (the future) lies heavy on it. The God whom today's children will scarcely be able to invent in the third sentence is treated with more respect than the probability that he cannot be produced seems to warrant when he is reverently capitalized and embodied as "He" in the fourth, shortly before "Purpose" becomes airborne. The statement in the fifth sentence is almost certainly true, but since it is true, as well, of most things that are contingent upon contingencies themselves contingent upon events that are unlikely to occur, the point is not one really worth making.

The lack of care involved in putting such stuff as "On Socialist Realism" on paper is again evident in the short stories in this collection, which are facetious and drearily obvious exercises in paper-covering. This excerpt, from "Graphomaniacs," is typical:

> But she didn't so much as move an eyebrow. Disdaining all sympathy, she didn't even so much as smile at my friendly jocularity. She closed the leatherette-upholstered door and, shoving some papers in the desk, answered in an official tone that my novel "In Search of Joy" wasn't in their records any longer. Allegedly it had been turned down by the publishers and

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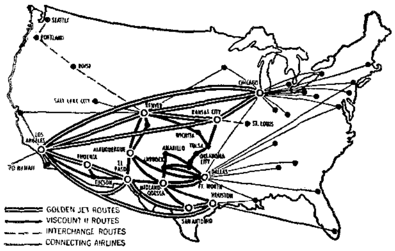

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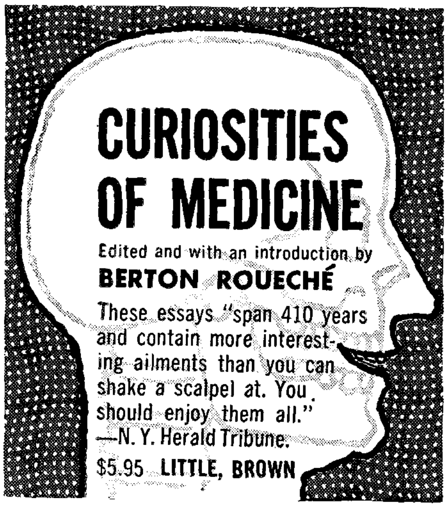

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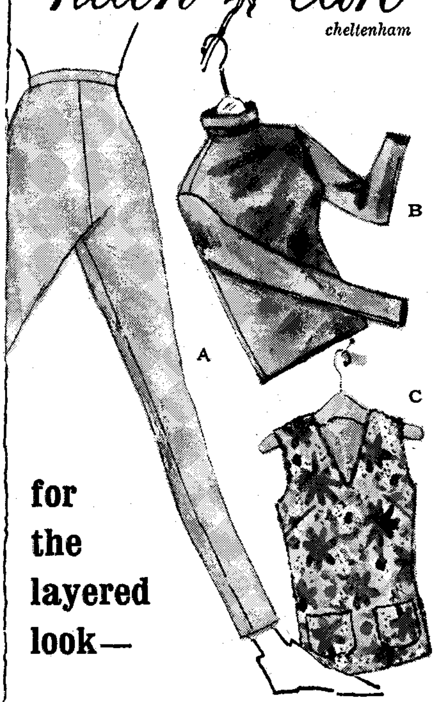

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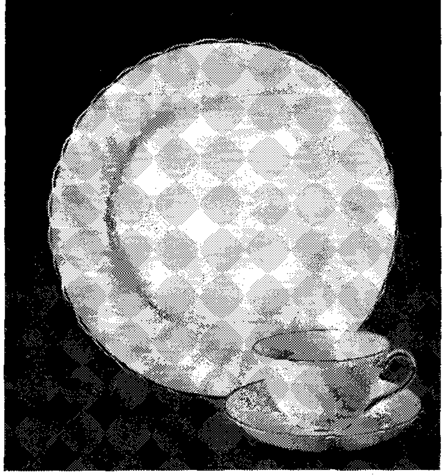

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dispatched to me at my home a week previously with a critical comment. There was a signature to the effect in the delivery column of the office messenger's book.

Some of the banality of the tone may be the fault of the translation, but not much of it; part of the book was put into English by one translator, part by another. The paragraph above was translated by one hand, the extract below by another:

> An exuberant and handsome man of Caucasian origin, with a rakish mustache above his sensual mouth, tried for half an hour to relieve the tedium by telling funny stories about people in mental hospitals. But when he at last realized that neither his stories, known to everyone *ad nauseam*, nor his overdone Eastern accent were provoking even the faintest of smiles, he stopped grimacing and guffawing, sank into moody silence, and pouted his red lips, which were weak and effeminate.

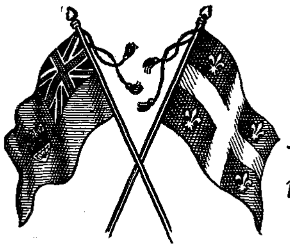
It is clearly an essential love of the obvious that comes through in the translated versions, so it may be concluded that the writing of the stories is as leaden and thick as the invention that has gone into their plots. There is more to being an imaginative writer than having an admiration for the creative imagination, and a doctrinaire belief that fantasy is what a writer ought to write can be, as Mr. Tertz's work shows, just as killing to the spirit as commitment to Communist orthodoxy. When the narrator of the Tertz story called "The Icicle" announces that he has clairvoyant powers in an effort to liven up a dull party, it is instantly apparent that he is going to prove it, and that we are going to be told how his predictions came true, and what happened then, and how after that . . . And there is never anywhere a surprise, or the flash of recognition of a private vision—just a dogged determination to do the real right, non-Communist thing. There is much more than that to being on the side of the angels.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MARQUIS, by Joan Sanders (Houghton Mifflin). This funny, witty, understanding historical novel is a plausible extension of the known facts about the triangle formed by Louis XIV, his mistress the Marquise de Montespan, and her husband, who actually cared for his wife, a brilliant beauty with every charm that a woman can have except sweetness. When the romantic preferences of the Marquis and the King coincided, Montespan, unlike so



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many complaisant husbands of the era, tried to get the King to return his wife. Failing, he publicly embarrassed the royal adulterer as no other subject ever dared to, before or after. Miss Sanders tells this story through three voices—that of the Marquis, that of his wife, and that of his valet, one of the few characters in the novel who are wholly invented. She neglects none of her historian's duties as a painter of customs and costumes, but she is first of all a novelist in her imaginative sympathy for people and their motives.

BUDAPEST AA338, by Stephan Vajda, translated from the French by Francis Price (Doubleday). Mr. Vajda's story of a young People's Magistrate of strict political convictions who finds himself madly in love with a young woman about to stand trial on a serious charge of careless driving begins well but deteriorates as we are forced to see that the magistrate is a dull and weak personality, while his girl is so busy dramatizing herself that it is impossible for us to know anything at all about her. The time is shortly before the Hungarian uprising of 1956.

THE WAR OF CAMP OMONGO, by Burt Blechman (Random House). A nervous, cackling satire in which the author uses a Jewish boys' camp in the Adirondacks to ironically demonstrate that those who turn the other cheek never make it. Mr. Blechman's bitterness has a rancid taste, and his writing is jumpy and fashionably scatological.

GENERAL

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE, by Aldous Huxley (Harper & Row). A vigorous demonstration to literary artists that they are not compelled to choose between the "bland scientism" of C. P. Snow and F. R. Leavis's "one-track, moralistic literarism." "The sciences of life have need of the artist's intuitions and, conversely, the artist has need of all that these sciences can offer him in the way of new materials on which to exercise his creative powers," Mr. Huxley writes. "And humanity at large . . . has need of the syntheses which only the man of letters with 'a heart that watches and receives' and a bird's-eye knowledge of science can provide." Moreover, he suggests, it is high time that the artist emerged from the age of myth and superstition and hand-me-down symbol. He should recognize, for example, that the nightingale sings not of

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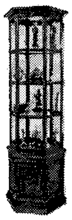

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anthropomorphic "Eternal passion!/ Eternal pain!" (as Matthew Arnold supposed and T. S. Eliot agreed) but, as ornithology long has known, to proclaim its territorial rights; the fact that it sings at night implies no "Baudelairean love of darkness" but a need for frequent feeding. He should accept the challenge of truth, face the subtleties of "an endocrinology of elation and despair, a chemistry of mystical insight," and weave them into his art. A truly exciting book.

MAO TSE-TUNG: EMPEROR OF THE BLUE ANTS, by George Paloczi-Horvath (Doubleday). This biography of the Chinese dictator reminds us that Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communist movement he leads have survived in spite of, not thanks to, Russian policies, and that his isolation from Russia as well as from the West contributes to his dangerousness, for he has created his own disastrous Marxist-Leninist doctrine and is anxious to spread it abroad. Mao probably belongs, as he thinks he does, among history's great figures; his duplicity, for instance, more than matches Stalin's. Since Mao consolidated his power, Mr. Paloczi-Horvath reports, he has dissimulated less; a biographer can find increasing evidence of his violent temper, his cruelty, and his arrogance—traits that were at least partly masked in the years when he had to court Chinese peasants and intellectuals and foreign journalists. Though Mr. Paloczi-Horvath is mainly interested in Mao as an accumulator of power and as a menace to the precarious peace, he also thinks we have enough data on Mao's private life to understand him personally. This is doubtful; too many people, out of fear, are still fogging truths about Mao. Still, one can learn that if Mao's power of self-discipline has been exaggerated (he is not as ascetic as his legend would have it), his will to discipline others hasn't been. Nothing in this sober, scholarly study suggests that the world should build any hopes on Mao's capacity for compassion.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV: 1648-1715, by Will and Ariel Durant (Simon & Schuster). Part VIII in the Durants' history of civilization. It follows its respected predecessors with another balanced account of everything and everybody in Europe; the authors tell all without crowding, and their pleasant style is punctuated with attractive brightnesses. And their deserved popularity assures them of enough re-

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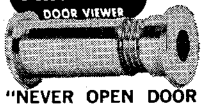

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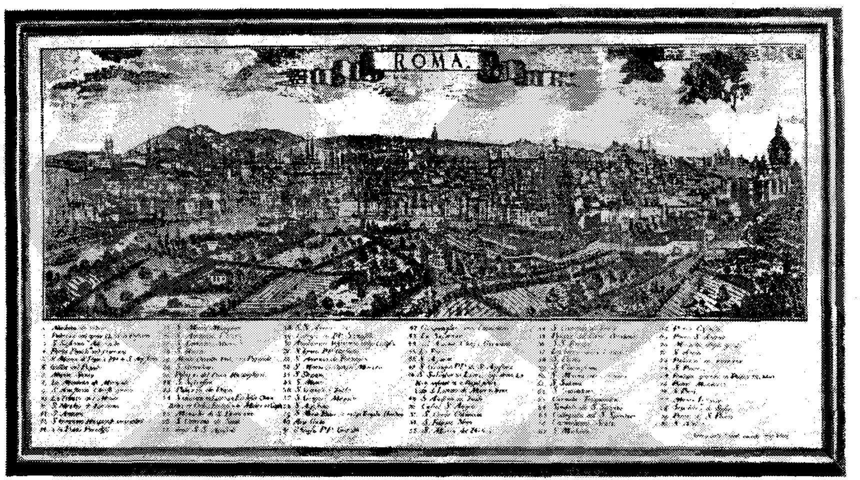
printings to catch the misspelling of some French names, among them Molière's *nom de naissance*. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Ten dollars.

EIGHT MEN OUT: THE BLACK SOX AND THE 1919 WORLD SERIES, by Eliot Asinof (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A comprehensive account of the famous scandal, and a superb one. The story has never been told this fully before. Mr. Asinof not only describes the origin of the fix and its elaborate implementation, the thrown games and the extraordinary skill it took to throw them convincingly, the exposure of the conspiracy and the trial of the eight implicated players, and its sorry aftermath. He also reviews the seedy history of baseball up to 1919 and thoroughly airs the conditions that made the players' venality possible—the feudalism of the major leagues in general and the skinflint policies of the White Sox management in particular. In addition, while not attempting to lessen the culpability of the players, he makes it perfectly clear that their behavior was far less contemptible than that of Charles Comiskey (the owner of the White Sox), of Ban Johnson (the president of the American League), of Abe Attell (the tinhorn gambler who sat like a spider in the center of the deal), and of almost everybody else involved in the fix and the trial. Photographs.

THOSE DAYS, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong (Harper & Row). The editor of *Foreign Affairs* recalls his New York childhood at the turn of the century, his family snug in its native city and driven only by artistic aspirations. Mr. Armstrong's father was one of America's eminent workers in stained glass, and his friends and colleagues were the first full generation of serious American artists and architects. One of the author's sisters followed her father's career; another, Margaret, designed book jackets and wrote books. Mr. Armstrong doesn't dwell much on the family's fame or its famous friends; he is more interested in recalling his West Tenth Street playmates and the old family farm near Newburgh. The book's photographs show the Armstrongs as a handsome clan, and the author recalls how much they loved each other. Happy childhoods have become such a literary rarity that one can't help being grateful for Mr. Armstrong's.

THE GENERAL SAYS NO: BRITAIN'S EXCLUSION FROM EUROPE, by Nora Beloff (Penguin Special). A first-



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class piece of reflective journalism. Miss Beloff, working for the London *Observer*, followed England's recent negotiations to enter the Common Market from their beginnings down to de Gaulle's stunning blackball last January. She sees a historical explanation for this surprise extending back to de Gaulle's distrust of his English and American associates of the Second World War and continuing through England's perhaps pardonable self-absorption during the postwar years, when Western Europe, also in difficulties, began tentatively to draw itself into a union. Though the Common Market discussions were economic, Miss Beloff, who has lots to say about Canadian wheat and German food prices, believes that the most important issue was political: What will Europe be—an American client, a French-led superpower, or a federation of authoritarian states? She makes it plain, too, that in the negotiations all the parties made mistakes, including the United States, which wasn't supposed to be a party. Her assessment of de Gaulle is plausible—respectful, not friendly—and her outlook for the future is modestly hopeful.

NOTE: "Telephone Poles," a collection of poems by John Updike, has been published by Knopf. Most of them first appeared in this magazine. . . . Atlantic-Little, Brown has issued, under the title "Passwords," a selection of foreign reports, essays, and verse by Alastair Reid. Much of this material, too, was originally printed in *The New Yorker*.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

MONTREAL (CP)—Greek songstress Beba Kiriakidou sings in 13 languages including hillbilly American. An entertainer since she was 9, Beba has 122 different ensembles for the stage. She has made Montreal a temporary home and has been singing in a local Greek restaurant as part of a North American tour.

Only 10 feet away from her office desk sits a banned colleague. They must never converse together. They may not even say Good morning or Good night.

•

We would like to start a movement to change the designation of sludge into something sweeter smelling in the mind's eye.
—*Wastes Engineering.*

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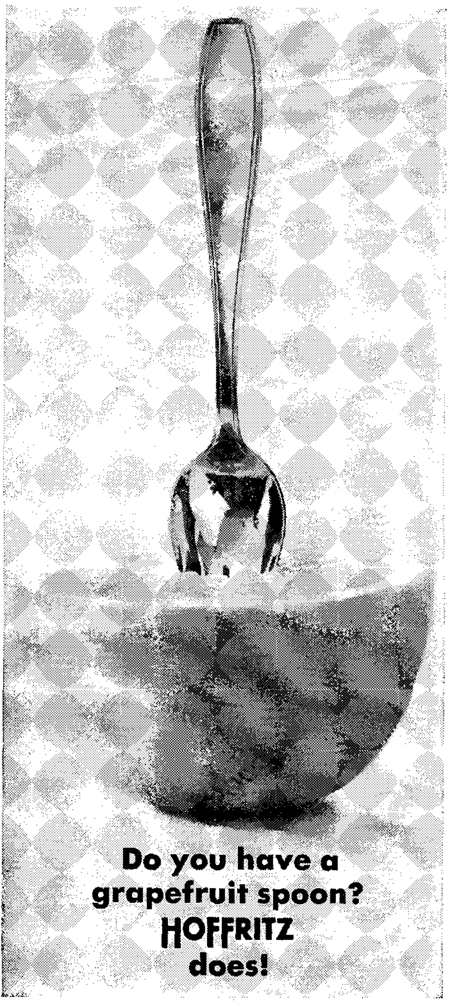

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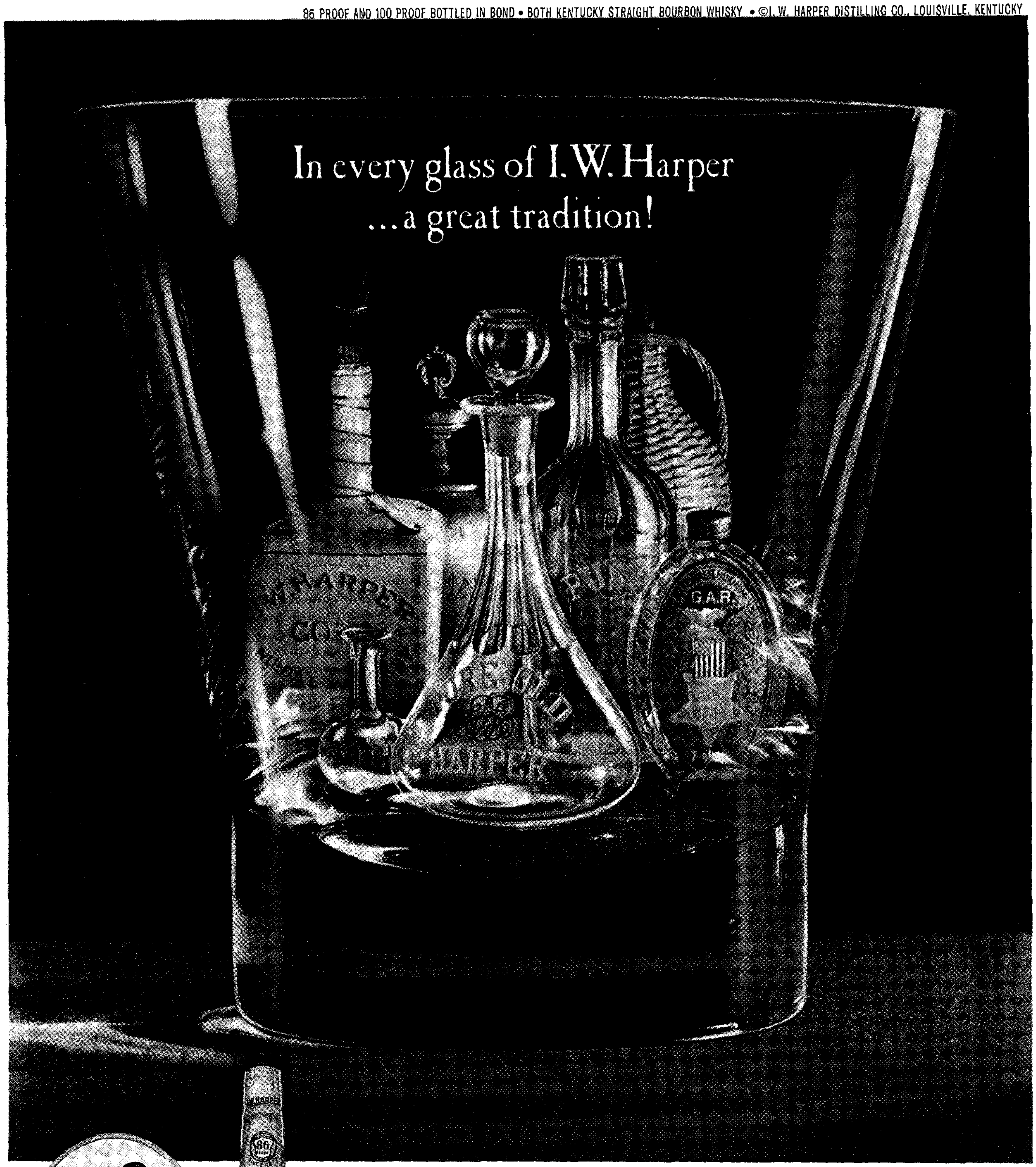
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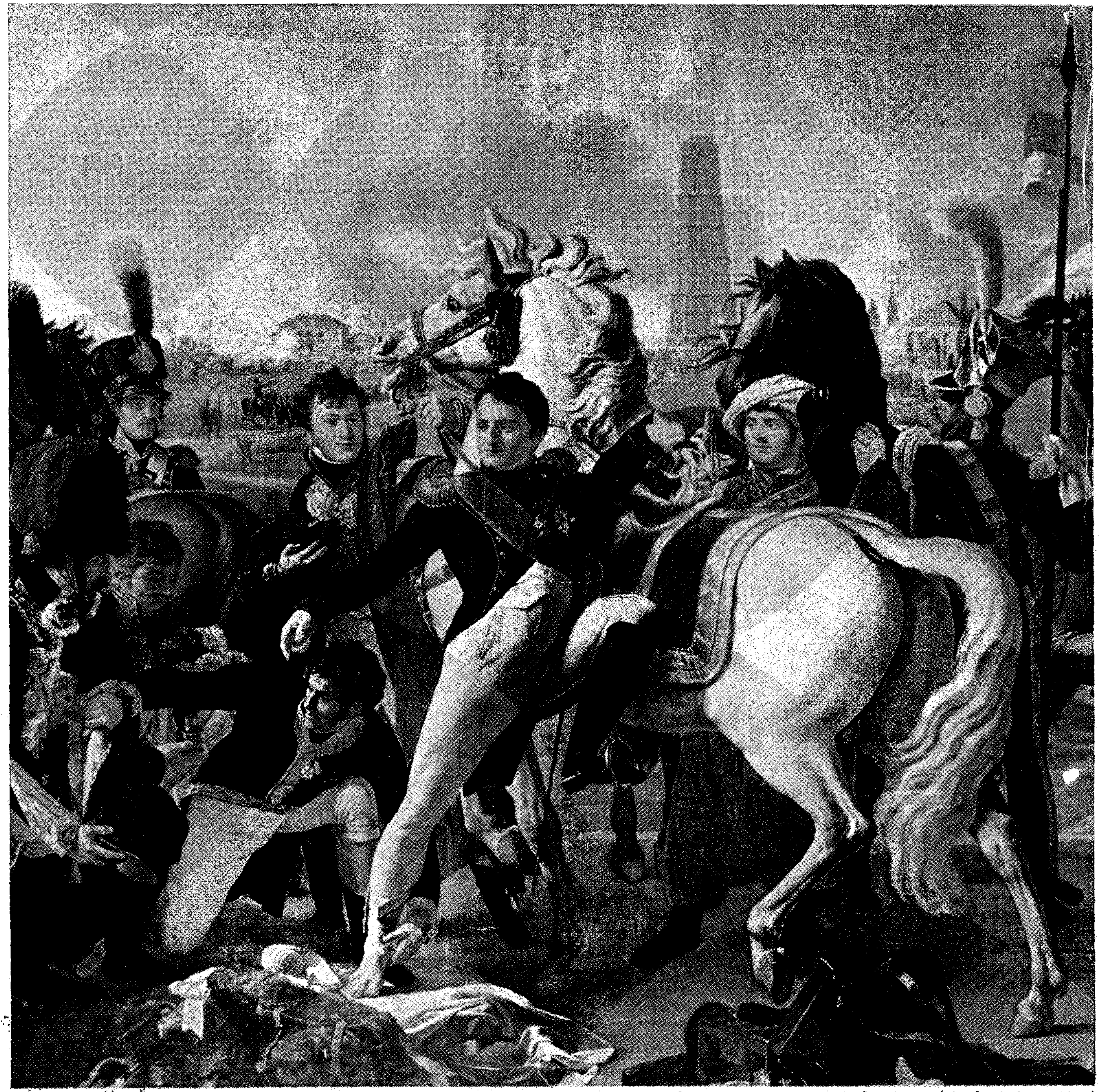

Napoléon blessé devant Ratisbonne. Détail de la peinture par C. Gautherot. (Musée de Versailles.)

On reconnaissance before taking Regensburg (Ratisbonne), April 25, 1809, Napoleon was hit by a ricochet bullet. As soon as his boot had been slit open and a dressing applied, Napoleon, though in severe pain, joked about his wound, asked for a little help in remounting and rode into the city. His self-control saved his troops from panic on the betrayal of their belief that he could never be wounded.

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